In and Around London

The J. B. Tyrrell Library

Bequeathed to the

University of Toronto Library

by

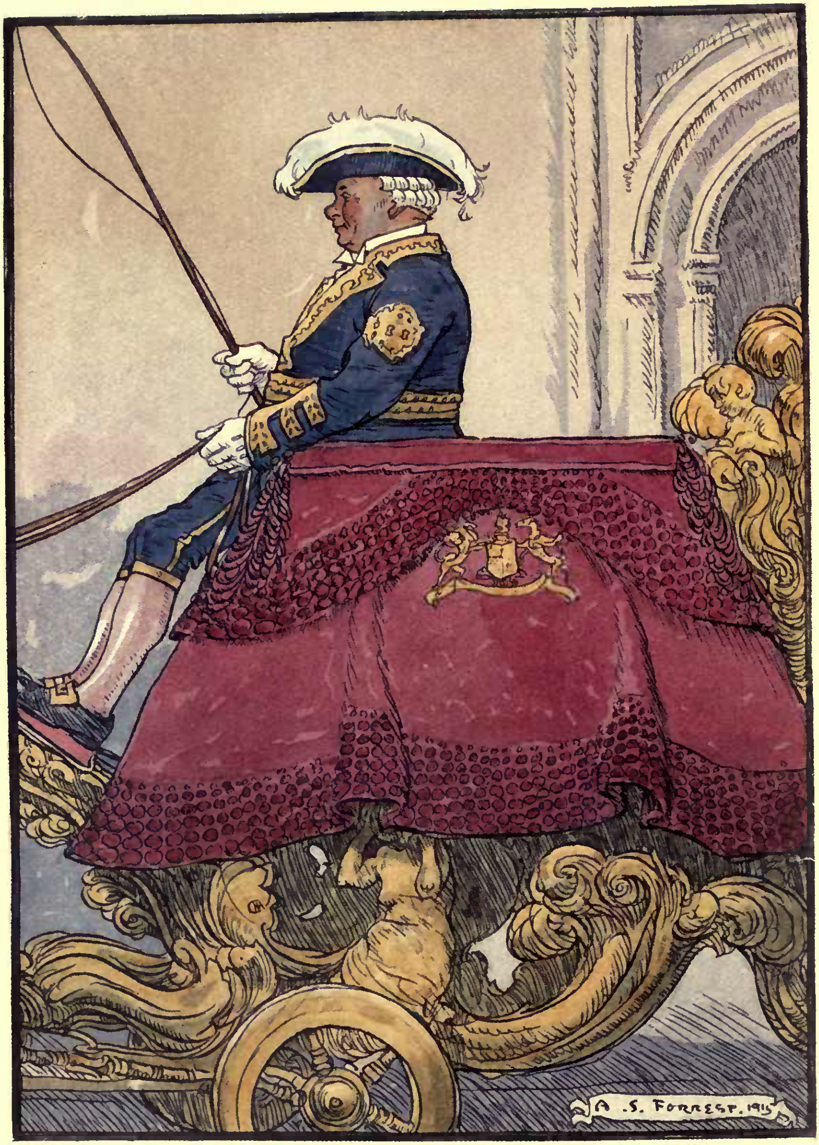
Joseph Burr Tyrrell
M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,
F.G.S., F.G.S.A.

Graduate of the University of Toronto,
and eminent Canadian geologist,
explorer, and scholar

Dpo

175

IN AND AROUND LONDON


A. S. FORREST. 1915

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN.

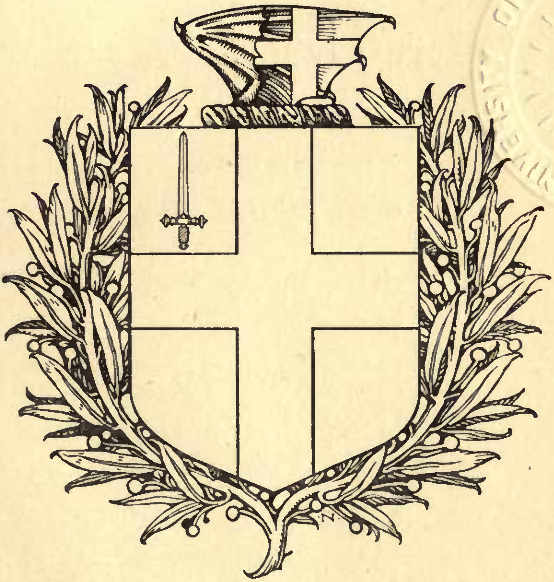
Drawing by A. S. Forrest.

IN AND AROUND LONDON

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT

AUTHOR OF "SCIENCE THROUGH STORIES"
"INSECT WONDERLAND" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY A. S. FORREST
AND PHOTOGRAPHS



LONDON: T. C. & E. C. JACK
67 LONG ACRE, W.C., & EDINBURGH
1915

TO

MY LITTLE FRIEND

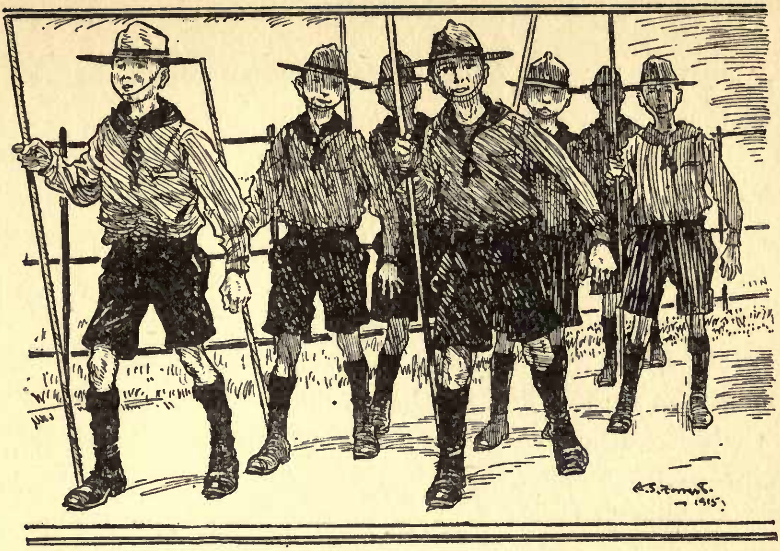
DICK

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

DA
684
F6

669947
13.12.57



Dear Dick,

Do you realise what a wonderful place London is, how it has grown up, step by step, out of nothingness, until to-day it is not only the capital of the British Empire, but the largest, wealthiest, and busiest city in the world?

This little book will try to tell you—and all others who may read it—something of the wonderful happenings of the past, and the effect they have had in helping London to grow up to its present proud position. It will tell how each of its large and important buildings, and even its river, is but a wheel in the machinery which makes the whole go round, and will show you, too, how good citizenship has borne no small part in helping it forward, for the liberties and privileges you enjoy to-day have, in many cases, been fought for and won, at various times, by citizens.

I dedicate this volume to you, my little friend, for two reasons: first, because you have already belonged to one famous old London school and have now passed on to another, and secondly, because you are the namesake of a man who helped London to grow up! Dick Whittington was no fairy tale remember, but a living man who worked and struggled, but whose first thought, when he attained success, was to become a "worthy citizen."

If this little book does nothing more than make its readers know and value more highly their wonderful London, and at the same time fire them with a desire to become "worthy" citizens of it—or any other city they may dwell in—then *In and Around London* will have fulfilled the object with which it was written.

Your sincere friend,

CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

LONDON, *May* 1915.

CONTENTS

CHAP. PAGE

London—Its Beginnings 1

I. Site of London 6

II. The Story of London's Roads . . . 11

III. The Tower of London and Tower Bridge . . 20

IV. London Bridge and the River it crosses . . 29

V. The Story of London's Water . . . 36

VI. The Story of London's Light . . . 46

VII. The Mansion House and the Man who lives in it 55

VIII. The London County Council and its Powers . 62

IX. The Guildhall 67

X. The Royal Exchange 74

XI. The Bank of England and Royal Mint . . 80

XII. The Story of London's Police . . . 89

XIII. London's Locomotion above Ground . . . 97

XIV. London's Locomotion below Ground . . . 110

XV. The Story of London's General Post Office and the Work carried on there . . . 118

XVI. London's Great Markets 129

Contents

CHAP. PAGE

XVII. THE PORT OF LONDON 138

XVIII. LONDON'S FIRE BRIGADE 148

XIX. THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND HOW WE CAME BY IT . 158

XX. THE STORY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND CROSS . 166

XXI. SOME OF LONDON'S OLD STREET NAMES AND CRIES 177

XXII. THE STORY OF WESTMINSTER . . . 189

XXIII. THE STORY OF WHITEHALL 202

XXIV. SOMERSET HOUSE AND THE STRAND . . . 210

XXV. THE STORY OF FLEET STREET AND THE TEMPLE . 216

XXVI. LONDON'S OLDEST HOSPITALS . . . 225

XXVII. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF OUR REIGNING SOVEREIGN . . . 234

XXVIII. ABOUT TWO MORE ROYAL PALACES . . . 240

XXIX. LAMBETH AND FULHAM PALACES . . . 247

XXX. THE STORY OF KEW PALACE AND ITS ROYAL GARDENS 255

XXXI. THE STORY OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE . . 263

TIMES OF ADMISSION TO SOME PLACES OF INTEREST . . 270

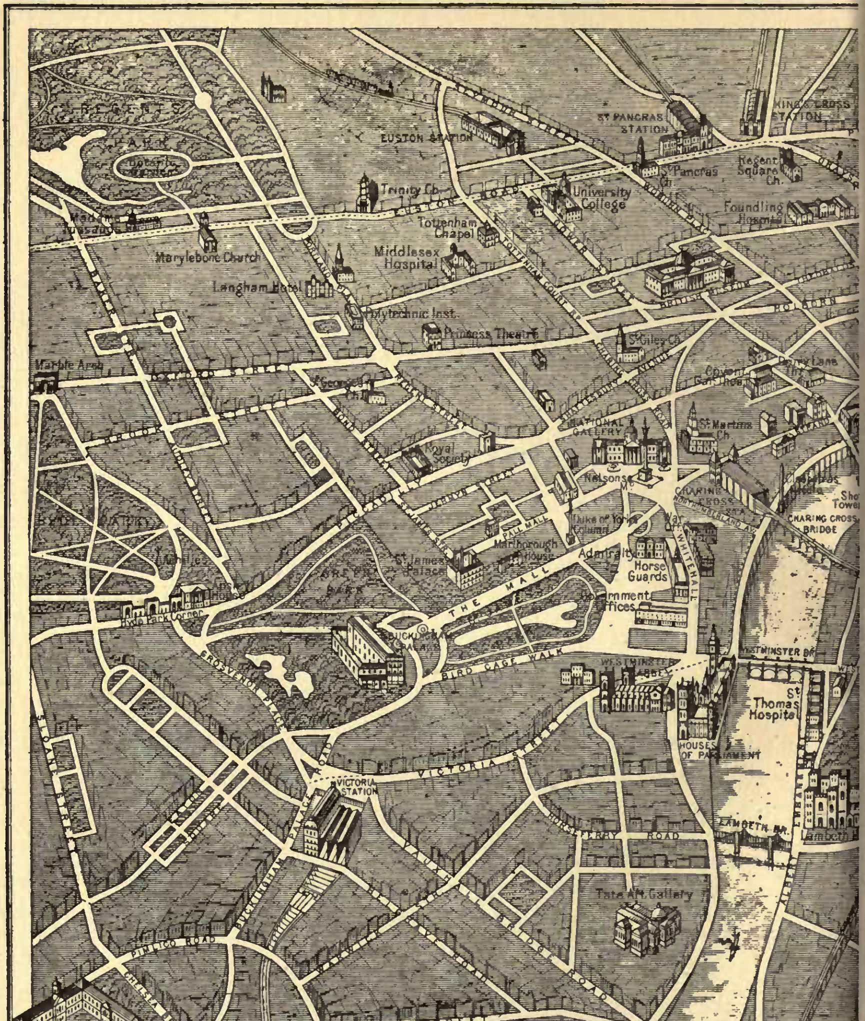
INDEX 275

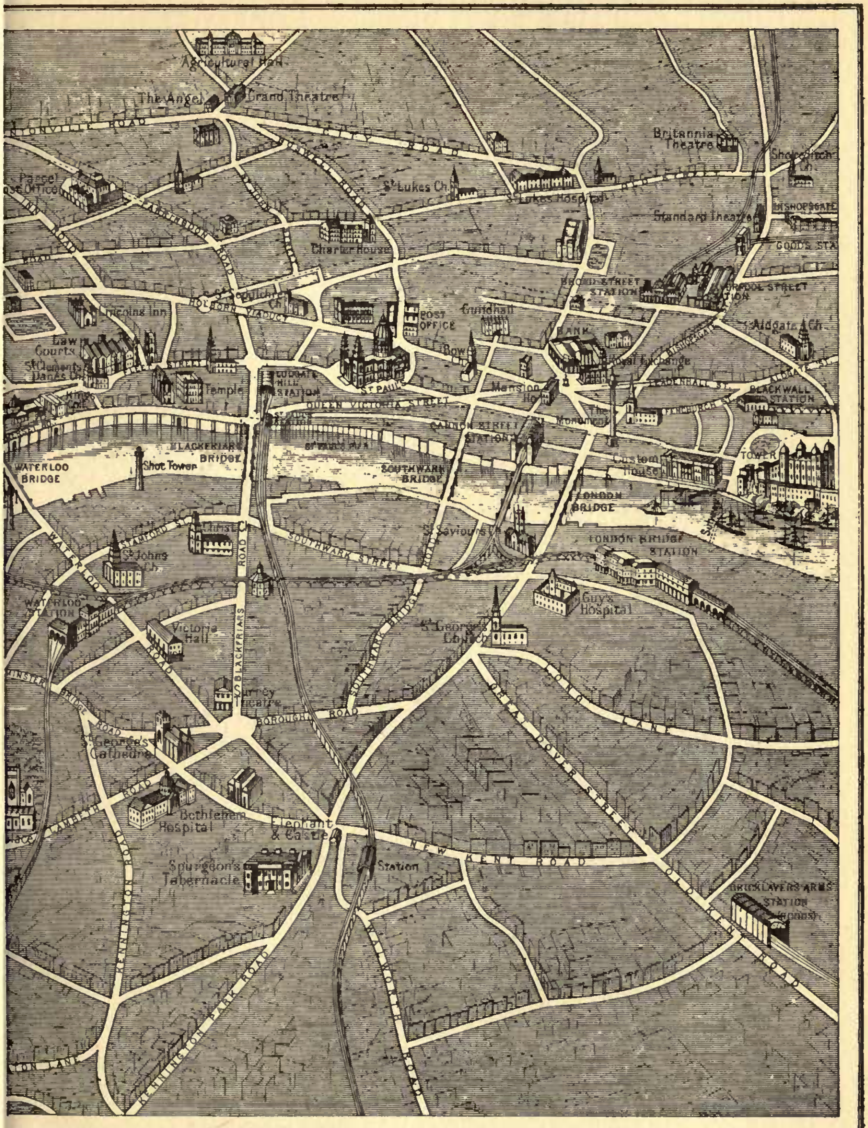
LIST OF PLATES

Plate in Colour: The Lord Mayor's Coachman . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

London Bridge 24
The Tower of London 24
Fleet Street at Night 48
The Boy Scouts marching in the Lord Mayor's Procession 56
The Bank of England and Royal Exchange . . 80
London Policeman regulating the Traffic . . 88
Policeman assisting School Children to cross the Street 88
Making a Tube Railway 112
A Wonderful Machine for putting the Black Stamp on Letters in the General Post Office . . . 120
The Letters pouring into the Post Office to be sorted 120
The Surrey Commercial Docks on the Thames . . 144
Petrol-Driven Fire Escapes and Steam-Driven Motor Fire Engine 152
A Fire Engine at Work 152
St. Paul's Cathedral 168
Westminster Abbey 192
The Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall . 200
Buckingham Palace and Queen Victoria Memorial . 236
"Changing the Guard" at St. James's Palace . . 240
The Statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Palace Gardens 248
Chestnut Sunday in Bushey Park 264

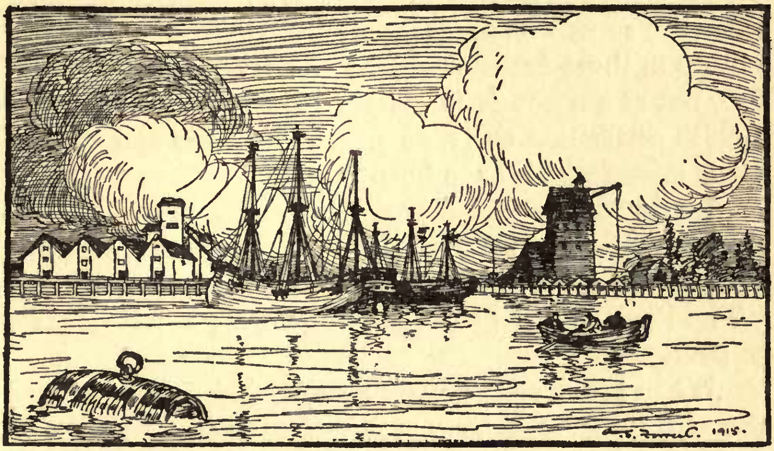

Regent's Park
Botanic Garden
Madame Tussaud's
Marylebone Church
Euston Station
Euston Road
St Pancras Station
King's Cross Station
St Pancras Ch.
Regent Square Ch.
University College
Foundling Hospital
Trinity Ch.
Tottenham Chapel
Middlesex Hospital
Langham Hotel
Portland
Tottenham Court Rd.
Gower St.
Holborn
Polytechnic Inst.
Princess Theatre
St Giles Ch.
Covent Gar. Thea.
Drury Lane Th.
Marble Arch
St George's Ch.
Bond Street
Royal Society
National Gallery
St Martins Ch.
Strand
Nelson's Mt.
Charing Cross Sta.
Northumberland Av.
Charing Cross Bridge
Shot Tower
Hyde Park
Achilles
Apsley House
Hyde Park Corner
Green Park
St James Palace
Pall Mall
Duke of York Column
Marlborough House
Admiralty
Horse Guards
War Off.
Whitehall
The Mall
Government Offices
Buckingham Palace
Bird Cage Walk
Westminster Abbey
Westminster Br.
St Thomas Hospital
Houses of Parliament
Grosvenor Place
Victoria Street
Victoria Station
Buckingham Palace Road
Horseferry Road
Lambeth Br.
Lambeth
Tate Art Gallery
Vauxhall Bridge Road
Sloane Street
Pimlico Road
Chelsea Bridge Road
Chelsea Hospital
Chelsea Bridge


Agricultural Hall
The Angel
Grand Theatre
NTONVILLE ROAD
CITY ROAD
Britannia Theatre
Shoreditch Ch.
Parcel
ost Office
St Lukes Ch.
St Lukes Hospital
FARRINGDON ROAD
Standard Theatre
BISHOPSGATE
GOODS STA
Charter House
BROAD STREET STATION
LIVERPOOL STREET STATION
ROAD
HOLBORN VIADUCT
St Sepulchre's Ch.
Lincolns Inn
POST OFFICE
Guildhall
Aldgate Ch.
Law Courts
St Clements Danes Ch.
Bow Ch.
BANK
Royal Exchange
Kings Coll.
Temple
LUDGATE HILL STATION
ST PAUL'S
Mansion House
LEADENHALL ST
BLACKWALL STATION
FENCHURCH ST
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET
St Pauls Station
CANNON STREET STATION
The Monument
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE
ST PAULS PIER
WATERLOO BRIDGE
Shot Tower
SOUTHWARK BRIDGE
Custom House
TOWER
LONDON BRIDGE
Christ Ch.
STAMFORD ST
WATERLOO ROAD
St Saviours Ch.
SOUTHWARK STREET
LONDON BRIDGE STATION
St Johns Ch.
BLACKFRIARS ROAD
WATERLOO STATION
Guy's Hospital
Victoria Hall
St George's Church
SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD
LONG LANE
INSTER BRIDGE ROAD
Surrey Theatre
BOROUGH ROAD
GREAT DOVER STREET
St George's Cathedral
LAMBETH ROAD
Bethlehem Hospital
Elephant & Castle
NEW KENT ROAD
lace
Spurgeon's Tabernacle
Station
BRICKLAYERS ARMS STATION (GOODS)
OLD KENT ROAD
KENNINGTON ROAD
KENNINGTON PARK ROAD
WALWORTH ROAD
ON LANE

"It is a wonderful place . . . this London . . . and what do I know of it?"

The Earl of Beaconsfield

IN AND AROUND LONDON



SHIPPING IN THE THAMES IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

INTRODUCTION

LONDON—ITS BEGINNINGS

It is difficult to realise that our busy London of to-day, the capital of Great Britain and the largest and richest city in the world, once stood in the midst of marshes. To the north lay a great forest, but south, east, and west was marshland, except where it rose into two small hillocks, upon one of which an early British fort was built, supposed to have been the beginning of London.

Below these hills, the river Thames, at this point expanding into a large lagoon or shallow lake, ran in and out of the marshes, at high tide quite covering them. Then bit by bit the marshy land was rescued from the water, embanked, and made into meadow land whilst, later on, buildings appeared.

Not much is known of the earliest history of London; there are some who think it may have been a little fishing village in those far-off days, for the river abounded with fish, but at anyrate it is certain that there was an early British settlement there, as proved by coins and various other things which have been dug up.

Its first name was *Llyn-din*, meaning "The Fort by the Lake"—*Llyn* standing for a lake or pool (there is a part of the Thames, just below the Tower, still called "The Pool"), and *din* or *dun*, signifying a fort or place of strength.

When the Romans conquered Britain they changed the old name of *Llyn-din* into *Londinium*, that being easier for them to pronounce. It was during their time that the city became a large trading centre, owing to its position on the river which enabled ships from foreign countries to bring in their merchandise and to return home laden with oysters, tin, iron, lead, and probably corn, for the Thames, still the greatest highway in the world, was then to all intents and purposes the only one.

But although London had made such advances, it ranked only as the third city in the kingdom, being less important in those days than either York or Winchester.

Towards the end of the Roman occupation, that is, about the fourth century, it was surrounded by walls, these being defended with towers and marked at the chief points by great gates, the names of which are still familiar to us, although the gates are gone. To the north was Bishopsgate, to the east, Aldgate (Ale-gate or All-gate, which meant "open to all"), and to the west, Newgate. These, with Ludgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, and the South or Bridge Gate, made up the seven chief and historical gates of London, most of which were built in the time of the Romans.

There are still some remains of the old wall to be seen, the building of which was an event of great importance in London's history, raising a small village and fort into an important city.

About the year 410, the Roman legions were called away to defend their own country from the Goths; they intended to return, but never did so. After their departure London seems to have been deserted for a time and we know little or nothing of it for about one hundred and fifty years. During this time the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles invaded the country, but the Britons had so long been accustomed to depend upon the Romans that they were unable, when left to themselves, to withstand their attacks, and when we next hear of the city, in the year 609, it had been conquered by the East Saxons and made the capital of the kingdom of Essex.

There is not much to tell about London in Saxon times, except that St. Paul's Cathedral was built in 610 by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in the reign of Sebert; the latter, as you will remember, was the first King of Essex converted to the Christian faith and he it was who is said to have erected a church and monastery on the spot where now stands our stately Westminster Abbey.

At this period the Kings of Essex, Wessex, and Mercia were continually fighting against each other, and so London no longer remained the capital of one Saxon kingdom but was always changing hands, falling to the share of whichever king was conqueror at the time.

Finally, Wessex became the conqueror, but its success was short-lived, for another enemy was drawing near; the Danes, as the men of the North were called, were creeping up the river Thames and it was London they first attacked. The walls not being strong enough to resist them, they broke in time after time, burnt and plundered the city, killed many of the women and children, taking the rest captive; in fact, they looked upon London as quite their own, treating it as their headquarters.

But, although they had conquered so much of Britain, their reign was nearly over, for Alfred the Great, the then King of Wessex, was making his preparations to attack them. He knew how important it was to secure the possession of London, but it took him a long time to lay his plans, and it was not until 884 that they were completed.

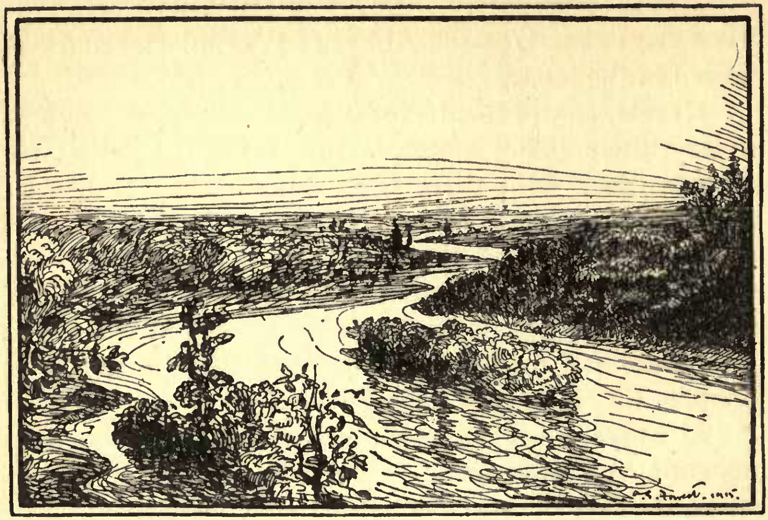
At last, when all was in readiness, he laid siege to and captured London, making it the capital of his kingdom instead of Winchester, and never again, in his time, did the Danes reconquer London, though his successor, Ethelred the Unready, was driven out by them under Sweyn. After the death of the latter, however, Ethelred was allowed to return, and he reigned again for a time. He was succeeded by his son, Edmund Ironside, who was the first king to be crowned in London.

For the next thirty years the Danes ruled. Then followed Edward the Confessor (the son of Ethelred), under whom London became very important. He built the Palace as well as the Abbey of Westminster and was buried in the latter.

Harold, son of Earl Godwin, was the next to come to the throne, being chosen by the Witan, the parliament of that time. But there were other claimants besides Harold, one of these being William the Conqueror. He claimed that Edward the Confessor had left the throne to him, but as the king had to be chosen by the Witan, this could not be. Harold therefore told William that the people had elected him king, and that he meant to fight for his rights and defend his crown.

A brave army gathered round him. In the front marched the warriors of Kent, whose right it was to strike the first blow in the battle; they were followed by the men of London, whose privilege it was to defend the king and his royal standard. But at the battle of Hastings Harold was killed, and lay sleeping on the Saxon shore, "guarding it in death as he did in life," whilst his victor entered London in triumph, and was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day. This ended the Anglo-Saxon line, William the Conqueror being the first of the Norman kings of England.

In a later chapter we shall see how he built the Tower of London.



THE SITE OF LONDON.

CHAPTER I

SITE OF LONDON

WE are so used to seeing London covered with buildings that it is difficult to imagine what its position, or site, can have looked like before the city was built.

Now I am going to try and make you understand something of the appearance of the ground on which London afterwards grew up, so suppose we imagine that the busy city of London of to-day has, for the moment, disappeared altogether.

What should we see?

A broad marsh—in some places two and a half miles wide; it reached from what we now call Fulham, as far as Greenwich, which will give you some idea of its size.

Here and there on the marsh small islands are to be seen peeping out of the water at high tide; these are covered with rushes, brambles, and coarse grass, while above them fly flocks of wild birds—ducks, geese, and herons—their cries filling the air as they swoop down to catch the fish with which the water is well supplied.

In and out of this vast marsh flows a river—it is the Thames—though you probably do not recognise it, for it looks so different without any strong, high embankments.

On the north side the marshy land slopes gently upwards towards hills. These look different to any of those we see around London now, for they are covered with thick forests, the home of wolves and bears, but no pasture land is to be seen anywhere.

Rising in these hills and flowing down from them through the marshes are several streams and brooks which run into and feed the river. As these brooks journey down the hill they collect and carry with them earth, leaves, and branches of trees. Upon reaching the marsh some of these get left behind as the stream passes on its way; here they collect, forming by degrees one or other of the little islands of which we have spoken.

At high tide the whole of this marshy land is covered with water forming a most beautiful lake, bright and clear on a sunny day, with its little green islands dotted about, but gloomy and desolate on a dull day when at low tide the beautiful lake is nothing but black mud.

It is upon this marshy land that more than half of

London stands to-day. You may perhaps wonder why this spot was chosen for the site of a city. Well, there were several reasons, but among the chief ones, no doubt, were that the river was situated fairly near the sea and that the streams provided plenty of wholesome water.

And the streams—what about them? Many disappeared into the river and were lost, but some lived on and became very useful. The most important of these were afterwards known as the "Wal- or Wall-brook," the "Fleet" or "River of Wells," the "Westbourne," and the "Tybourne."

The hills, like the rivers, remain to this day, though changed in appearance—for you cannot imagine a dense forest and wild beasts on Primrose Hill, Hampstead Heath, or Clapham Rise—yet nevertheless these are some of the original old hills from which flowed the streams that we saw when we took our backward peep at the marsh. Now that they are mostly covered with houses they do not look so high as in those early days.

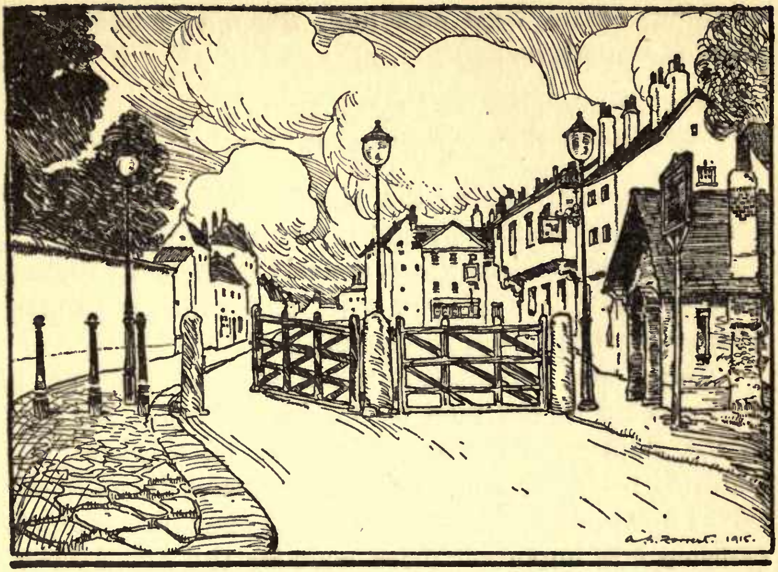
Perhaps you will wonder how we come to be certain that the ground upon which so much of London is built was once nothing but marshland, for remember there were no books written then. We have to turn to what is known as "Geology," that is a wonderful science by means of which clever men can discover all about the building up of the crust of the earth (as the part on which we live is called), the ground itself telling, to those who understand this science, many secrets about the past which could not be known in any other way.

Site of London

As probably most of you have learnt, the earth's crust, or solid part, is made up of many different materials, these being composed of various kinds of earth (such as sand, clay, etc.), and of sandstone, granite, limestone, and chalk rocks. This mass of material was built up very slowly in layers, or "strata" as it is termed, one upon another, every layer probably taking thousands and thousands of years to harden, and each being known to geologists by its own particular name, thus showing them the special time, or period, at which it was formed. The lowest of these layers is the oldest, while the top one is the newest and, therefore, the youngest of them all. The latter is mostly composed of clay, sand, and gravel, which is what we find when we dig beneath various parts of London of to-day.

When the geologist examines the ground it tells him numbers and numbers of other things too; if when the soil is turned up he finds sand and gravel full of smooth round stones, he knows at once (even though now dry) that ages and ages ago there must have been running water in that place, for the stones could only have become round and smooth by this means. Again, if he comes across oysters and other shells buried in sand, it tells him that where they lie the sea once rolled; and once more, should he discover a dark brown band of peat—what does this say to him? Why, quite clearly that at one time, perhaps two thousand years or more ago, there was a marsh or bog there, for the peat is formed of mosses and other small water plants.

This, then, is the answer to the question we asked just now as to how we know for certain that London's site was once nearly all marshland. The peat soil tells the geologist the story of those early days. He learns too how, as time went on, the marshes gradually dried up, slowly becoming meadow lands and fields, and of how also the forests turned by degrees into pastures. The changes went on day by day, year by year, century by century until, as you read in the last chapter, London had its beginnings.


A. S. Forrest. 1915.

OLD TOLL GATE.

CHAPTER II

THE STORY OF LONDON'S ROADS

Most of us take it quite as a matter of course that we should have good firm roads over which to pass to our work or pleasure; smooth and level too we expect them to be, so that motor, cycle, or bus can fly along at full speed. Should the road become worn and develop into ruts and puddles, or should the authorities have a portion of it up for repairing purposes, we are sure to hear some such grumble as "What a nuisance—this road is 'up' again!" It never occurs to us to be thankful for having a road at all, nor do we trouble to remember the condition of things before there were any, when, as a quaint old couplet reminds us:

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade,"

the above referring to the state of the roads in the Highlands of Scotland, some of which were opened up by the soldiery (under the command of General Wade), after the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, through counties which before had been almost impassable.

There was undoubtedly some kind of attempt at road-making in the time of the early Britons, but it is to the Romans that we owe the art on a sound and enduring basis, for among the first tasks they set themselves upon subduing a country was the building of roads, realising how important these were for the maintenance of an empire. That those they made in Britain were strong and good is proved by the fact that not only for centuries after they left did their roads continue to be the chief highways of internal communication, but many of them still exist. They were made of layers of stone, gravel, and other materials, the top layer being formed of blocks of stone firmly fitted together. It is to the Romans also that we owe the marking out of our highways by means of milestones.

But before the roads could be made there were woods to be cleared and fens to be drained, and in this work the Britons were compelled by their conquerors to take part. The chief labourers, however, were the Roman soldiers, who were thus employed in times of peace, these early roads being mostly constructed for purely military purposes. They ran as nearly as possible in straight lines, the reason given being that the Romans were unskilled in mechanical matters and consequently did not understand how to make their great four-wheeled vehicles turn a bend in the road; this sounds funny to us when we think how easily nowadays carriages swing round a corner!

There were other lesser roads known respectively as branch roads, private roads, country roads, and by-roads, these being chiefly formed on existing native track-ways, but the principal roads were the great military ones, or "King's Highways," three of which entered London and met in the citadel. There was *Ermyn Street* (or Poor Men's Street), which ran direct from London to Lincoln and York, the *Vicinal Way* leading to the eastern counties, and a road named by the Saxons *Watling* (*i.e.* Waddling) *Street*, the latter passing through the heart of the country to Chester and thence on to York.

Watling Street was the most famous of all the great Roman highways. As far as London was concerned, it ran at first down close to where now stands the Marble Arch, on through Park Lane (or, as it was then called, Tyburn Lane), and from there to Westminster; here the river, being broad and shallow, could be crossed by a ford. After crossing it, the road was continued through the marshes by a causeway of stones built on piles as the still-remaining name of Stangate Street (or Stone-paved Street) at Lambeth reminds us.

The two roads, Ermyn Street and Watling Street, met just near the entrance to the bridge and this spot was chosen as the market-place, being called to this day *East Cheap* or East market-place.

We must just mention here that *Street* is one of the few words left us by the Romans, and is derived from two words meaning a paved way, so whenever you come across a *street*, *stret*, or *streat*, or towns ending in *le-street*, you may know that a Roman road passed that particular spot.

Upon the departure of the Romans from Britain the art of road-making became entirely lost, for they had not taught it to the natives, and consequently their splendid roads fell by degrees out of repair until finally the highways of England became among the worst in Europe.

As early as 1285 a law was passed directing that all bushes and trees along the road leading from one market to another should be cut down to a distance of two hundred feet on either side of the road to prevent robbers hiding therein, but nothing was proposed with regard to improving the condition of the roads themselves.

In 1346 Edward the Third authorised the first toll to be levied for the repair of the roads leading from St. Giles-in-the-fields to the village of Charing (now Charing Cross), and also from the former point to near Temple Bar. It is difficult for us to realise that the footway at the entrance to old Temple Bar was at this time so overgrown with thickets and bushes as to render it almost impassable in wet weather. Still farther west the roads were so bad that we are told "when the sovereign went to Parliament, faggots were thrown into the ruts in King Street, Westminster, to enable the royal cavalcade to pass along."

It was not until 1663, under Charles the Second, that a determined effort was made to improve the then disgraceful state of the roads, and a law was passed directing that a gate called a *turnpike* should be put across certain of those used for traffic, and a collector stationed to receive the toll or charge which had to be paid for each vehicle before it was allowed to pass through, in some cases a toll being also demanded from foot passengers. The money thus obtained was set aside for mending and improving the roads.

The Act of 1663, however, only applied, so far as London was concerned, to that portion of the road which lay between it and York. Its opening sentence ran thus: "The ancient highway and post-road leading from London to York and so into Scotland"—the most important thoroughfare in the country—"is very ruinous and become almost impassable, insomuch that it is become very dangerous to all His Majesty's liege people to pass that way." For nearly a hundred years after this, travellers from Edinburgh to London met with no turnpikes until they came within some 110 miles of the metropolis.

The turnpike system was at anyrate a great improvement on what had gone before. It was really a just arrangement too, as it made those who used the roads pay for their upkeep, but it was never popular, indeed was violently opposed by the people, who considered that having to pay a toll on goods and travellers was a grievous tax upon the freedom of their movements from place to place. Riots were stirred up, and as a result toll-houses were burnt and the gates blown up or torn down. So great was the upstir, in fact, that it led to bloodshed, soldiers having to be sent to protect the toll-bars and toll-takers. But in spite of all opposition the authorities persevered until our island was crossed by no less than thirty thousand miles of turnpike roads.

For long after this the roads continued to remain in a very unsatisfactory condition, chiefly owing to the fact that they were neither well made or well mended. You can imagine for yourself something of what they were like when you hear that a little more than a hundred years ago it took two hours to drive from Kensington Palace to St. James's Palace, a distance of three miles, while in wintry or bad weather the coach was just as likely to stick fast in a rut or be turned over in the mud for, even in the neighbourhood of London, the roads were merely horse-tracks.

Road-making was no one's profession, engineers, for instance, considering it beneath their dignity. It was therefore left to such persons as might care to take up the trade, for it was not thought in those days the least necessary to be specially skilled for the work. We suppose that this accounts for the fact that the first great English road-maker to follow it as a business was neither an engineer nor a mechanic, but a blind man—John Metcalf, popularly known as "Blind John of Knaresborough." He had no knowledge even of surveying, but he must have been a clever man nevertheless, for he managed to construct nearly two hundred miles of excellent roads.

English road-making did not, however, come even near the Roman standard of excellence until the early part of the nineteenth century, when a great bridge-builder named Telford began to devote his attention to the subject. He formed his roads of layers of different-sized stone set very closely together and placed on ground which had previously been made level. Both his story and that of "Blind Jack" are intensely interesting, but we have not time to tell either here, as we must pass on to that most famous road-maker of all, John Loudon Macadam, who invented the form of road found to-day not only in London, but all over England—macadamised road-paving, as it is called, after its inventor. It consists of broken stones spread over a surface of ground which has been well levelled and drained, the traffic soon causing these stones to work up together and form into one solid mass.

The name and fame of this Scottish surveyor will always be remembered in connection with our modern system of road-making, if only from the fact that he made, at a great cost of money and personal fatigue, a tour of the United Kingdom to study the road question. His invention benefited all classes of travellers, for it increased the safety and comfort in riding, both of horse and rider, lessened the risks in coach and carriage travelling, and caused the poor man's cart to last three times as long as it had done on the old roads, so that man and beast alike have cause to bless his name.

In recognition of his great work the Government, in 1827, made him a grant of £10,000 (his tour had cost him half that amount), and offered him a baronetcy; the latter he refused, preferring to remain to the end plain John Loudon Macadam.

But perhaps more familiar still to Londoners is the form of road known as "wood-paving." Who has not watched the men either taking up the old blocks or fitting in, so carefully, the new ones on to the firm concrete foundation? When all is in readiness how exciting it is to see them ladle out the pitch or tar from the great cauldrons and pour it over the neatly arranged blocks of wood, from whence it runs into all crevices and cements the whole. This form of road-making was first used in Russia and was introduced into England in 1836.

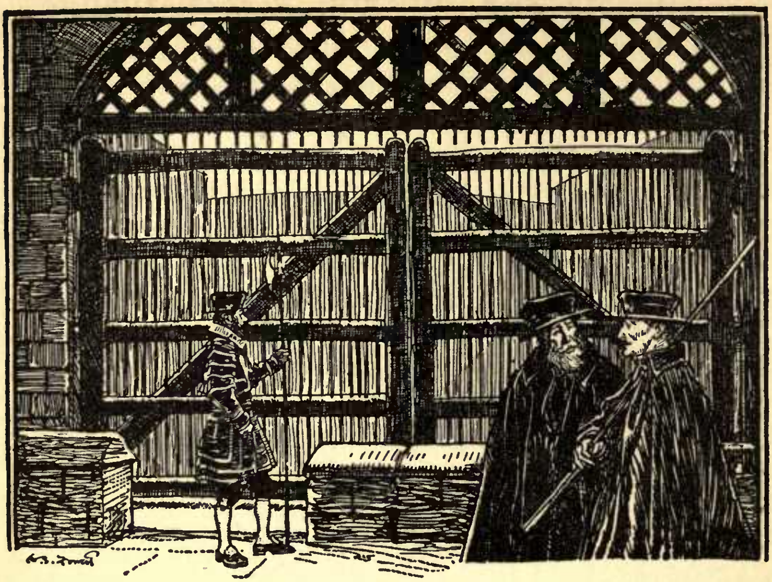
The larger number of our great London thoroughfares are now paved with wood; this has the great advantage of deadening, to a certain extent, the sound of the traffic, which is far less heard on wood-paved roads than when passing over stone-paved ones. It has one disadvantage, though—it becomes very slippery when wet, and it is in order to make it safe for traffic that, in bad weather, we find men throwing sand over the road.

You have seen what a difficulty there was in bygone days with regard to paying for the upkeep, or "maintenance," as we call it, of the roads, and how as a result they fell into such a terrible state of neglect. We have splendid roads now all over the country, but do not forget that it took Britain more than a thousand years to bring them up to the same standard of excellence as the Roman ones. Their public roads belonged to the State and were entirely under its control, but they considered road-making a matter of such national importance that people of all ranks and position were proud to be associated with it.

Nowadays it is the duty of the Metropolitan Borough Councils and City Corporation assisted, since 1909, by what is called a Road Board, to see that our London roads are kept in good condition in order that they may be travelled over in safety and comfort. There are improvements also to be made in widening and extending the streets of our great metropolis, to say nothing of the making of new roads for the purpose of relieving the pressure of its enormous traffic.

We may have neglected our roads in the past, but there seems no fear of such a thing happening in the present day, for we find that London in ten years spent £18,000,000 upon its highways, and in 1913–14 alone the expenditure for the same purpose was nearly £2,000,000.

Next time, therefore, that you grumble at having to get off your bicycle because the road is "up," cast a thought back to the old days of the horse-tracks and the coaches sticking fast in London mud!



THE TRAITORS' GATE.

CHAPTER III

THE TOWER OF LONDON AND TOWER BRIDGE

WHAT wonderful tales it could tell us, the old Tower of London, for, in its time, it has been a palace, a prison, and a fortress. Tower Hill, over which we pass to reach it, has a history also, for it was here that nearly all the great historical executions took place. The scaffold and gallows of timber were first erected on this spot, in the reign of Edward the Third, and were in constant use from then until 1747, only queens and persons of high degree being beheaded within the Tower walls.

Below this hill, but separated from it by a wide moat

—now drained and used as a drill and play ground—stands the picturesque and stately Tower of London, inside the castellated walls of which rise many towers, each with its own special name and story. Within the Tower boundary are barracks, where soldiers are stationed, who could be called out to guard the building in case of need.

Entering by the Lion Gate, we get our tickets to see the Armoury and Crown jewels, the *Regalia*, as they are called. This gate is named "Lion" from the Lion Tower which formerly stood near it, and in which the kings of England kept their wild beasts, for in olden days the Tower of London had its own "Zoo," which was then one of the most popular sights in London; indeed, "Seeing the lions in the Tower" became a proverb.

Henry the First kept a collection of lions and leopards with which to amuse his ladies and courtiers, whilst Henry the Third made the city pay the expenses of his "Zoo," the sheriffs having to arrange for a white bear sent him from Norway, for which we are told "they provided fourpence daily, together with a muzzle and iron chain, and a stout cord to hold him when fishing (that is 'washing') in the Thames."

Two years later, an elephant arrived from France, and the poor sheriffs were again called upon to provide him with "a strong and suitable house," as well as to support him and his keeper. The allowance for a lion was a quarter of mutton per day, but three-halfpence was the payment for the keeper, and even when the allowance for a lion or leopard was raised to sixpence, the keeper still had only three-halfpence. Later on, however, the keeper of the Tower lions was a person of quality, and received sixpence a day for himself, and the same sum for each animal under his charge.

The menagerie grew larger and larger as time went on, until by 1708 it had become quite extensive. By 1822 the collection seems to have dwindled down to a grizzly bear, an elephant, and a few birds; this appears to have been the end of it, for in 1834 these few remaining animals were removed to the present Zoological Gardens, of which they helped to form the foundation.

Once inside the Lion Gate, we find the warders, who have charge of the Tower, waiting to show us over it. They look strange to us in their quaint garments, great ruffles, and high black hats, but they would not have done so had we lived four hundred years ago, for it is the uniform of the Yeomen of the Guard, that is, the Body-Guard, of Henry the Eighth, designed for them by the great painter, Holbein. They have worn it ever since, permission having been obtained for them to do so by the Duke of Somerset, in the reign of Edward the Sixth. We know them best by the name of "Beefeaters," a title probably taken from the French word *Buffetier*, which means a waiter at a sideboard or *buffet*.

The oldest and most interesting part of the building is the great central Keep, or White Tower, built, in 1078, by William the Conqueror, for the double purpose of protecting the City of London, and overawing the inhabitants by its size and the massiveness of its walls, which, although they have stood for over eight hundred years, are still as strong as ever. William entrusted the work to Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, a French monk, and, with the exception of a few alterations inside, it is still just as Gundulph left it. William Rufus added the inner wall, whilst still further to protect it, this was surrounded by a moat in the reign of Richard I., the Lion-hearted, which could be flooded with water at high tide. A narrow winding staircase brings us to the Chapel of St. John, a very beautiful specimen of early Norman work, still used for service; on our way up we pause to read a tablet which records one of the most pathetic memories of the Tower—the murder of the little Princes. The two upper floors of the White Tower are filled with weapons and armour of every kind and every age.

The kings who followed William the Conqueror added to the Keep, and both Stephen and Edward the First constantly resided there; we are told that the latter king lived in princely style, and that here also his eldest daughter was born and called in consequence "Jane of the Tower." It was used as a palace too by Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, and others, so that the walls of the old Tower must have re-echoed many a time to the sounds of feasting and revelry and witnessed the gorgeous pageants of which some of these monarchs were so fond, but, sad to relate, they have also seen some of the most terrible events of our history.

The next great builder was Henry the Third; he surrounded the White Tower or Keep by a second wall and added the Water Gate, as well as various towers commanding the river, in one of which, the Lanthorn Tower, lamps were kept burning at night as river signals. This king beautified and ornamented the whole building, for he looked upon it more as a palace than a fortress.

Beneath the Water Gate, or St. Thomas's Tower, so named from a chapel it contains, dedicated to the memory of Thomas à Becket, is the gloomy arch known as the *Traitors'* Gate; this was the main entrance to the Tower buildings in the olden days when the river Thames was the chief highway for passengers. The gate got its name from the fact that during the sixteenth century many barges passed through it with State prisoners for the Tower, landing them at the steps close by. You may still see the ring, on the left of the arch, to which the rope attached to the prisoners' boat used to be fastened. Here it was that poor Anne Boleyn was hurried from a tournament she was attending at Greenwich. Eighteen years later, her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth (afterwards our good Queen Bess), upon being put out at these same steps, exclaimed, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs." The soldiers, drawn up to receive her, knelt down as she passed and prayed God to bless her, for which, we are told, they were dismissed.

It was at the top of these stairs too, as Sir Thomas More was being led back to prison, with the reversed axe carried in front of him (a sign he was condemned to be executed), that his daughter, Margaret, who had been waiting and watching in the crowd, rushed forward and flung herself upon his neck, beseeching him to bless her. The guards dragged her away, but again she threw her arms around him with such piteous cries that even the soldiers wept, and waited whilst the father gave her his blessing.

On the river front there were three sets of stairs in all—the Traitors' Gate steps, which, as we have already seen, was the entrance for prisoners; the Queen's stairs,

LONDON BRIDGE.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Photos, Topical.

lying between the Byward Tower and Belfry, from whence the sovereigns embarked to their coronations; and the Tower stairs, just outside the fortifications.

As we have said, the towers have each their own name, and most of them some mournful story, but there are so many that it is impossible to mention more than a few. Perhaps quite the most important is the Beauchamp Tower, built by Edward the Third; this was the earliest State prison, and owes its name to Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was one of the first to occupy it. Many another illustrious prisoner was kept in close confinement here, and whiled away the long, weary hours of captivity by carving on the walls. You will find the name of one; the coat of arms of another; some words of poetry or a few verses from the Bible. We cannot help thinking, as we look at these, how unhappy the poor prisoners must have been, shut away in this gloomy tower, for even we are glad to get out into the sunshine again. In the Devereux Tower the Earl of Essex was shut up, and in the White Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh; whilst down in a dungeon, called Little Ease, Guy Fawkes was tortured on the rack, until he confessed about the Gunpowder Plot. In a room of the Garden (or Bloody) Tower, the murder of the little Princes is usually believed to have taken place, and it is in the Bowyer Tower that the Duke of Clarence is supposed to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine.

Indeed, from the reign of Edward the Second onward, the Tower saw such a long line of prisoners that it would take a book to name them all, for David Bruce, King of Scotland, eleven years a captive, John, King of

France, the Duke of Monmouth, the queens, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Jane (Lady Jane Grey), are but a few of the many royal personages who were imprisoned within its walls, the three queens being also beheaded upon the Tower Green, which is almost opposite the Beauchamp Tower. The spot on the Green, where the block used to stand, was paved by order of Queen Victoria, for it is said that no grass would ever consent to grow upon it after the executions.

Close by the Tower Green is the prisoners' chapel, appropriately called St. Peter ad Vincula, which means "St. Peter in the Chains," beneath the pavement of which lie the bones of many of the victims.

It is in the Wakefield Tower that the regalia of England are kept, nearly all of which have some historical interest, but as your ticket admits you to see all these things for yourself, nothing more need be said about them, except to add that these valuables are well guarded. The framework of the glass case containing the regalia is covered with a fine steel railing; should anyone tamper with this, steel covers would at once spring up automatically, shutting down over the jewels; silently the door of the apartment would close, setting in motion alarm bells which would sound in every part of the Tower, summoning the guards to catch the thief, who had unwittingly made himself a prisoner.

The Armoury in the White Tower is another place where we are tempted to linger; there are guns and arms of all kinds and shapes beautifully arranged on the walls; fascinating, too, are the knights in real armour and a life-size model of Queen Elizabeth, just as she looked when she rode to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The year 1914 has seen some additions to the Armoury, for the King, having learnt that there were at Windsor several pieces of armour belonging to suits shown in the Tower of London, ordered them to be returned, and they are now exhibited in the White Tower. We are told that these are by far the most important additions to the Tower armour since 1661. There are some terrible things here also, among them being the block and axe, used in 1746, as well as various instruments of torture.

As you leave the Wakefield Tower you will notice a gun-carriage on the left; it is the one which bore the coffin of our great and good Queen Victoria through the streets of London upon the occasion of her funeral.

We have seen a great deal, but there is one thing we cannot see, that is the locking up of the Tower. Every night, just before twelve o'clock, a very old and quaint custom is gone through. The Chief Warder comes out, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys and attended by another warder carrying a lantern. They appear first in front of the main guard-house and call out, "Escort Keys," whereupon the sentry challenges them with:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys," answers the warder.

"Whose keys?" inquires the sentry.

"King George's keys," comes the reply.

"Advance King George's keys and all's well," commands the sentinel.

"God bless King George," respond the warders.

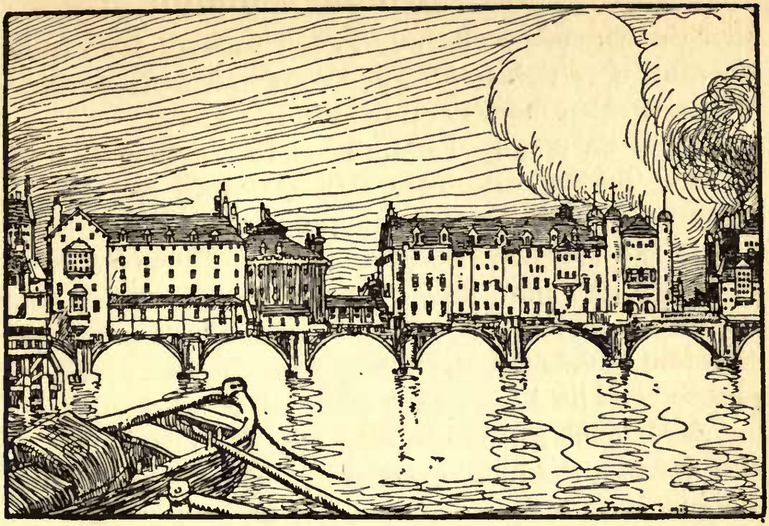
This ceremony having been gone through, the sergeant of the guard and five or six men forming the escort for the keys turn out and follow the Chief Warder to the outer gate, each sentry challenging them as they pass his post. The gates are then all carefully locked and barred, and the procession returns, the sentries challenging them as before.

Upon reaching the guard-house again, the sentry repeats the challenge, with the same result, the main guard finally responding "Amen." They then present arms to the King's keys, the escort fall into their places, and the Chief Warder marches away alone across the parade and deposits the precious keys safely with the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Just below the Tower of London, and seen from it, is something that was not there in William the Conqueror's time—the fine new

TOWER BRIDGE,

opened on 30th June 1894, which cost a million and a half pounds to build. A novel feature of it is that, in order to allow large vessels to pass through, the centre span of the bridge divides, the two halves lifting right up and folding back by means of machinery hidden in the handsome Gothic towers on either side. A bell rings to warn foot passengers when the "elevation" is about to take place, and then they need not wait for the vessel to pass through, but can use the upper footway, reached by means of lifts and stairs.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV

LONDON BRIDGE AND THE RIVER IT CROSSES

When we see the vast amount of traffic passing to and fro over our London Bridge of to-day, we are glad to think that it is a good, strong stone one, capable of bearing the thirty thousand vehicles, to say nothing of thousands of foot passengers, which we are told cross it daily.

But this bridge was not always there, and we do not know when the first one was actually built. Upon the arrival of the Romans, the passage across the Thames was by means of a ford at Westminster; it is probable that they built some kind of a bridge to join the Middlesex and Surrey side of the river, and, though there are no records to tell us what it was like, we can guess that it probably consisted of stone piers, with a wooden footway on the top.

What we may be certain of is that a roughly made wooden bridge, with moveable platforms to allow of the Saxon boats passing through, spanned the river before the Norman Conquest, for such a one is spoken of in Edgar's time, and we know how, in 1008, Olaf, the King of Norway, came to help the Saxon king, Ethelred, surnamed the Unready, to expel the Danish pirates, who held possession of London and Southwark.

As you will remember, Olaf offered to lead the way, and having carefully covered his ships with a great scaffolding of wooden poles and osier twigs, rowed up, with his Norsemen, close to the bridge. Binding their barks with ropes and cables to the piles supporting it, they tugged hard at these with their oars, and gradually pulled them down. This great battle of London Bridge is commemorated by an Icelander, who praises Olaf for his bravery and skill in a poem which begins:

"London Bridge is broken down,"

and although it does not go on like our familiar old nursery ditty, it no doubt gave rise to it.

After the great battle, the bridge was speedily rebuilt, and existed until about 1163, but as it had by this time become very dilapidated, Peter of Colechurch, probably one of the Bridge-builders (a religious community of France, who believed the building of bridges to be a sacred duty), proceeded to repair it with elm wood, in order to make it last a little longer. A few years later he started building a new bridge a little higher up the stream. Money for the purpose poured in from every quarter, and part of a tax on wool was devoted towards the cost; this gave rise to the saying that "London Bridge was built on woolpacks."

It took thirty-three years to construct, and boasted of no less than nineteen arches of different sizes and a wooden drawbridge; the latter allowed large ships to pass up the river and, when pulled up, prevented any enemy from entering the city. The arches were so narrow, however, that the river rushed through them with terrific force, producing a "fall" or "rapid," so that it was necessary to "shoot the bridge," a very dangerous proceeding, hundreds of lives being lost in attempting it.

Very proud were the London citizens of this bridge, for it not only had tall water wheels and a magnificent chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, but was covered, on either side, with wooden houses, and had fortified gates at each end, gates which we do not like to remember were decorated, more often than not, with the heads of criminals and traitors affixed to poles. The houses were mostly occupied as shops by haberdashers, grocers, and so on, and later by booksellers and stationers. The bridge was also the abode of many artists, among whom were Holbein, the great Court painter, Peter Monamy, the marine artist, and Hogarth, the celebrated painter.

But perhaps the most splendid, though curious, erection which adorned Old London Bridge was the celebrated "Nonsuch House," built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This wonder of London was four storeys high, and formed entirely of wood brought from

Holland in pieces and erected with wooden pegs, not a nail being used in the whole structure. It was built across the bridgeway, and had an arch through which the traffic passed; a square tower, crowned with domes, ornamented each corner, and the front part had casement windows with carved wooden galleries before them. There were no fewer than five sundials on the top, on one of which was painted:

"Time and tide wait for no man."

It was indeed a fine building; certainly "None such" existed in England at that time, and it has been suggested that this is how it came by its name. Small wonder then, that, what with this gorgeous building as well as the shops and houses, many of which had gardens and arbours on their flat roofs, "As fine as London Bridge" became a proverb.

During all these years the bridge had to be a good deal cobbled and repaired to keep it together; various disasters befell it, and on more than one occasion it fulfilled the old adage of

"London Bridge is broken down."

It was partly destroyed by fire in 1212, only four years after its completion. As a result of this, King John decreed that certain tolls should be levied on foreign merchants to go towards its repairs, whilst, in the time of Henry the Third, monks, known as the "Brethren of London Bridge," travelled over England collecting alms for it. In the reign of Edward the Third great complaints were made about its condition, so the Holy Brothers again went forth to collect on its behalf; the king, too, gave lands, and various people left money for its support. Some of these legacies sound rather comical to us, for we find one gentleman leaving sixpence, whilst his wife, who was either wealthier, or more generous, bequeathed twelve pence. Five shillings was a very usual sum, so it must have seemed handsome indeed when a generous citizen left fifty shillings!

The houses on the bridge continued to stand until the time of the Great Fire, when they were all destroyed. Some were rebuilt, but in the year 1757, when wheeled traffic became more general, they were finally pulled down, whilst an Act of Parliament, passed in 1822, authorised the final removal of the old bridge, to the building of which, we must always remember, London owed its early prosperity.

Five years later, in 1827, the foundation stone of the new bridge was laid. Sir John Rennie was the architect, and it was opened in 1831 by King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide.

Many a victor, king and general, crossed Old London Bridge in triumph, and many a pageant too did it witness in its time, such, for instance, as when Henry the Fifth returned from Agincourt. Nor was it at all unusual to hold miniature tournaments and tilting matches on any vacant part of the bridge wide enough for the purpose. Yet in spite of all these splendid scenes, it was reserved for London Bridge of to-day to witness a pageant such as England had never seen before, the celebration, in 1897, of the sixtieth year of a good and great queen's glorious reign.

We must not, however, in telling the story of the bridge, forget to say something of the river beneath it, once on a time the high road for everyone, the "Silent Highway" it has been called, on which all classes met—kings and queens in their State barges; bishops on their way to Whitehall, and nobles to Court; City apprentices practising for their water-sports, to all alike it was a public highway. Only a hundred years ago people talked about "taking the water" as we talk to-day of taking an omnibus, tram, or taxi! But as the commercial life of the City increased, the "Silent Highway" was not sufficient for all its needs, and the construction of new bridges became necessary.

Father Thames, though no longer the only highway, is still the greatest, for on its tide come floating in ships and merchandise from all parts of the world. The citizens of London, even in the reign of James the First, realised how important it was, for it is said that this king, being vexed with the City for not lending him a sum of money he wanted, threatened to remove his Court, upon which the Lord Mayor quietly replied, "Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your City of London will obey accordingly; but she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your Court, you would please to leave the Thames behind you!"

London is the world's chief port, and consequently its chief business centre. The ships entering and leaving the Thames bear cargoes either to be bought or sold, so London could not do without its river. Money is wanted, too, to buy or sell these things, and it is London which provides it. How it does so, and what are the other wheels of the machinery which makes its business go round, you will find out for yourself as you read this little book.

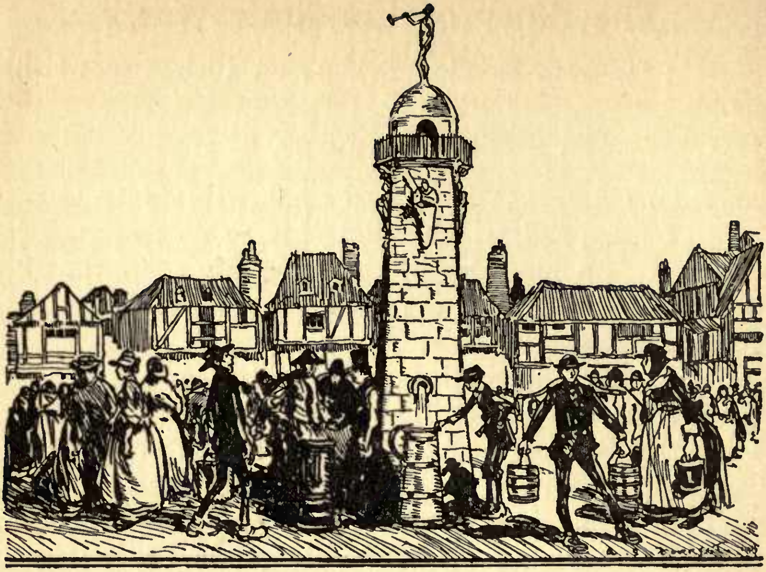
Not far from London Bridge, on Fish Street Hill, stands

THE MONUMENT,

erected, as everyone knows, to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, and, whether intended to do so or not, it also acts as a reminder of the incredibly short time in which a city of brick was rebuilt on the site of the old wooden houses.

The great column is 202 feet high, and the same number of feet distant from the spot, Pudding Lane, where the fire first broke out. It was the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and is made of Portland stone, the gilt urn at the top being so formed as to give the impression of flames springing out of it. Begun in 1671, it was not completed until 1677, and cost nearly £14,000. An inscription records the destruction of London by fire, and how it was rebuilt and improved.

For the small sum of threepence, you can ascend the 345 steps which take you to the caged gallery at the top, from whence you can get a magnificent view, especially if it is a clear day.



ANCIENT CONDUIT IN WESTCHEAP.

CHAPTER V

THE STORY OF LONDON'S WATER

We are so accustomed nowadays to a regular water supply, which we obtain in most cases by merely turning on a tap in bathroom or at sink, that the majority of us hardly value water at all. "It is only water," we say. "Throw it away; we can easily get some more!" You might perhaps have thought more of it in the days when people had either to go and fetch it themselves or send their servants to do so.

We are going on too fast, however, for the earlier methods of obtaining water were still more primitive. Had you lived in the times of the ancient Britons you would just have dipped a pail formed of reeds into the ditch nearest to your hut! But primitive as were the means of obtaining it, London has never been without water. For more than two hundred years after the Norman Conquest it obtained ample supplies of the purest quality, partly from the streams flowing through or near it and partly from wells sunk into the sands.

Among the many wells which supplied London in those early days were the Holy-well, Clement's-well, and Clerken-well, while the chief streams were the Wal- or Wall-brook, the Fleet, the Westbourne, and the Tybourne, but quite the most important was the Fleet (see Chapter on Fleet Street). The Tybourne, though a small stream, had an importance of its own, for this little river actually formed Thorney Island, on which Westminster grew up. The Westbourne was a larger stream, but what interests us most about it is that it survives to this day in the familiar Serpentine in Hyde Park. None of the streams now appear above ground, flowing (where they still exist) only as sewers, but we can trace their course from the places still bearing their names and which once stood upon their banks; for instance, Walbrook took its rise in the marshes beyond Moorgate, and the street named after it now runs along its old course. It was so called by the Saxons upon their coming to London, and meant in their tongue the "brook of the Wealhas"—the Welshmen or foreigners.

As time went on the streams and rivulets ran dry and were insufficient to meet the needs of the ever-increasing population, so in 1236 the Corporation of the City of London, whose business it then was to look after the water supply, petitioned King Henry the Third to allow them to conduct to the City, water from wells or springs in the district called Tyburn (now Marylebone) by means of leaden pipes, the water being discharged into a huge stone cistern lined with lead, popularly known as "the Great Conduit," which was set up in Westcheap for the use of the public, and was not only the first of its kind in London, but also the first attempt to form a reservoir. It was such a handsome building, with its castellated towers of stone, that it took fifty years to complete. When in the reign of Edward the Fourth it was rebuilt and enlarged, the original leaden pipes were changed for wooden ones formed by hollowing out trunks of trees. For a considerable time the City depended entirely on this conduit for its supply of fresh water brought in from without, as the Fleet and Walbrook streams had become very foul.

Later still, as London grew larger, other and more distant springs were brought from Highbury, Bayswater, Hackney, and Hampstead, conduits being built in each case, until there were some nineteen of them about London; the Conduit Streets, which still exist throughout the metropolis, mark the site of several of these.

For instance, most of us know Conduit Street, off Bond Street, while Lamb's Conduit Street, Bloomsbury, is so called from a benevolent cloth worker and most worthy citizen named Lamb, who built some almshouses and also various conduits, one of which at Holborn Bridge cost him £1500.

These conduits were a great advance upon the old open streams, and the fact that the Lord Mayor and his aldermen, together with other important personages, rode out on occasions to view the conduit heads may be taken as a recognition of their usefulness. Even at this period the water was not brought either to or into the houses but had to be fetched as required from the conduit by the inhabitants themselves or their servants, or could be bought from men who for a certain sum carried it to the various dwellings. These water-carriers were well-known London characters, and very quaint figures some of them cut. In an old print executed in the reign of James the First and preserved in the British Museum, one of them is shown carrying a large kind of can-shaped vessel upon his shoulder, a coarse apron or towel hanging down both back and front, presumably to keep him dry! He was known as a tankard-bearer because he travelled to and fro between one of the conduits from which he filled his vessel, "dealing out," we are told, "the quarts and gallons of the precious liquid to those who never dreamt of a full supply except they lived near the river-bank or close to the conduit."

In another old engraving of 1711 the water-bearer is seen carrying two hooped wooden pails not unlike barrels, these being suspended from a yoke across his shoulders. As well as being carried by hand, the water was sometimes conveyed in leather panniers borne by horses and not infrequently by barrow or cart. The water-carriers of this period were known as "Cobs," a name probably acquired from the fact that most of them lived in Cob's Court, Blackfriars.

For over three hundred years Londoners, though chiefly supplied with water through the conduit system, did not entirely depend upon it, for the carriers also used the Thames water to supply the houses of citizens.

By the fifteenth century we find the water supply had grown to be a matter of grave concern to the Corporation, for it was by then not only poor and inadequate, but the conduits had become dirty and neglected. Consequently in 1573 the City Authorities were given permission to repair the old conduits and build new ones; this, however, proved of little use owing to the insanitary condition of the water itself.

It was not until 1581 that the invention of Peter Morice, a young Dutchman, marked a really important step in the advance of our water supply. For a promised payment of ten shillings a year for five hundred years, Morice leased, from the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the first arch of London Bridge and here built his famous water-mill for pumping the Thames water high enough to supply the upper parts of the City.

This was the first invention of the kind heard of in England. Morice called it a "most artificial forcier," but we should term it a force pump. It was worked by water-wheels driven by the rise and fall of the tide, which then rushed with great force through the arches. The water was conveyed to the houses by means of wooden drains and leaden pipes, and the Lord Mayor and aldermen came in state to see the ingenious Dutchman throw up a jet of water over the steeple of St. Magnus' Church! The citizens were doubtless astonished as well as delighted at such a display, for, of course, they knew nothing of the beautiful high-playing fountains to which we are quite accustomed.

But now arose a difficulty. The water obtained by Morice from the Thames was anything but clean, and with the fear of the plague (which, we know, visited London on more than one occasion) always before them, it is hardly surprising that it was thought advisable to try and secure a better and purer water supply. To this end several schemes were set on foot, and the Corporation sent out surveyors to examine the springs and water sources around London and report what could be done to improve matters. But they were not very energetic in those days, and even a scheme they had in hand would probably have been abandoned had not a public-spirited Welshman, Hugh Myddleton by name, risen up and given to London that most priceless boon—the gift of pure water. And this is how it came about.

Leave had been granted by Queen Elizabeth to convey a stream from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the City of London, with ten years in which to accomplish the job. But, in spite of this, nothing was done, nor did a second Act passed by James I. meet with any more response, the Corporation lacking sufficient courage to embark upon so difficult and expensive a piece of engineering work, and the scheme seemed likely to fall to the ground for want of some energetic person to carry it out.

It was at this juncture that Hugh Myddleton, a Welsh goldsmith, came forward and declared himself willing to undertake the formidable task. As Member of Parliament for his own town of Denbigh he had sat on committees in connection with the water supply. He now suggested that the Common Council should hand over to him the powers granted to them under the various Acts, and offered in exchange to bring, in four years' time and at his own risk and charge, the Chadwell and Anwell springs from Hertfordshire to London by a route more than eight miles long.

Myddleton's offer was accepted, and the first sod of the "New River," as it was called, was cut in 1609, operations commencing at Chadwell, near Ware. From the first, however, terrible difficulties befell this enterprising man. He encountered great opposition from the landowners through whose estates the stream passed, but in spite of all obstacles he persevered and worked on with untiring energy.

When the water was at last brought as far as Enfield, our hero, as he may really be termed, found himself in great financial straits, for you must remember that he was paying all expenses out of his private purse. He appealed to the City for help, and upon their refusal turned to King James, through whose grounds at Theobald's the waterworks passed, and with whom he had had dealings as a jeweller. The king agreed to pay half the costs in bringing the New River to North London upon condition of receiving half the profits of the undertaking.

After this the work went on gaily, and Myddleton was able to complete it, the water being finally let into the reservoir at the New River Head, in the parish of Clerkenwell, on Michaelmas Day 1613.

This was a great occasion. The Lord Mayor and a vast concourse of officials, workmen, and citizens attended the ceremony which witnessed the completion of the worthy goldsmith's years of patient toil. At the conclusion of a speech in verse, delivered by a man in the company, the flood gates flew open and "the streame ran gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounding in triumphall manner."[1] A famous print engraved by George Bickham and entitled "Sir Hugh Myddleton's Glory" was issued to commemorate the event, but the most important memorial to his memory is the statue and drinking fountain on Islington Green, inaugurated in 1862 by Mr. Gladstone. Sir Hugh is here represented in Flanders ruff and cuffs, doublet, jerkin, and trunk hose. In his hand he holds a scroll, the plan of the great engineering work. He was knighted during the year which saw its completion, and was made a baronet in 1622. There are those who say that he died in poverty. We hope this was not the case, for, if ever a man deserved a comfortable and prosperous old age, he certainly did.

---

[1] The "cisterne" or basin built by Sir Hugh Myddleton for the head of his New River has recently been thrown out of use after three hundred years' service to London.

At first the New River supply was rather irregular; on a Sunday morning, for instance, there might be none at all! When at last it did come into full use you will doubtless think that people hurried to avail themselves of it—nothing of the sort; indeed, they were not only in no haste to take it into their houses, but many of them continued to drink the City water. They must have had a prejudice against water conveyed through pipes of any kind as for a long time the water-carriers took to crying out, "Any New River water here! Fresh and fair New River water! None of your pipe sludge!"

However, in spite of this prejudice the New River continued for a century to be the only satisfactory water supply in the whole of London, finally putting an end to the work of the water-carriers, for by this time many of the old conduits, with their cisterns, had been removed. It was only when the City mustered beyond a million inhabitants that it failed to yield a sufficient quantity, and other companies were formed, the Chelsea Waterworks being among the earliest.

By the middle of the eighteenth century every street was supplied with water. This was brought into the houses of the upper and middle classes, the smaller dwellings, courts, and alleys being provided with a pump or cock, common to all the inhabitants.

At first the water supply for different districts was controlled by different companies, but nowadays the whole of London is under the direction of a body known as the "Metropolitan Water Board," established in 1903.

"Water London," as it is called, is an irregular area stretching from Ware in Hertfordshire to Sevenoaks in Kent, and extending as far westward as Ealing.

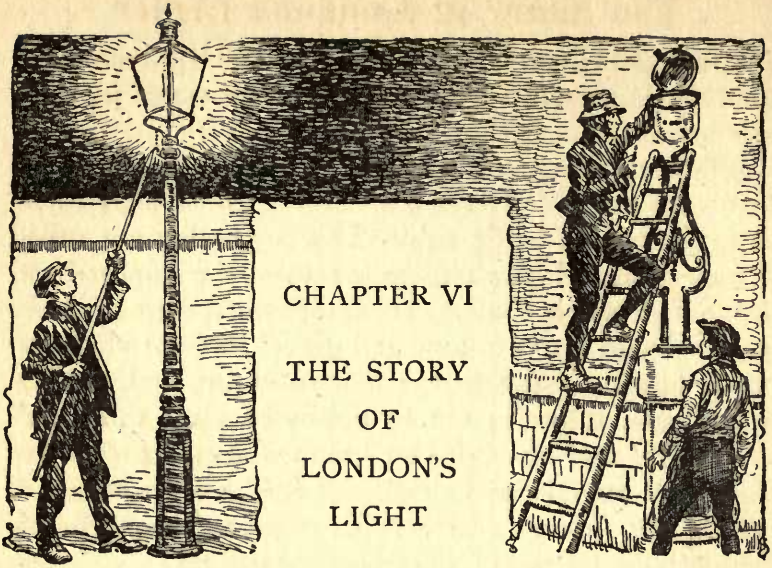
In 1833–34 the amount of water *daily* supplied to London was upwards of 21,000,000 imperial gallons. This sounds a great quantity, but it is in reality small when compared with the average daily amount now consumed by Londoners, which, it may interest you to hear, is at least 240,000,000 gallons, the Thames alone furnishing 130,000,000 gallons of this enormous quantity. It is a vast amount certainly, but then you must remember that nowadays we have what is called a "constant supply." Perhaps some of you may not know how this reaches our houses, so it may be worth telling for the benefit of those who do not.

Every day this huge quantity of water is pumped up from the rivers Thames and Lea and also from a number of wells in Kent. After being collected in large artificial lake basins or *reservoirs*, connected with one another, it is conveyed to its destination through "aqueducts" or artificial canals, from whence it is sent downwards (by that great force of nature which we call "gravitation") through huge underground pipes to the water pipes in our houses.

Before, however, the water reaches our houses and is ready for use it is stored for several weeks, after which it is purified by being strained through what are called "filter beds," of which there are over one hundred and sixty in London alone. These are composed of floors covered with layers of sand and gravel through which the water filters, sinking to the bottom of the bed. When quite pure, it passes out by means of small tunnels or "culverts" and is pumped up into the reservoirs. Some of these are very large indeed, and hold a vast supply of water. St. George's Reservoir, for instance, contains the astonishing amount of 3,073,000,000 gallons!

Over three engines, of 42,000 horse-power, work day and night to raise the enormous mass of water required to supply London's daily need, for each Londoner is said to consume a barrel of water or thirty-two gallons a day, and a writer with a clever, calculating brain tells us that "a year's supply of the water consumed in London would make a lake about four miles square and seventy-six feet deep, where could ride all the warships of the world."

This, then, is the story of London's water. The next time you are tempted to think it is of little or no value, just call to mind the trouble and work involved to secure what you enjoy to-day—a constant and unstinted supply of pure water!



CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF LONDON'S LIGHT

"LANTHORNE and a whole candell light! Hange out your lights heare!" cried the watchman as he went his nightly round, bearing in one hand his halbert and in the other his lantern, for this was the only manner in which London streets were lighted between four and five hundred years ago, a certain number of householders in each street being compelled by law to hang out on dark nights a lantern containing a "whole candle." The *whole* was a very important part of the performance, for the candle had to be long enough to burn from six o'clock on a winter's evening until eleven. When the days were longer no doubt the lanterns were lit later, while in the summer-time they were dispensed with altogether. As the panes of these lanterns were made of horn, instead of glass, the light was at no time very brilliant.

If any householder failed to comply with the lighting order the watchman soon knew the reason why, for he came thundering at the delinquent's door, and unless he could prove that the light had been blown out (no uncommon occurrence on a windy night), or some such good reason, he was fined a shilling. These watchmen of olden times carried on their rounds a fire-pot, or "cresset," for they had to perform the combined duties of watching and lighting, but, as they practically represented the policemen of those days, we shall have more to say about them later on.

In spite of lantern and cresset, however, the dwellers in the fashionable parts of the city who went up to town to visit theatres, or even those who attended parties in their own neighbourhood, never dreamt of going out after dusk unless attended either by a lantern-bearer or a "link-man," who bore a flaming torch wherewith to guide the steps of wayfarers. A lighted torch was even carried by the footman at the back of the carriage, for in those days it was not safe to be out after dusk on account of the highwaymen and other thieves who hid in dark corners, pouncing out to rob passers-by, whether on foot or in coach.

The "link" was formed of a long piece of iron, its hollow inside being filled with a wick of tow, set burning at the top. Before the doors of many old houses in London—particularly in St. James's Square, in Queen Anne Street, and in parts of Mayfair and Bloomsbury—may still be seen a great iron extinguisher shaped like the old horns used by post-boys; into these, after their aristocratic inmates had been lighted home, the smoking torches, or links, were thrust.

The first attempt at any improvement in the lighting of the City was when it was taken partly out of private hands and leased to contractors, who paid a certain yearly sum to the City for the privilege. Their lamps, which numbered about a thousand, were only lit from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and even then only on dark nights.

By 1736 robberies and robbers had so increased that the lighting question began to be seriously considered. The Mayor and Corporation put up lamps where they thought fit, and in order to meet this expense a rate was imposed in proportion to the rent of the house. The lanthorns gradually disappeared, and the thousand city lamps soon grew to five thousand. These were either stuck up on poles or fitted on to the end of an iron rod extended at right angles from its top, a ring supporting the glass globe which protected the lamp.

The lamplighter, armed with ladder and oil-can, scissors for wick-trimming purposes, and cloth to clean the globe, paid a daily visit, returning at dusk with a large torch for lighting, and in a celebrated picture of about this time ("The Rake's Progress," by Hogarth) he is shown standing on a ladder filling a small tin can with oil, but gaping about so much that he is seen to be spilling it on the heads of the passers-by! Even when the oil succeeded in reaching the lamp it gave out little more than a feeble glimmer, being of the commonest kind. The glass globes were thick, and the wick which floated in the oil consisted of cotton waste; indeed, so bad was the light that, though "lanthorns" were dispensed with, it was still necessary to engage a link-boy to lead the way. But the introduction of gas changed all this, working nearly as great a revolution in civilised life as the advent of the steam-engine.

LLOYD'S
T.W.GAZE

FLEET STREET AT NIGHT.

Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

As with most great inventions, the properties of coal-gas were known long before it was put to any practical use. Its inflammability was discovered over two hundred years back, and to Dr. Clayton, Dean of Kildare, belongs the credit of first producing gas by scientific means.

Some sixty years ago a spontaneous combustion of gas occurred at a colliery near Whitehaven, and the proprietor, Sir James Lowther, caused a pipe to be placed from the bottom of the pit to the top, for the purpose of carrying off the poisonous fumes. Becoming interested, he ordered the pipe—which stood up like a chimney—to be lighted at the top. People filled bladders with the gas and carried it away as a curiosity; by fitting the stem of a clay pipe into the bladder they were able to burn the gas for the amusement of anyone who had not seen it before.

Nothing practical, however, came of these experiments, and it is to William Murdoch, a clever Scotsman, that the world really owes "A Light without a Wick." He was the son of an Ayrshire farmer, and seems from boyhood to have been of an inventive nature, being, like his father, a born mechanic.

At the age of twenty-three he went to seek his fortune at Birmingham and found employment at the foundry of Messrs. Boulton & Watt. His firm soon sent him as manager to their factory in Cornwall, where he devoted himself, among other things, to a study of coal-gas. He worked early and late at his experiments, until at last, in the year 1794, he succeeded in lighting his cottage with gas to the astonishment and fear of his neighbours, who thought it very dangerous. Nothing came of his discovery for some time; indeed, his employers allowed him to leave them and return to Scotland. Then they suddenly realised that they had let go a clever man, so they recalled him, made him a partner in the firm, and he became an honoured citizen of Birmingham.

He was now able to devote time and attention to gas for illuminating purposes, and he did so with such good effect that in 1802 (to celebrate the Peace of Amiens) the outside of the Birmingham factory was ablaze with gas, which completely threw into the shade the neighbouring display of oil lamps and tallow candles.

Within a few years of its introduction, gas was adopted by all the principal towns in the kingdom for the lighting of streets, shops, and public buildings, but, like water, it made slow progress in the metropolis. That the light was poor and the smell dreadful is proved by the skits which appeared in various journals of the period on its effects; in one of these people are seen running away from the lamp, holding their noses, and even a dog is shown to be racing off as fast as his legs would carry him.

In spite of various experiments, little or no advance was made until a company called "The Gas Light and Coke Company" was formed in 1810.

In 1813—just over one hundred years ago—Westminster Bridge was lit by gas to the amazement of the public and the disgust of the lamplighters, who, we are told, came out on strike, we do not know whether from fear or anger, but the result was that the Company's engineer had to go and light the lamps himself until they got over their foolish objections. Nor was it the lamplighters alone who opposed its introduction; educated and talented men heaped ridicule on the work, declaring that people "might as well try to light London with a slice from the moon"; in fact, the slang word "Gas," applied contemptuously to talking nonsense, is a relic of those early days.

The first street to be regularly lighted with gas was Piccadilly; Bond Street soon followed suit, and by 1819 a few other leading thoroughfares were brightly illuminated, but even in first-class shops tallow candles were still used.

It was from a fear of its explosive nature that the use of gas in dwelling-houses was much delayed; people had been used to candles for so long that they could not get into the way of turning on and off a tap. They got an idea too that it was carried through red-hot pipes; even the architect of the House of Commons stipulated that these should be kept "four or five inches from the wall in case of fire."

By the time London citizens had grown accustomed to coal-gas another competitor arrived on the scene—electricity, by means of which to-day, houses, churches, and public buildings in large and even small towns are, as it has been prettily said, "brilliantly illuminated at a moment's notice, as if some fairy touched them with her wand."

It was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that electric lighting came into use for streets and buildings as well as for large factories and warehouses. As early as 1858 the works of the New Westminster Bridge had been illuminated by this means, but, for all that, the invention remained in a very experimental stage for another twenty years. In 1881, which marks the next advance, three different systems of electric lighting were tried in the London streets.

During the following year the Electric Lighting Act was passed, and towards the end of the century over two hundred miles of streets and roads were lighted by electricity, which had become popular alike in factories, large warehouses, hotels, railway stations, trains, and the houses of the rich, but we are told that in most places gas was held in reserve in case of a failure in the current—a feather in the cap of our friend, William Murdoch! Since then it has come more and more into use in London for lighting purposes, hundreds of miles of streets having been and are being laid with the needful cables. But in spite of this, London is still behind other great cities both in the amount of its supply and its costliness.

Electricity is generated (or produced) in the metropolis at scores of points. If you visited but one of the works which contributes towards the electrical lighting of London you would find yourself amidst a maze of machinery including powerful engines connected by rope pulleys to what are called "dynamos," that is, the machines for making electricity when a large quantity is required. Upon a gallery is the switchboard with its rows of dials, beneath which are ranged levers similar to those in a signal-box on the railway line; the mysterious current passes through cables below, being regulated by means of these levers.

Beyond the engine-house you come to a room where there is a switchboard for public lighting. Here the lights are switched on by a time-table; if you pulled down one of the levers you would extinguish the entire light on one side of a street!

The electric lighting and power supply of London is carried on by a number of companies and is chiefly governed by the Electric Lighting Acts of 1882 and 1910, under the provisions of which it is possible for a local authority to deal it out. In London, the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Borough Councils are the "local authorities," except as regards the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea Embankments and certain bridges for which the London County Council is the authority and consequently responsible. Fourteen of the Borough Councils maintain a supply of their own; among these St. Pancras and Shoreditch occupy important positions, but to Shoreditch must be given the credit of being the pioneer.

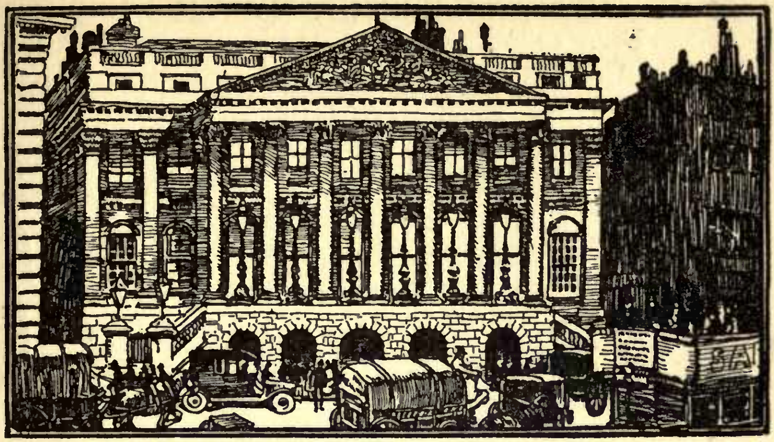
As you no doubt know, electricity is reckoned and sold in "units," just as gas is sold in cubic feet. It will give you some idea of the large quantity required in the present day for the lighting of the London streets alone, when you hear that, during the year 1911–12, no less than 17,502,179 units of electricity were generated and supplied for this purpose.

With the appearance of electricity it seemed for a moment as if gas would lose its importance for lighting and heating, but nothing of the sort; it only stimulated the gas companies—others of which in course of time had been formed—to so improve gas that the public would still want to use it. Many inventions arose, among the most important being the incandescent mantle, such a brilliant and inexpensive illuminant that it enables coal-gas still to hold its own against its rival sister—electricity. Moreover, gas is still invaluable and indispensable for heating, cooking, and driving engines, so that, even if electricity has to a certain extent taken its place, we yet owe much to the inventor of gas, to the man who exchanged the feeble glimmer of oil lamps for something which really lit the streets, reducing in consequence the robberies and crime which had flourished in the darkness.

There are seven great companies which annually supply to the metropolis somewhere about 44,000,000 cubic feet of gas for light and heat. These companies are supervised respectively by the Board of Trade, the London County Council, and the City Corporation.

We all know the look of the huge towering gas-holders or "gasometers," as they are called, which can hold millions of cubic feet of gas. From these great reservoirs it passes (at a pressure regulated just inside the gates) into the main pipes, whence it is distributed among hundreds and thousands of customers.

You will see, therefore, that it is all a very large and complicated affair—so large, indeed, and becoming yearly more so, that we cannot help thinking that it requires a clever brain to grasp the vastness of the lighting system of London!



THE MANSION HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII

THE MANSION HOUSE AND THE MAN WHO LIVES IN IT

THE *City*, which is often referred to as "the London of history and tradition," occupies only a small part of the great metropolis, for it is little more than a square mile; it is the heart, so to speak, of the immense body which has grown up around it. Though small in size, it is great in importance, for it is the point from which can be reached all the principal railways, and by its port it has a commercial connection with every country on the face of the globe. By night it is a small place with less than 30,000 people sleeping in it, but by day it swells out into a great busy city, with over a million human beings entering and leaving it every twenty-four hours.

Here stands the "Palace of the King of the City," as it has been called, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, where he lives and entertains during his year of office. Before the Mansion House was built, he had to receive his guests either in his own house or in the hall of some City company to which he belonged. This was very inconvenient, so in 1734 a proposal was made to provide a proper residence, and the spot chosen for it was one then occupied by the Stocks Market, built for the sale of fish and meat in the reign of Edward I. Before that time a pair of stocks had stood there, and that is how the market got its name.

Then came the question of what form this important residence was to take, and, after much consideration no doubt, it was built, between 1739-40, from the designs of George Dance, the City architect.

It stands opposite the Bank of England, and may be recognised by its fine Corinthian portico; this plays a very important part in the Mansion House, for, from its platform, all official announcements and proclamations are made.

Special permission has to be obtained to see the inside of the "City King's Palace," which contains some very fine reception-rooms distinguished by various names, but the principal apartment is known as the "Egyptian Hall," so called from its resemblance to an Egyptian chamber described by an ancient writer. It is a very beautiful room; lofty columns support the vaulted roof, and the whole is resplendent with colour. It is here that the Lord Mayor gives his great banquets and entertainments, and it is so spacious that from 300 to 350 persons can sit down comfortably at the same time.

The kitchen, too, would make you open your eyes

THE BOY SCOUTS MARCHING IN THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

Photo, Topical.

this is really a great hall provided with huge ranges, each of which is large enough to roast an entire ox, whilst the stewing range consists of a long iron pavement, beneath which are furnaces. One's attention is attracted by what appear to be great cages with iron bars; these, you will be astonished to hear, are the spits on which the huge joints are roasted and which revolve by machinery.

But what about the City King himself, and how comes he by his position and title?

The first record we have of a Mayor of London is in 1189, when the title of "Portreeve" was changed to that of "Mayor." King John directed that a new Mayor should be chosen every year, and the practice has been followed ever since. It was not, however, until the reign of Edward I. that he was styled "Lord" Mayor, and the custom to call him so did not become general until the time of Richard II. He is now, as he was then, the chief magistrate as well as the chief personage in the City of London, which is placed entirely under his charge, and no one, except the sovereign himself, takes precedence of the Lord Mayor within the City boundaries during his year of office. When the king has occasion to visit the City, the Lord Mayor meets him at the boundary and hands over the City sword to the sovereign, who graciously returns it. Temple Bar used to mark the City boundary, but you will read in another part of this book all about the old custom with regard to the closing of its gates, as well as to its final removal.

But the City King has something else to do besides live in his palace. He has a great many duties to perform, in which he requires the help of many other

City officials, forming together the important body known as the "City Corporation." These officials comprise a Court of Aldermen, a Court of Common Council, and the Common Hall.

The Court of Aldermen, or "chief men of the wards," as they were formerly called, are the oldest of these City officials, their office dating back to the time of King Alfred the Great; they are twenty-five in number, one for each of the wards into which the City is divided, and it is from among these that the Lord Mayor is chosen. But before any citizen can attain to this office there are certain rules to be observed, among them being that he must have previously served as a sheriff, two of whom act as officers to the Mayor. The Court of Aldermen superintend the administering of justice and the police, for, as you will see later on, the City maintains an independent force of its own.

It is to King John again that we owe the first idea of the Common Council, for he added to the body of men who governed the City (namely, Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs) "twenty-five discreet men to take counsel with the Mayor for the government of London"; these afterwards became known as the "Court of Common Council," and to-day consists of 206 members elected by the ratepayers. Their duty is to attend to the business matters of the City, such as looking after the markets, bridges, and any improvements required, and, most important of all, the cash is under their control!

Finally we come to the Common Hall, composed of the members of the various great companies, "Liverymen," as these members are called on account of their privilege to use armorial bearings and to wear a uniform, or livery showing the nature of the particular trade to which they belong. The companies grew out of the old guilds which were formed by the workmen themselves to protect their trade.

Now, in early times, the Mayor of London was elected by a general assembly of citizens who met in St. Paul's Churchyard, and he, the aldermen, and sheriffs were practically the king's servants, being responsible to him, at their personal peril, for the good and quiet government of the City, but since 1546 the election of the Lord Mayor has taken place on Michaelmas Day (29th September) at the Guildhall, where he is elected by the Liverymen. Upon election the gold chain of office is hung round his neck and he is addressed as "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor elect" and ranks next to the existing Lord Mayor, who takes him back in his State carriage to the Mansion House, where they dine with the aldermen on the good things prepared in the wonderful kitchen of which we have already spoken.

On 8th November the Lord Mayor elect is again invited to the Mansion House, this time to breakfast, after which he proceeds to the Guildhall, where he is "sworn in," as it is called, before the Judges of the High Court, which means that he publicly promises to uphold and support the Crown, and fulfil all the duties of his high office; then, after accepting the sword, mace, sceptre, and city purse, he returns once more with the Lord Mayor to the Mansion House for a farewell dinner.

The Corporation has an income exceeding half a million a year, and it needs this, for it entertains, most sumptuously, crowned heads and other potentates who from time to time visit the City. We know, too, how in the event of a national disaster the Lord Mayor usually opens a fund at the Mansion House; it is through the City King also that large sums are raised to support our hospitals.

But the great day of all is 9th November, familiar to every English boy and girl, when the City King's installation is marked by a pageant known as "Lord Mayor's Show." The first of these pageants took place in 1215, and later came to be held every year. So magnificent were some of them in the seventeenth century that our present Lord Mayor's procession seems poor in comparison; then the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs rode on horseback to the waterside, proceeded thence in the State barge to Westminster, accompanied by the barges of the City companies, and were met on their return, at St. Paul's Churchyard, by the pageants.

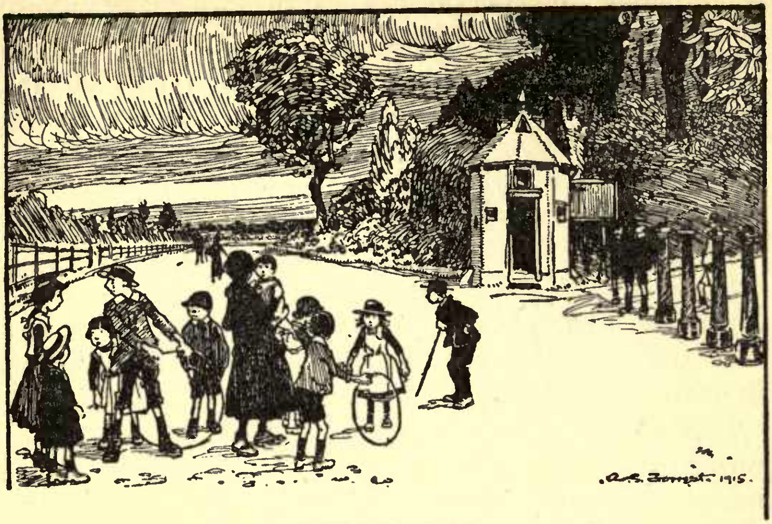
The last time a Lord Mayor rode on horseback was in 1711; since then he has always been driven in a coach, the familiar carved and gilded one of the present day having been built in 1757 at a cost of over £1000!

The City King wears his State robes and chain of office, whilst before him is borne the "Pearl" sword (presented by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the Royal Exchange in 1571) and also the famous crystal mace, the latter being used only on this occasion and at a coronation, when it is carried by the Lord Mayor himself.

The procession starts from the Guildhall soon after twelve o'clock, the route taken varying according to the ward of which the Lord Mayor is Alderman, but Fleet Street and the Strand are sure to be included in the programme. Upon arriving at the Royal Courts of Justice, the old-time ceremony of presenting the Chief Magistrate of the City to the Lord Chief Justice and the other judges takes place, and after receiving in return their congratulations, he invites these dignitaries to the banquet to be held at the Guildhall the same evening. This is a very grand affair, being attended by members of the Royal Family, the Judges, Ministers of State, Ambassadors, City Corporation, and by any distinguished foreigners who may be visiting the country. It is often chosen too as the occasion on which speeches are made in connection with the welfare of the Empire.

Lord Mayor's Show Day links the City of London's present with its past, for each part of it is intended to remind us how London has passed on from being merely the capital of England, until it has become the centre of the British Empire. London's trade and commerce is represented in this great pageant by the City companies; figures such as Justice, Peace, and Mercy signify its good and wise government, without which it would not to-day be a safe place to dwell in, and last, but not least, the scenes out of London's history show how it has grown up step by step.

But there is one City King we must not forget to mention, for familiar to us all is that hero of our nursery days, "Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." It was in the Guildhall that he entertained, in his capacity as Lord Mayor, Henry the Fifth and his queen, Catherine. Even the king was astonished by the splendour of the banquet provided by the man who, by his own industry, had risen not only to be "thrice Mayor of London," but a rich man and a "worthy citizen."


A. S. Forrest 1915.

BATTERSEA PARK.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND ITS POWERS

PERHAPS when you read the above heading you will say to yourself that it is sure to be a dull chapter and will make up your mind to "skip" it. We think, however, that those who decide to read it and try to understand something about the government of the great London which has grown up outside the City walls will be surprised to find what a lot of trouble is taken to make it a comfortable and safe place to live in.

You will have already found in the last chapter that the City of London proper is a county of itself, and is as nearly as possible in the centre of the part which has grown up around it—the administrative county of London, to give it its full title. You will have seen too how little the present government of the City differs from that of early times.

The next thing to find out is who governs the county of London, an area of 117 square miles, the boundaries of which now extend on the north to Highgate and Hampstead; on the south to Tooting, Streatham, and Eltham; on the west to Hammersmith and Mortlake and on the east to Plumstead. London itself stretches farther and farther every year, creeping on over Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, and Essex and even away into Hertfordshire—"Greater London" this is termed, but we are only concerned with that part of it which comes within the boundaries of the county.

When London spread itself beyond the walls, the City government could not be extended over these outside districts, as the larger part of the land on which they were built was "manor land," or in some cases the property of the Church, and so the control lay in the hands of private persons, or bodies of persons, who refused to give them up; consequently at first each parish outside the City managed its own affairs. Then in 1855 the Metropolitan Board of Works was established, but, as it had to obtain the consent of Parliament for almost everything it did, it was soon neither large enough nor powerful enough to deal with the needs of this growing London. We must not forget, however, that it is to the Metropolitan Board of Works we owe the Victoria Embankment from Blackfriars to Westminster and also the two shorter ones at Chelsea and Lambeth. We, who to-day can walk along these beautiful embankments in pleasure and comfort, can hardly realise that before this admirable piece of work was carried out, the foreshore along the river-bank was nothing but an evil-smelling stretch of mud on which, we are told, "little boys would offer to stand upon their heads for twopence!"

In 1888 the Metropolitan Board of Works gave place to a central government which was established to watch over the affairs of London beyond the wall; this was called the "London County Council" or the "L.C.C.," as it is familiarly termed nowadays. We have already mentioned the boundaries over which this Council exercises its powers, and now we must see of what it is composed. Like the City of London, it has aldermen and councillors, but the councillors are elected by the ratepayers and the aldermen by the councillors, so, you see, it is really elected *by* the people *for* the people, and what is more, all sorts of men are represented on it from peers and millionaires down to working men. The first chairman was Lord Rosebery, who, six years after, was Prime Minister of England.

The present headquarters of the Council are at Spring Gardens, close to Trafalgar Square, but a new County Hall is in course of erection on the Surrey side of the Thames, between Westminster and Charing Cross bridges, the foundation stone of which was laid by the King in March 1912. It promises to be a handsome building when completed, for it will be six storeys high and some 700 feet long.

And what of the duties of the L.C.C.? Well, they are as vast as the city over which its powers extend. First and foremost it looks after the public health by insisting, among other things, that the main sewers which drain the metropolis are kept in good condition; sees too that the houses are in a proper state to live in, and particularly that they have a constant supply of water; whilst the rules concerning all food are most severe.

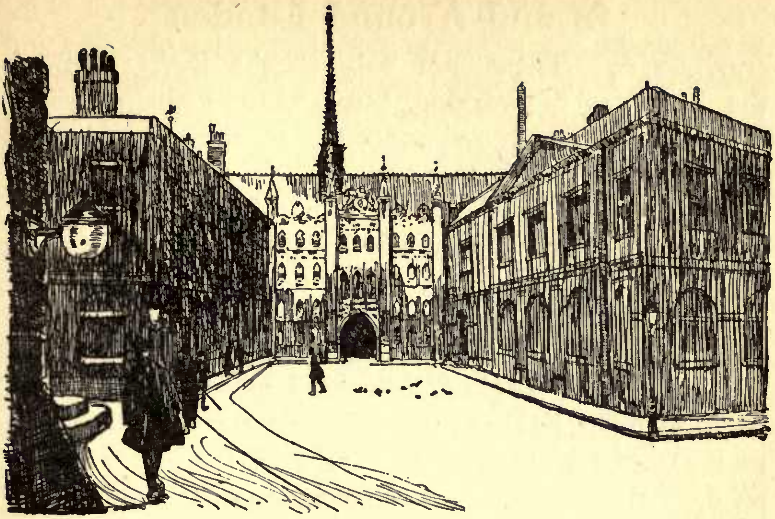
Then again in buildings where large numbers of workpeople are employed the L.C.C. enforces, through its inspectors, that they do not work too many hours and are provided with proper escapes in case of fire. It makes strict rules also as to how the babies are to be cared for, and when they grow up arranges for their education, giving free meals to those children whose parents are too poor to feed them properly. Even the manufacture of the ice-cream they are so fond of buying in the street is regulated in order to make sure that it is proper and wholesome to eat; while for children who will not obey either parent or teacher and are perhaps even tempted to steal, the L.C.C. provides places where they can be received and trained to be good citizens. Nor are the animals forgotten, they also being protected by the L.C.C.

It is part of the business of this Council to take care that weights and measures are true; this ensures, for instance, that we get a proper amount of coal and that our loaf is full weight. Furthermore it has the power to acquire and pull down unhealthy, overcrowded dwellings and use the ground if necessary for open spaces, thousands of acres having by this means been added to the park-lands or "lungs of London," as they are often called.

We also owe to the L.C.C. the improved condition of our streets, for it has the power to widen old ones and make new where needed to relieve the congested traffic. Nor can anyone nowadays lose their way, for every street is clearly named and numbered. It even attends to such a matter as the hatpins which stick out too far and which, when their owner stands up and hangs on to a strap in a tramcar, may prove a serious danger by acting like a dagger!

By the way, the electric tramcars themselves are nearly all owned and controlled by the L.C.C.; the London Fire Brigade is also in their hands.

These are only a few of the duties of the London County Council, which are indeed so many and varied that we could fill a book with them, but the long and short of it is that, thanks greatly to its capital administration, London is to-day a safer and far more comfortable place to live in than it was even twenty-six years ago, before the L.C.C. came into existence.



THE GUILDHALL.

CHAPTER IX

THE GUILDHALL

No one really quite knows how old the Guildhall is, but those who understand these matters tell us it is believed to have existed as early as the twelfth century and that it stood on the same spot as the present building, just in the very centre and heart of the City, yet removed from the noise of the *Chepe*, as Cheapside was termed then. It has always been the citizens' hall, where from earliest times they were accustomed to assemble under their various guilds—you see how it came by its name—for the citizens of London soon found out that union was strength, and so the workmen of each particular trade banded themselves together into what were called *craft-guilds.* These not only taught their members the best way of working, but protected them against oppression. The most important of these guilds was the *merchant-guild*, at one time so powerful that it entirely ruled the City, but the craft-guilds struggled against its power, and were finally given their proper share in the government; it was then that the citizens, each enrolled under his particular guild, met at the Guildhall to discuss their business. The word *Guild* comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "to pay," every member having to contribute a certain sum yearly to the common fund of brotherhood, for in those far-off days these guilds were associations for helping one another and took the place of the Friendly Societies of later times. Out of the guilds sprang the City companies, the members or *liverymen* of which elect the Lord Mayor of London.

The City arms, carved above the door, are guarded by fierce-looking dragons, but even this does not scare away the pigeons which greet us as we enter the courtyard.

The old Hall, described by an ancient writer as a "little cottage," was replaced in 1411 by "a large and great house as it now standeth"; this took ten years to build, the cost being defrayed by the self-denying efforts of the London citizens of five hundred years ago. Private persons came forward with gifts of money. Even our old friend Dick Whittington helped, for those who had the control of his money after his death gave £35 towards the purchase of stone for paving the hall, and also provided the glass for several of the windows, placing the arms of Whittington in each, whilst the free passage, by land or water, of all materials required for the work, was granted to the City by King Henry the Fifth.

The beautiful porch or archway, erected in 1425, forming the entrance to the Guildhall, remains to this day, but the front was finally rebuilt in 1789 by the City architect, George Dance, who, you will remember, designed the Mansion House.

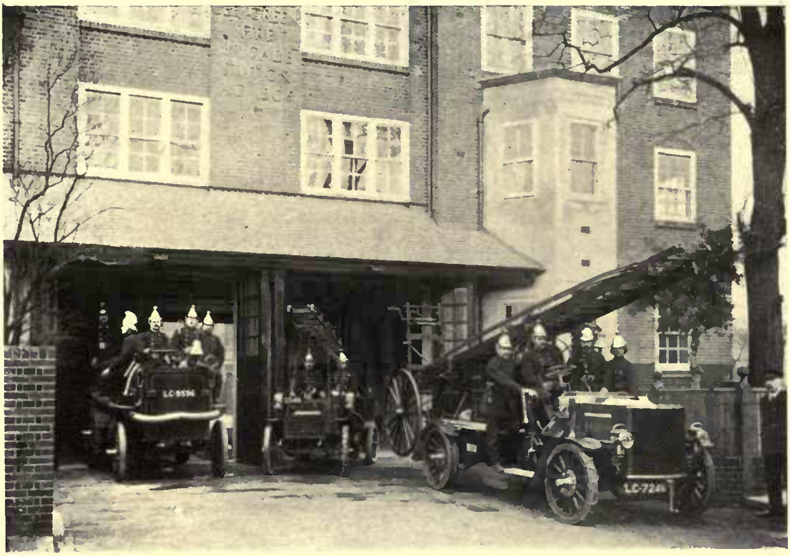
This is a building within which much of the greatness of England is bound up, for some of the most stirring events in the history of our country have taken place within its walls, and it has seen many a hard-fought fight for religious liberty. Here, Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, called together the citizens and persuaded them to pass over the children of Edward the Fourth, and hail as king, Richard of Gloucester. It was at the Guildhall too, in 1546, that the youthful Anne Askew was tried and condemned before being tortured on the rack and burnt at Smithfield; whilst a few years later it witnessed the tragic trial of the young Lady Jane Grey, who was but nine days a queen.

But it must not only be associated with such gloomy memories as these; its walls, like those of the Tower of London, have resounded with shout and song, for from the reign of Henry the Sixth, the first King of England to receive hospitality beneath its roof, it has frequently been the scene of sumptuous entertainments, and it is here that the Lord Mayor's annual banquets have been held ever since 1501.

In the Fire of London the Guildhall itself stood firm, probably because its walls were of solid oak, and we are told that when ablaze it shone "as it had been a palace of gold." But though the walls withstood the flames, the old open timberwork roof was so much injured that it had to be entirely removed, and a flat ceiling hastily put up in its place; this, though intended only as a temporary covering, did good service, remaining until 1864—nearly two hundred years—when it was replaced by the present roof.

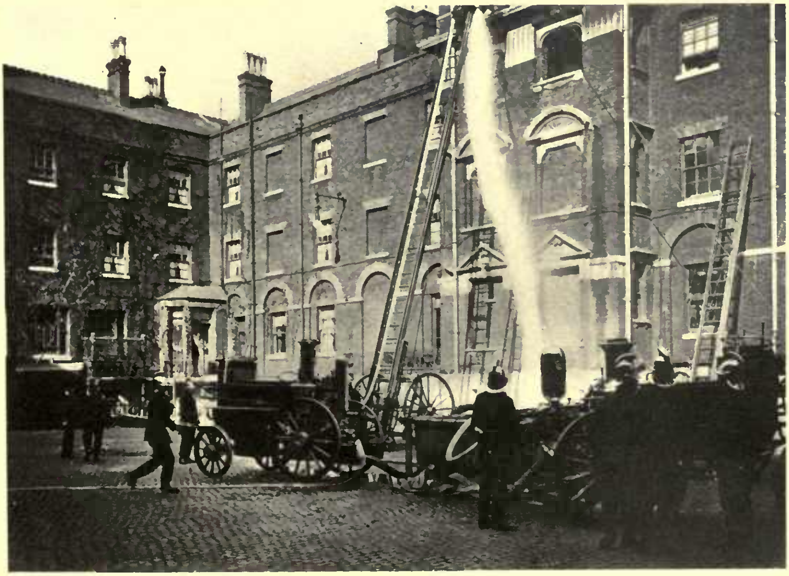
The Great Hall, where the citizens of London meet to elect their Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and Members of Parliament, and which is used also for great entertainments and banquets, is a noble room, 89 feet high from the pavement to the ridge of its roof. High up in the gallery, at the west end, stand two curious-looking figures to which our eyes turn with curiosity, if it happens to be our first visit. They are the famous giants known as *Gog* and *Magog*, who have been silent witnesses of all the happenings in the Guildhall since the reign of Henry the Fifth. They were originally made of wickerwork and used to take an important part in the pageant on Lord Mayor's Show Day, gracing the show for the last time in 1837. They escaped the Great Fire, but, owing to old age and the undue attentions of the City rats and mice, the poor giants became so infirm that they were beyond repair, and in 1708 the present monsters took their place. These are of wood, hollow inside, and were made by Captain Richard Saunders, a wood-carver of Cheapside, to whom the City paid £70 for his work. The one holding a poleaxe with a spiked ball is supposed to represent an ancient Briton, and the other, with helmet, shield, spear, and armour, a Roman.

Perhaps you have not heard the history of these two strange-looking individuals, or why they find a place in this beautiful hall. The story goes that they were two


LC 8594
LC 7241

PETROL-DRIVEN FIRE ESCAPES AND STEAM-DRIVEN MOTOR FIRE ENGINE.

Photo, Clarke & Hyde.



A FIRE ENGINE AT WORK.

Photo, W. S. Campbell.

brave giants who wrestled with all the other giants in defence of their liberty and country, and overcame them, so the City of London placed their representatives in the Guildhall as an emblem that they, like the mighty giants, would defend the honour of their country and the liberties of their City, which exceeds all others in greatness, just as the giants exceeded other human beings in their great stature.

Around the Great Hall are a number of courts and other apartments, in which is transacted the official business conducted in this historic building. The most important of these is the Aldermen's Court, which is not only handsomely decorated but has a ceiling painted by Thornhill, who also painted the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Council Chamber, too, is a fine apartment; this is octagonal or eight-sided, and was built in 1884 from the designs of the City architect, the late Sir Horace Jones.

On state occasions the Lord Mayor receives distinguished guests in the principal library. This magnificent hall is daily thronged with readers and students, for it is one of the finest in the kingdom and contains thousands of books and valuable manuscripts. It is maintained by the Corporation as a free library.

The first Guildhall library, on record, was founded by Dick Whittington and his friend, William Bury, but this was finally destroyed in the Fire of 1666. One hundred and fifty years passed away before it was even re-established, and then it did not have very fine apartments, for no generous Dick Whittington came forward offering to build, as he had done, a "fayre and large house"; it was not until 1869 that the present beautiful building was provided. Quite recently a number of valuable volumes have been added to the library, including rare copies of Shakespeare's works.

Of the original Guildhall, the crypt and old walls alone remain. A great many people did not even know there was a crypt, until it was restored in 1851, for before this it had been utilised merely as a storehouse for the benches and trestles used at the City banquets, but now a sign invites the visitor to descend the staircase at the back of the hall, and see for himself the beauty of the ancient work, which looks the same to-day as it did when it was built five hundred years ago, for it entirely escaped the Great Fire. It is the largest and finest crypt in London.

Here, too, will be found the City's museum, containing all kinds of old and interesting curiosities, some of them far older than the crypt itself; there are glass and earthenware vessels used by the Romans when in possession of our island; also a tesselated pavement. There are quaint old shop and tavern signs, for, you know, in olden times, before names or numbers were used, this is how shops and buildings were distinguished from one another. In one of the cases we notice some old leather bottles, or "black jacks," as they were called; our eyes are attracted also by the sculptured figure of a boy clasping a cat. We wonder if it can be Dick Whittington, and sure enough it is. These are but a few of the many interesting things to be found down here; they have been lately rearranged and several additions made.

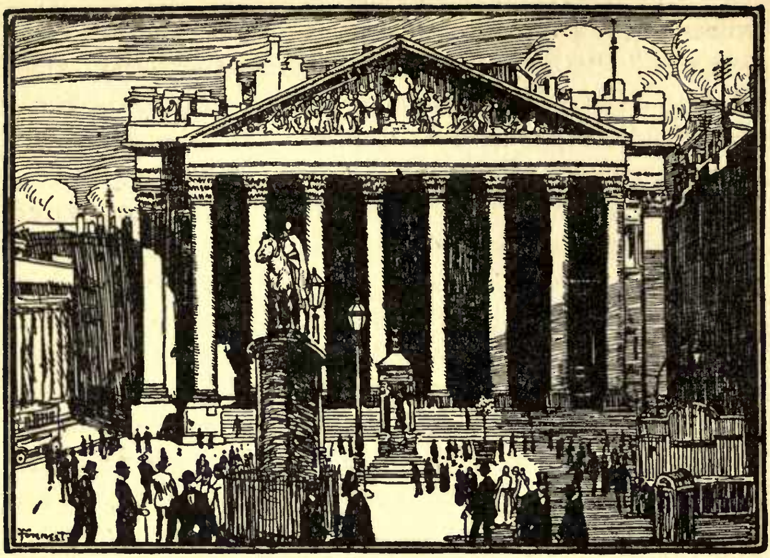
Cheapside, too, is still as busy as in olden times, but with handsome shops in place of the rough, moveable stalls, the owners of which cried out at the top of their voices to the passers-by, "What do ye lack?" "What lack ye?" "Chepe" it was called in those days, from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to sell or bargain, for in the Middle Ages it was the great market-place, the principal streets all leading into it. Many a gorgeous pageant too was held here, and down this historic street John Gilpin went clattering by.

The glory of Cheapside of to-day is the church of St. Mary-le-bow, to give it its full title; the "Great Bell" of which, for there was only one in the steeple then, seemed to Dick Whittington to bid him "turn again." Bow bells still ring out, but there are twelve of them now. It got its name of *Bow* from being built over a crypt which formed a series of "bows" or arches. The present church, built by Sir Christopher Wren, after the Great Fire, stands on the site of the old one, which dated from the time of William the Conqueror. It has a beautiful steeple, and on the top of the tower is a vane in the shape of a dragon, 9 feet long. There is a funny old rhyme which says:

> "When the Exchange grasshopper and dragon from Bow
> Shall meet, there shall be much woe."

Curiously enough they did meet, both being sent to the same yard to be repaired.

In the centre of the road, in old days, stood Chepe Cross, one of the nine crosses erected by King Edward the First to mark where the coffin of his beloved Queen Eleanor rested on its way to Westminster Abbey. This was pulled down in 1463 by order of the Long Parliament.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER X

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

The place where merchants, bankers, and brokers of a city meet to transact their business, whether this be connected with money, corn, coal, shipping, or wool, is known as an *Exchange.* It would take far too long to tell you separately about each of these important wheels in the machinery which makes the business of our great London go round, for, in addition to the *Stock Exchange*, which is entirely a money market, whose business consists of buying and selling the shares of the companies started to develop the produce of different parts of the world, there are, as we have just said, the various exchanges for special articles of merchandise. The oldest of these is the *Royal Exchange*, one of the chief meeting-places of merchants, where are transacted matters connected with commerce and the exchange of goods in all parts of the globe.

The present building is the third of the kind which has stood on the same spot, and before the first one was erected the London merchants were obliged to conduct their business in Lombard Street, in the open air, where, exposed to all weathers, they walked up and down the narrow streets, talking as they went. This set an eminent London merchant a-thinking; he had been to Antwerp and other foreign places where he had seen their fine exchanges, or bourses,[1] as they are called there, and wished that London merchants could have something of the same kind. In 1537, when Lord Mayor, he drew the attention of his sovereign to the matter, but nothing came of it.

More than twenty-five years later, his son, Sir Thomas Gresham, proposed to the City Corporation that if they would give a piece of ground in a convenient spot he would erect an exchange upon it at his own expense, with covered walks beneath the shelter of which the merchants could transact their business, without being exposed to the weather. This generous offer was too good to be refused, and a suitable site was found, the money for its purchase being soon obtained. It was built on the plan of the Bourse at Antwerp, all the materials, as well as the workmen, coming from Flanders. There are some old pictures of it still in existence, from which we see that in front it was a long four-storeyed building enclosing a large open space surrounded by a wide arcade for use in wet weather, which was divided into different parts called "walks," where English and foreign merchants alike conducted their business. A gallery, known in those days as a *pawne*, filled with shops, ran above this, whilst over the marble pillars supporting the arcades of the covered way were statues of the sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to Queen Elizabeth. The large open space was used as a market-place, and the shops in the upper pawne, of which there were no less than one hundred, were occupied by all kinds of trades, but the funny thing was that they did not seem to keep strictly to their own business, for we hear of a milliner who sold mouse-traps and bird-cages!

---

[1] Bourse, a purse.

Each corner of the building, as well as the peak of every window, was crowned by a grasshopper, the crest of the founder, and the same quaint sign was to be found on the lofty Corinthian column which stood outside the north entrance, as well as on the bell-tower. In Gresham's time the bell used to ring both at twelve o'clock noon and at six o'clock in the evening to summon the merchants.

In 1571 Queen Elizabeth visited the building in state, and after viewing every part of it, caused it, by herald's trumpet, to be proclaimed "the Royal Exchange." It was on this occasion that she presented the famous "Pearl" sword, carried before the Lord Mayor. This visit of the great Queen made it a fashionable spot. So great, too, was the benefit to London merchants of having a proper building in which to conduct their business that in the seventeenth century it became known as the "Eye of London." The citizens used the open space as a recreation ground, walking about it after business hours in the evening and on Sundays.

Like many another London landmark, however, the Exchange did not escape the Great Fire of 1666, even though houses were pulled down to prevent it spreading. The kind, generous man who gave this building to London citizens did not live to see it devoured by the cruel flames, but a curious thing was that although all the other statues were destroyed, his alone was uninjured.

In 1669, Charles the Second opened a new building erected on the same spot and in much the same style as the former one, but even more magnificent. Its courtyard was paved with real Turkey stones, the gift of a merchant who traded with that country; it had its "walks" for the merchants and its "upper pawne" for the sale of fancy goods. In niches stood statues of our kings and queens, as well as the one of Sir Thomas Gresham. There was a clock in a wooden tower, the bells of which chimed four times daily, and played one particular tune at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock. On Sunday they played the tune known as the "104th Psalm"; on Monday, "God save the King," and so on. This building was also destroyed by fire in 1838, and the last air heard being played by the bells at midnight, just before they came crashing down, was, "There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose!" On this occasion the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham was, to the grief of everyone, entirely destroyed.

The present Royal Exchange, opened in state by Queen Victoria in 1844, cost £180,000. Sir W. Tite, who designed it, decided to make the front as much as possible like a celebrated building at Rome, called the Pantheon.

There is no mistaking which is the front entrance; eight beautiful columns support the portico, over which is an inscription in Latin, explaining that the Exchange was founded in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and restored in the seventh of Queen Victoria's. Above this inscription are various carved figures. The central one represents commerce; on one side of this is a group of British, Hindoo, Mohammedan, Greek, and Turkish merchants, whilst on the other are more British merchants, a Persian, a Chinese, and some sailors. You will see at once that these figures are meant to signify that commerce is carried on here, between merchants from all parts of the world.

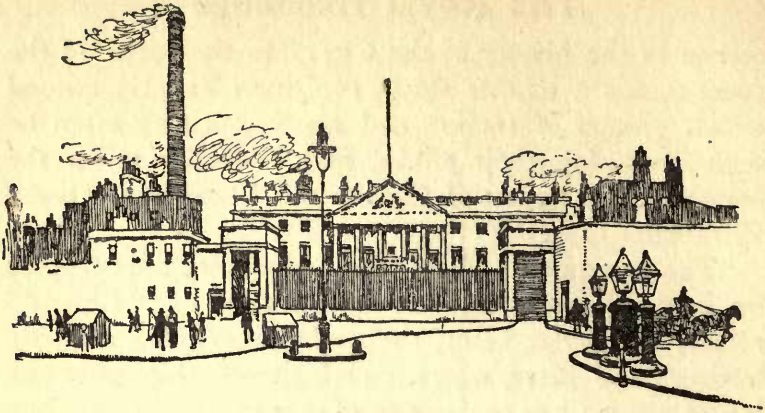
The pedestal of "Commerce" bears the text, "The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," selected by Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. The pigeons fly in and out amongst it all, adding a picturesque effect to the building.

In a niche of the clock tower, which rises from the centre of the portico, a new statue of its old friend and patron, Sir Thomas Gresham, keeps watch and ward over the Exchange, whilst the vane is surmounted by the original grasshopper, saved from the Great Fire of 1666.

The interior consists of a large, square court with a tesselated pavement, formed of the Turkey stones from the old Exchange. This quadrangle used to be open to the sky, but in 1880 it was covered by a glass and iron roof. Round it runs the Merchants' Walk, or "ambulatory," as it is termed, the panels along its walls containing beautiful paintings by distinguished artists, representing scenes in the history of the City. In the centre of the court stands a marble statue of Queen Victoria, around which groups of traders and merchants may often be seen discussing their affairs, and in niches under the colonnade are figures of Charles the Second and Queen Elizabeth.

The apartments above the ambulatory are occupied by various insurance companies, also by "Lloyds'" rooms, the latter being the great centre for shipping business and news, where merchant and shipowner can insure against loss or damage of ship or cargo to or from all parts of the world. By paying a sum of money called a "premium" the insurance firm undertakes to repay any loss or damage which may occur to ships or cargoes.

The two great days "on 'Change," as it is familiarly called, are Tuesdays and Fridays, and the busiest hours are not, as you would probably expect them to be, in the morning, but between 3.30 and 4.30 in the afternoon! Then the public are not allowed to enter, but they are permitted freely at other hours to walk round and inspect the "Eye of London."



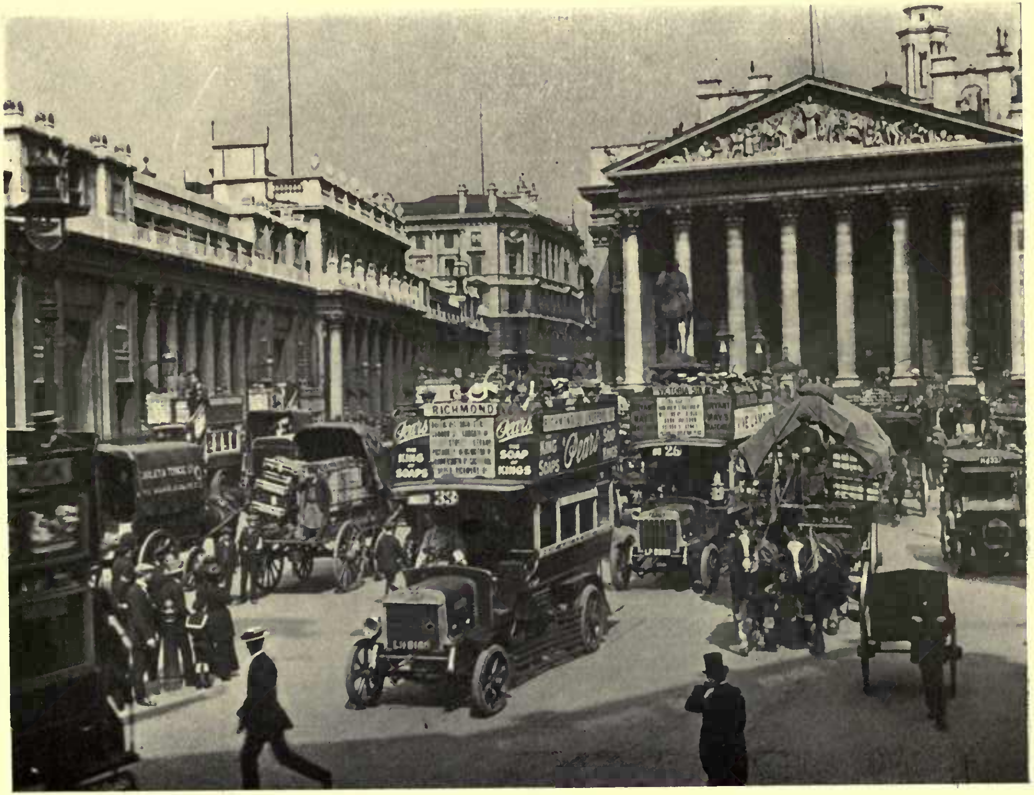
THE MINT.

CHAPTER XI

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND ROYAL MINT

If any of you were asked what a bank was, you would probably reply, "A safe place to keep our money in," but that is only a small part of its usefulness. Banks, like the Exchanges, play a very important part in the machinery which makes the business of London go round, for, as well as receiving money, they lend it again to the manufacturer that he may buy his wool or cloth, and to the trader to enable him to sell these things, when made up, in the markets; so you see that, instead of lying idle, the money helps both trade and industry.

There are banks to be found, both in and outside the City, representing nearly all the countries of the world, but ever since the time of King Edward the First, who gave permission to certain merchants, natives of Lombardy, to settle there, Lombard Street has always contained many banks. It is not, however, with any of these that


RICHMOND
Pears
THE KING OF SOAPS
THE SOAP OF KINGS
VICTORIA STA
26

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND ROYAL EXCHANGE. The Busiest Corner in London.

Photo, W. S. Campbell.

we are concerned, but with that most important one of all, the Bank of England.

English people are always proud to point out this majestic building to visitors from abroad and to show them the interior which contains many beautiful courts. It was designed by Sir John Soane, a man who began life as a mason's son.

"But why," asks someone, "do not the windows show from the outside?" This is for safety; whilst to make it doubly secure it is guarded at night by a detachment of guards and by numberless watchmen—a very necessary precaution, for there are generally about twenty million pounds in gold and silver kept in reserve down in the vaults.

Until late in the reign of Charles the First, London merchants seem to have deposited their money in the Mint, the business of which, in those days, was carried on in the Tower. But at last a Bank of England, long talked about and wished for, was founded in 1694 by a Scot named Paterson, and this was one of the most important events of the reign of William and Mary.

Its business was originally carried on in Mercers' Hall, but was finally moved, in 1734, to the buildings at the back of the present court towards Threadneedle Street.

From 1766 and onwards, many alterations and extensions took place, the great one-storeyed building, as we see it to-day, not being completed until 1827. We can hardly believe that what is now the "richest and most important monetary establishment in the world" managed at first to contain all its wealth in one chest not much bigger than a seaman's box!

"The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the bank is comically called, covers nearly four acres of ground, which was once occupied by the church and nearly the whole parish of St. Christopher-le-Stocks. The church was pulled down in 1781 to make room for the west end of the Bank of England.

We hardly expect to see a garden here, though, but if we go through a little gate in Threadneedle Street, we shall find on the left a cool and pleasant one, planted with trees and shrubs, and with a fountain in the centre.

It is as well, however, to go in at one of the public entrances. That facing the portico of the Royal Exchange leads into a court where we find an important-looking official in a long scarlet gown, trimmed with gold lace and wearing a cocked hat; this is one of the bank porters. A doorway leads into a large room known as the "Rotunda," on account of its circular, or round, shape; a beautiful corridor, as well as various offices, branch out of this, among which is the room where the directors meet every Thursday, called the "Bank Parlour." Most of these rooms and offices are copied from some handsome building in Rome; thus one is taken from an ancient Roman bath, whilst another is after the style of the "Temple of the Sun and Moon." A fine court leads into Lothbury too, and here again the beautiful archway into the Bullion Yard is copied from a celebrated one at Rome. The back entrance from Bartholomew Lane is by a grand gateway which opens into yet another courtyard; it is here that the coaches and wagons arrive, loaded with "bullion," that is, gold or silver in "bar" form.

A bar of gold only looks like a small brick, but it is worth about £800!

During the daytime the public are usually allowed to wander at will through the various courts and rooms, but to get "behind the scenes," it is necessary to obtain special leave from the governor or deputy-governor. Among the many interesting things to be seen by those who succeed in obtaining this permission is the room where bank-notes are printed by a very wonderful process, going in at one end of a machine a blank piece of paper, and coming out at the other, a printed note for £5, up to £100. The Bank of England is the only bank in London which has the power of issuing paper money, and upwards of 50,000 notes are produced daily. They are made of a particular kind of paper, more crisp and crackly than any other, and are printed with an ink specially prepared for the purpose. There is also a peculiar mark, called a *water-mark*, on each bank-note; this is to safeguard it against being forged or copied. The signature of the chief cashier is on every note. All notes paid into the bank are kept for five years in the Old Note Office. Every week those received five years previously are burnt in a special furnace; if these were joined together and stretched out like a ribbon they would reach nearly the whole length of Hyde Park!

Then there is the Bullion Office, situated, as we have seen, on the side of the bank which runs along Bartholomew Lane. The general public are only admitted to a counter, none but the favoured mortal, accompanied by a director, being permitted to enter the bullion vaults and see either the valuable "bars" or the wonderful machine for checking their weight upon their arrival from the Mint or elsewhere. This is something like a great pair of scales, but so delicate and accurate that they can show even the weight of a postage stamp.

There is yet another wonderful self-acting machine, with glass weights, invented by a former governor of the Bank of England; this seems as if it must really have a human brain, for it separates standard weight sovereigns from light ones. It weighs thirty-three sovereigns a minute, throwing those of full weight into one compartment and the light ones into another.

The government of this greatest and handsomest of all City banks is entrusted to a governor, a deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, and about one thousand persons are employed within its walls.

The Bank of England occupies an important position, standing, together with the Mansion House and Royal Exchange, in the very heart of the City and the busiest spot in London, for seven of its principal streets meet at this point.

Of little use, however, would be either bank or exchange without money, and if we want to see where the gold and silver of our realm is melted and coined, we must go to

The Royal Mint.

The earliest money did not consist of coins but of metal rings, and of even ornaments and weapons. It is quite certain that the Romans had a mint in London, but there is reason to believe that there were mints in Britain, even before their arrival. The history of how our coinage of to-day grew up from these metal rings is very interesting, but it belongs to another story and one which there is not time to tell here, so we must take a jump, for it is after the Norman Conquest that our present tale begins.

For hundreds and hundreds of years the work of coinage was carried on in the Tower of London, this being the chief mint of England from the time of William the Conqueror until 1810, when it was removed to the simple but solid-looking building prepared for it on Tower Hill, where once stood an old abbey, called "St. Mary of the Graces." There is nothing in its outward appearance to attract attention or to give a hint of the immense wealth it contains, but we know that it is guarded day and night, by soldiers from the Tower.

The gold and silver brought here from the Bank of England pass through a great many interesting and wonderful processes before turning into coins of the realm, the automatic machinery used for this purpose being some of the most beautiful and delicate in the world.

Upon arriving, the bullion is carefully weighed, after which it is sent, by means of an iron tramway, to the melting house. This has a gold kitchen on one side and a silver one on the other, with a counting house between the two from which the superintendent may watch the men at their work.

The metal, whether gold or silver, is melted in pots heated in great furnaces, and then poured into iron moulds, where it at once forms into narrow bars of varying thickness, according to the coin for which it is required. These bars are then knocked out of the moulds and handed over to the chemist, who decides if they contain enough alloy for coining, as gold and silver are too soft to make up into coins unless mixed with a certain proportion of a commoner, or, as it is termed, *baser* metal, like copper. After this they are passed a great many times between powerful rollers driven by machinery, whose duty it is to flatten them out. As the rollers come closer and closer together the beautiful yellow strips grow longer and thinner, until at last they are exactly the right thickness for the coin intended. But the rolling process is not yet complete, for the bars must be made exactly the same thickness from end to end, and to accomplish this they have to pass through another interesting machine called a "draw-bench." After being divided into convenient lengths, they are given to the "tryer," who passes them on, if correct, to where they are cut out by means of punching machines. Boys push them under the puncher and, when cut out, the blank coins fall into boxes placed ready to receive them, the cuttings, shaving, and failures all going back to be re-melted, for the smallest scraps, *scissel* as this is called, and even the dust on the floor, are of value.

You will probably think that it has now come to the time for the coins to be stamped, but no, there is still more to be done; they have to pass on to a machine which thickens their edge, forming a ring to protect the coin from wear. This process is called *marking*. Next they must be cleaned, and their surfaces prepared for receiving the stamped impression. When at last completed, they are transferred to the busiest room of all, the Coining Press-room, where they are stamped by powerful presses on both sides at the same time. The wonderful machine which does this not only feeds itself with the blank coins to be stamped, but, in the twinkling of an eye, stamps one, and pushes it aside automatically, giving place to another blank, whilst, most marvellous of all, sixty or more coins are struck in a minute!

After another cleaning they are weighed by the same kind of beautiful automatic scales as those used in the Bank of England, which sorts into different boxes "right weight," "too heavy," "too light"; the last two are returned for re-melting, whilst those of correct weight are handed over to boys called "ringers" to be tested. This they do by flinging the coins down, one by one, on a block of iron, and so skilled are they, and so keen is their hearing, that they can tell in a moment, by the sound, if there is the least defect.

The gold is then put into bags holding £1000 each; these are stored in the strong room until the following day, when they are taken to the Bank of England or any other place for which they may be destined. Silver and copper is treated rather differently, the coins made of these metals being counted by another wonderful machine, which seems as if, like the sorting one, it must be possessed of a human brain, for it never makes a mistake.

Every single coin is weighed separately, and a certain part of each day's work is assayed, that is tested, in the Mint, another portion being put in a box, or "pyx" (the Latin for "box"), which is kept in the chapel of that name at Westminster. Once a year an examination of these coins takes place, known as the "Trial of the Pyx." Not only is the coinage for the United Kingdom manufactured within the walls of the Royal Mint, but also much of that for our Colonies.

A change was made in some of the coinage to commemorate Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and further alterations took place upon the accession of King Edward the Seventh and King George the Fifth.

The Insurance Act of 1912 made that year the busiest one in the history of the Royal Mint. Odd pence being nearly always required on the workers' wages, there was an enormous demand for the penny, halfpenny, and threepenny piece; the largest increase, however, was in the bronze coinage, which was nearly doubled, 41,000,000 more pennies being required. For the first time in thirty years the Royal Mint had, in consequence, to place an order with an outside firm, and gave a contract to the Birmingham Mint to help them. The effect of the War on the coinage of 1914 is demonstrated by the fact that, as compared with the previous year, only half the number of sovereigns were issued, while, on the other hand, there were more half-sovereigns struck and nearly four times the amount of silver.

The working head of the Royal Mint is called the "Deputy-Master," and there are nearly one hundred workers who live in the building. In addition to this, workpeople, who are employed from outside, pass in to their daily duties between a soldier and two policemen and are not allowed out again until their work is finished. If all is found to be right, they are permitted to leave, a signed certificate being given to each.

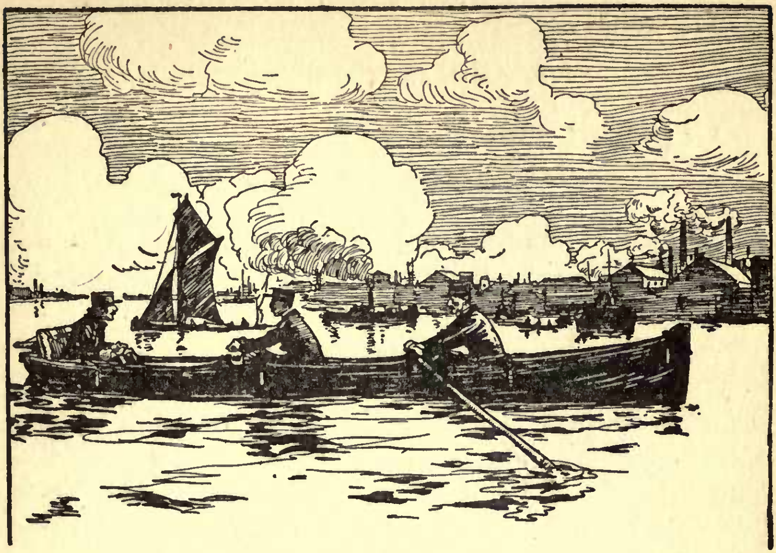
When next, therefore, you receive a coin of the realm as a Christmas box, or birthday present, do not forget to think what a great deal of trouble it has been to make, and how many people have been employed and machines used to form that one little piece of money.

16
H-4861
U.S
EX.C

LONDON POLICEMAN REGULATING THE TRAFFIC.

POLICEMAN ASSISTING SCHOOL CHILDREN TO CROSS THE STREET.

Photos, Sport and General.



THAMES POLICE.

CHAPTER XII

THE STORY OF LONDON'S POLICE

Our "man-in-blue" of to-day is a very different personage to the night-watchman who first appeared on the scene about 1253 when "the Watch of London" was instituted by King Henry the Third, and who we are told only

> "Disturbed your rest to tell you what's o'clock."

Public clocks not being then in existence, the watchman patrolled the streets with bell in hand, calling out not only the hours, but announcing the state of the weather.

He would cry:

"Past eleven, and a starlight night."

Or perhaps it was:

"Past one o'clock and a windy morning."

We have already spoken of this worthy (see Chapter VI) and told how he had to combine the double duties of watching and lighting.

A London watchman under Queen Elizabeth, or even in the time of James the First, differed very little from his predecessors. He carried a halbert and horn lantern, and to protect him from the weather wore a frieze garment secured by a leathern girdle; the hat which completed this costume was quaint but serviceable, being shaped like a pent-house. This guardian of the public safety was not, however, very successful as a protection against robbers, for the ringing of his bell gave thieves timely warning to get away into safe hiding before he could come up with them; not that he would have been of much use, we fear, for it was the habit of the parish officers to choose out old and feeble men for the post of night-watchmen in order to keep them out of the poorhouse.

In the reign of Charles the Second we find that the condition of the night-watch came under the consideration, not of Parliament, but of the Common Council, who ordered that a thousand bell-men should keep watch and ward in the streets; these were nicknamed "Charlie" after the king, but were allowed so to shirk their duties that they proved altogether inefficient. The only change between these and the later Charlie, of 1704 and onwards, was that the latter wore a great cloak with a cape which muffled him up to the ears and carried, in addition to staff and lantern, a rattle in place of a bell. He had also a watch-box from which he emerged twice in the hour to announce the time of night and state of the weather, returning to his shelter where more often than not he dozed until it was time to come forth again.

These watch-boxes were a great temptation to gay young citizens in the early part of the eighteenth century. Many a midnight frolic they enjoyed at the expense of "Old Charlie," whom they would overturn, box and all, leaving its unfortunate occupant to kick and struggle until someone came to his rescue.

This ancient and inefficient representative of the police gave place in 1829 to our stalwart and capable man-in-blue, for it was in that year Sir Robert Peel succeeded in introducing his Police Bill, which two months later became the "Act for improving the police in and near the metropolis." This is how they came to be called "Bobby," or "Peeler"—meaning Sir Robert Peel's man.

Though a great improvement, bettering almost immediately the condition of the London streets, you must not think for a moment that the perfection of the system, which to-day is the admiration of visitors from every quarter of the globe, came to pass all at once. The new police had to learn their business right from the beginning, and the men who undertook the important duty of seeing that laws were carried out and peace and justice preserved were most carefully chosen and trained.

The same care in choice and training is still exercised. All applicants, who must be between twenty-one and twenty-eight years of age, have to fill in a form signed by two householders, and if this proves satisfactory they are medically tested and also examined as to reading and writing. They next undergo three weeks of trial training, which includes telegraphy and physical drill at the barracks and ambulance lectures at Scotland Yard, for our police have to know how to render "first aid."

At the end of his training the candidate has to parade before the Chief Constable, and after taking an oath to serve "loyally and diligently" (for he is now a servant of the Crown) he receives, in addition to his uniform, an armlet to be worn on his left sleeve when on duty, a whistle and chain and a boxwood truncheon—his only weapon of defence.

In a way we are reminded that our modern policeman grew out of the old London Watch, for upon taking up street duty the young constable's time is divided into "watches" of eight hours a day, either in two batches of four hours or in one spell.

Ordinary street duty is of two kinds—"beat" or "point" work. The one consists in patrolling a specified round, while the latter means standing on sentry duty at a given spot. To prevent any chance of "shirkers," like the old Charlies, both are visited at intervals by a patrol serjeant (you often see this official mounted on a horse) to whom the policeman on duty must report any special occurrence. The Mounted Police are a comparatively small section of the force and are composed almost entirely of ex-cavalry soldiers.

Our man-in-blue has many and various duties to perform. In addition to seeing that the laws are carried out and kept by citizens, he is responsible for the regulation of the ever-increasing traffic of the London streets, but, however great the congestion at any particular point may be, the magic of that uplifted hand reduces chaos to order. It is seldom that anyone thinks of disputing his commands, and what is more, the stalwart figure in handsome dark blue uniform, with bright metal clasps and buttons, is usually the first person appealed to in any difficulty.

In the event of a street accident it is the police who render "first aid" and remove the injured person to a hospital. They have to quiet disturbances, keep a look-out on doubtful characters, and even stop a runaway horse at the risk often of life and limb. It is the Police Force who are responsible for the safety of royalty both at home and abroad, and they also have charge of royal dockyards and arsenals.

We all know how necessary and important they are on great public occasions, such as the University Boat Race, Lord Mayor's Show, and whenever a pageant or mass meeting takes place, and how effectively the prancing horses of the Mounted Police clear the way. Nor must we forget "The Children's Policeman," for it is quite a usual thing nowadays to see one of these guardians of the peace piloting groups of children across a busy thoroughfare, being in some cases actually told off for the purpose.

The police have other and less pleasant work to perform, though, for one branch of the force is entirely composed of "detectives" whose duty it is to search out hidden crimes, but remember that our police are not "spies" and are never allowed to gain their information by underhand means. Before the appointment of detectives in 1844 the officers in charge of this work were called "Robin Redbreasts," a name they gained from the scarlet waistcoats of their uniforms.

The police of London really comprise two distinct forces (each under the control of its own Commissioner), the Metropolitan Police Force and the City Police Force. The latter are only a small body numbering some 1500 men, and have control over the "priceless square mile" (as the land is termed on account of its value) which goes to make up the City proper, once encircled by its old wall. The rest of the capital and its suburbs, within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, is under the control of the Metropolitan Police Force with a muster roll of some 19,000 men of all ranks.

The head officers in the Police Force are called chief constables; there is also a chief commissioner and three assistants, but the supreme authority over the service is the Home Secretary.

The man-in-blue is our everyday policeman, so to speak, but we have guardians of the water also, the Thames River Police they are called, who are specially set apart for protecting property on the river. Before these were established in 1798 the river-pirates robbed, from incoming ships and from the wharves, property which amounted annually to more than half a million. The merchants and shipowners applied in despair to Dr. Colquhoun, a London police magistrate, who, after listening to their complaint, wrote a work entitled, *A Treatise on the Commerce of the River Thames*, which apparently had a good effect, for the Government soon established efficient water police; these were merged in 1839 with the Metropolitan Police.

The Thames Police are entirely recruited from sailors and boatmen. These "Wet Bobs," as they are called, are fine sturdy fellows, and look very nautical in their blue reefer coats topped by either a wide-peaked yachting cap or a waterman's shiny straw hat, while on collar and cuffs is the badge of their water calling—a nickel anchor.

Nor must we forget another article included in their wardrobe which goes by the quaint name of "toebags"; these are practically waterproof sacks with a warm inside lining which envelop the oarsman right up to the waist. Very snug and cosy they are, and very necessary too in cold, stormy weather, for it is the duty of these Wet Bobs to patrol the Thames, in boat or steam-launch, day and night, year in and year out, from Fulham to Crayford Creek.

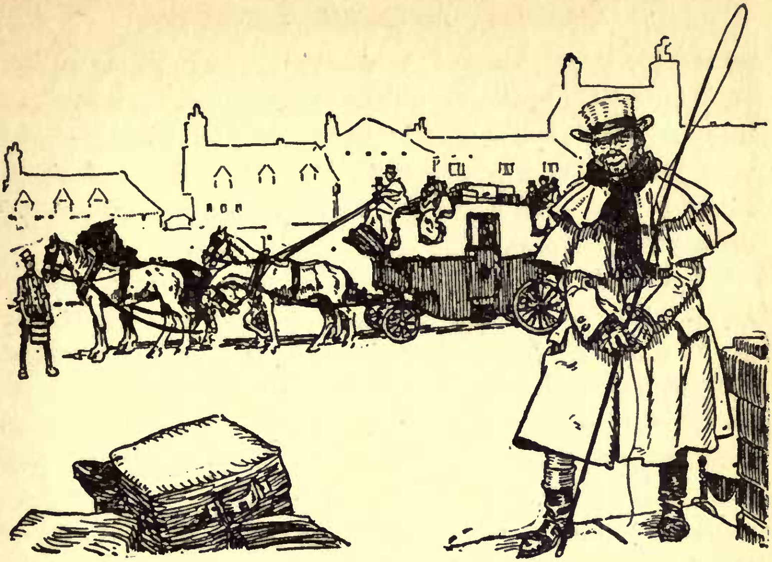
In addition to protecting property they render valuable help in cases of fire on board vessels or at the waterside, and last, but far from least, they save people from drowning and, having rescued them from the water, do all they can to nurse them back to life, for every man is trained not only in life-saving, but as to the best method of restoring a person who has been in the water.

This fine body of men are as prompt as the Fire Brigade in responding to a cry for help. The sharp clang of an electric bell is the signal that their assistance is needed, and in an instant two boats and two crews are ready.

The principal station of the Thames Police is at Wapping, but there are various sub-divisional ones between Charing Cross and Blackwall, among them being the station on one of the floating platforms by Waterloo Bridge.

The accommodation of the principal water stations differs very little from that provided for the shore forces of the Metropolitan Police. We find here, as on land, recreation and meal rooms in addition to comfortable dormitories, the only distinguishing marks being the spare oars, boat hooks, and telescopes to be seen hanging up and lying about, and the scent of tar and new rope.

When a constable has served his full period of twenty-six years he is entitled to a pension, and who is there that will grudge to this most useful servant of the London public—whether on land or water—his well-earned and well-deserved rest and reward?



OLD COACHING DAYS.

CHAPTER XIII

LONDON'S LOCOMOTION ABOVE GROUND

We can hardly realise nowadays, when we fly hither and thither with such speed by motor, taxi, or electric rail, that in the days of the old pack-horse train a fortnight from London to York was considered quite a quick journey, but as the horses (sometimes as many as forty forming a company) had to go plodding along with bundles of every size and shape bound to back and sides, it was perhaps not so slow after all. It was not very comfortable for the bundles, though, some of which were human ones who were glad enough every now and then to exchange the bumping and numbing cold for a trudge on foot. Whenever you see the sign of "The Pack Horse" it marks an old house or inn frequented by packmen of olden times. There are two of these inns at Turnham Green—"The Pack Horse" and "The Pack Horse and Talbot"; the latter was formerly the halting-place of packmen who travelled on the Bath Road.

About the year 1500 the first vehicles made their appearance in the shape of long, covered wagons called stage-wagons, these leading the way to the stage-coaches of one hundred and fifty years later.

These early wagons, which carried passengers as well as goods, consisted of a long car containing four benches. The three inside ones held nine passengers, whilst a tenth sat on the front bench by the side of the driver. Three large leather curtains (one for each side and one for the back) were rolled up at the top and let down as required, and the car could only be entered from the front by jumping over the driver's bench. You have already read of what the roads were like, and as there were no backs to the benches you can imagine that it was rather a rough and jolting journey. All well-to-do people kept horses for themselves and their servants, so it was only those wayfarers who were too badly off to own or hire a horse who availed themselves of this "poor man's coach," as it was called, for these stage-wagons were not really meant for this purpose at all, but were the first carriers' carts and intended to convey heavy goods from place to place.

The earliest glimpses and notices that we have of the special business of these stage-wagons is in connection with a very celebrated wagoner, indeed, quite the most celebrated of carriers, for his name has come down to history, being none other than Thomas Hobson—the carrier between Cambridge and London and the original of our Carter Patersons and Pickfords of to-day. His place of business was at Bishopsgate Within; we do not quite know when it was established, but it was an *old* business when his son succeeded to it in 1568. Thomas Hobson's cart and eight horses was a well-known feature on the road between Cambridge and London, for he was then the only carrier and specially licensed by the University. Important as this was, it was yet not all his business, for he had forty other horses in his stables which he let out to the "college gentlemen," providing them with "a horse fit for travelling, with boots, bridle, and whip," but he allowed no horse to be taken from his stable out of its turn, no picking and choosing that is, and it was this which gave rise to the proverb, "Hobson's choice—that or none."

The first *public* carriages, however, were the hackney coaches established in 1605. These charged one shilling for a mile and a half, a day's journey with a coach and two horses costing ten shillings. They do not seem to have been used anywhere but in London, and had to be called out when needed, for, we are told, they "remained in the owner's yard until wanted."

These early coaches were built at first without springs and had, in place of windows, three iron shutters, one each side and one in the front; all of these were perforated, so that though passengers could see out they could not be seen, but the absence of both windows and springs must have made them very noisy and uncomfortable conveyances. They were narrow vehicles drawn by two horses, on one of which sat the driver in his many capes, wearing spurs and carrying a small whip. When the iron shutters were replaced by glass windows it was called a "glass coach," the first one mentioned being that made for the Duke of York in 1661.

After the Great Fire of London the streets were widened and more commodious vehicles made their appearance. Most of these were disused coaches sold cheap by the nobility and gentry and bore still their coat of arms, those so decorated being most patronised.

But these early carriages caused great dissatisfaction to the watermen, who considered that they interfered with their trade, for, as we know, the river was then, and for long after, the principal highway of traffic.

It was not only the watermen, though, who objected to the hackney carriages; the king and queen and also the nobility considered them a nuisance, not alone because they filled up the streets and made them dangerous, but because they caused the price of hay and provender to go up. So, being a very arbitrary age, the king commanded that no hackney coach was to be used in London, unless it was engaged to travel three miles out, and that even then the owners were to keep sufficient horses for His Majesty's service, "whensoever his occasion shall require them." This proclamation was either withdrawn or altered in 1637 when fifty hackney coachmen were licensed to keep not more than twelve horses each; these gradually increased in number until by 1768 about a thousand were allowed to stand for hire in the streets. In the reign of George the Third an Act was passed for their management and stands appointed in various parts of

London, the coachmen being forbidden to wait for hire at any other place. They were still to be seen in the streets of London as late as 1858.

It was about 1634 that a kind of covered chair supported on two long poles and carried by two men was first introduced into England. This "sedan chair," as it was called, became quickly popular amongst the upper classes, and all those who had the least pretension to rank or fashion owned one and often two of their own, preferring this mode of conveyance to that of the hackney coaches; so popular, indeed, were these chairs that in the year 1750 as many as six thousand chairmen were employed in the City, while hundreds plied for hire and lines of chairs ran round the Piazza of Covent Garden. Even as late as 1821 the fashionable dame still took the air or went to the playhouse in a sedan chair.

But we must return to the seventeenth century, which saw great changes in vehicles. The long, covered wagon was succeeded by the stage-coach, the first of which made its appearance on English roads about 1640. These were large coaches, leather curtained at first (glass does not seem to have been used until 1680), which seated six or eight passengers and carried a huge basket strapped to the back. We read that they were not only advertised as being very commodious, but very cheap (a shilling for every five miles); also as being possessed of "great velocity and speed."

At first they only took short journeys, such as Richmond and Chislehurst, but after a time they began to make regular ones from London to Exeter, Chester, and York, and in 1754 a great sensation was produced by the announcement that a "flying coach" would actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in four days and a half from Manchester, but passengers were advised not to go the whole journey "lest they should die of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion"! We cannot help wondering what these good people would have thought if they had lived in the days of motor bus and taxi.

Thirty years after the excitement of the "flying coach" the mail coach appeared on the scene, and on an August morning in 1784 the first of these left London for Bristol. It was a Mr. John Palmer, a native of Bath, who introduced them. He had noticed that there was not only a great loss of letters through these being entrusted to any common traveller who might be happening to go that way, but also that the mails which ought to be the quickest, travelled the slowest of anything in the kingdom, so he set his mind to work to think of a scheme for improving this. It is too long a story to tell how he accomplished it and of all the opposition he met with before succeeding, sufficient to say that he did succeed, and before 1800 his coaches were running upon every high road in the country.

The first mail coaches were not very well made and often broke down, nor did they carry any passengers outside; indeed, it was not until early in 1800 that a traveller dared venture to ride on the roof without the danger of being thrown off. You will see in a later chapter what a flutter was caused by the arrival and departure of the mail coaches.

The old hackney coaches still plied for hire and had their regular stands, but Orders issued in 1821 directed that new vehicles should be of improved structure, "decent, clean, and warm, with Glass Windows on each side, or Shelters with Glasses; that they may be large enough to carry Four Persons conveniently and that the Horses should be sufficient for the Business." These new conveyances were already known in Paris under the name of "Cabriolet"; the French name was soon abbreviated to "cab," and though at first considered very common and vulgar, was so short and convenient that it triumphed over all objections, and the cab, as it continued to be called, became very popular. Some thirteen years later a Mr. Hansom invented the two-wheeled cab known by his name, while in 1836 the first of our "four-wheelers" (an improvement on the hackney coach) appeared. So pleased was Lord Brougham with these new cabs that he ordered one for his own use, and thus the first "brougham" came about, being the earliest closed carriage to be drawn by a single horse. Carriages, however, were not used to any great extent until about the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria, when four-wheeled carriages began to be improved and the "victoria" and "landau" were introduced.

The "Mail" and its resplendent guard continued to play their part in English history until the steam-engine appeared upon the scene. We owe its invention to three men — James Watt, William Murdoch, and George Stephenson, but it was the latter who really introduced it, his locomotive being used on a railway opened in 1830 between Liverpool and Manchester. "The Rocket," as this engine was called, was the actual forerunner of our steam-engine of to-day. If you go to the South Kensington Museum you may see it for yourself, for it is still preserved there.

On 14th December 1837 the first London railway was actually completed and opened for traffic, being specially designed, we are told, to meet the requirements of the metropolis itself. It was called the "Greenwich Railway," and ran from London Bridge to Deptford. That the opening was a great occasion is shown by the following account, which appeared in a newspaper of that date: "The directors with the official staff of management were shown to their allotted seats by ushers in waiting, and the band of music (attired in the garb of the Beefeaters) having taken up its position on the roof of the carriage, the official bugler blew the signal for the start, and the train steamed off amidst the firing of cannon, the ringing of church bells, and the cheers of an excited crowd."

During the following year other important lines were opened, among them being the Great Western and the London and Birmingham Railways.

These early trains were, however, very different to those of to-day. The second- and third-class carriages were open wagons, little better than cattle-trucks with an awning over the top; the third-class passengers did not even have seats, but were sometimes provided with what were called "stanups," which were very difficult to climb in and out of. The first-class travellers fared better, for their carriages were covered in, and there were cushions to the seats, but, in spite of this, many people had their own horse-drawn carriages placed on trucks so that they could take the journey comfortably seated inside them; history does not relate what became of the horse.

The regulations for passenger traffic too were very quaint. A person travelling on those early lines was required to give name, address, age, occupation, and reason for wanting to travel, the station agent having to be satisfied on these points before issuing a ticket. Trains were announced to start as near the time as possible, but there was no guarantee as to their arrival, and the company refused to take any responsibility for luggage (which was carried on the roof of the carriage) getting wet. So, you see, travelling was a serious matter only eighty years ago.

From 1840 and onwards railways increased rapidly in every direction; engines were improved and the comfort of the passengers considered, with the result that to-day we can travel not only in comfort but in luxury. London itself is a network of railways, important among which are the underground ones; but their story you will find in another chapter, for we are only concerned just now with locomotion above ground.

A still earlier arrival than the railway was that most useful of vehicles, the "omnibus," which perhaps even surpasses the train in convenience, as it sets us down wherever we wish. It was introduced into London in 1829 by Mr. George Shillibeer and was for a time known as a "Shillibeer"; this was soon altered to omnibus (a "carry-all"), and finally shortened to "bus."

Shillibeer was at this time a leading coach-builder in Paris, and while carrying out an order to make two of these vehicles for a banker there, he thought him of the idea of introducing them into England. They at once found favour with the public, for they were very smart in appearance and were drawn by three beautiful bays harnessed abreast. The word "Omnibus" was painted in large letters on both sides of the vehicle, which carried twenty-two passengers, all inside. A large crowd assembled to witness the starting of the first two. The conductors also greatly impressed the onlookers, for they were dressed in "blue cloth uniforms cut like a midshipman's," and it became known that they were both sons of British naval officers.

In less than nine months Shillibeer had twelve omnibuses at work, and for a time he continued to prosper; then the steam-engine and railway arrived, and this new power was used in the streets of London, various steam vehicles being introduced. But these horseless omnibuses were not very successful, and soon came to grief.

Passing on to 1855, we come to a very familiar name, that of the "London General Omnibus Company." We are again indebted to France (our nearest neighbour and ally) for the useful omnibus, for it was a French Company who took over some five hundred vehicles from the largest omnibus proprietor in London and started it under an English name. By the year 1903 the Company had 1400 buses running, and to-day almost the whole of the omnibus service in London is provided by the L.G.O.C. There are various other companies, but this is the chief one.

Great improvements have of course been made in omnibuses since the days of Shillibeer, both in seating accommodation and in lighting, but the greatest change of all came about with the introduction of motor buses in 1899. In that year five were running as against 3621 horsed vehicles. From 1905, however, motor buses have increased so rapidly that we can hardly find a horsed one to-day; probably there are not many to be found, for in 1912 we are told that 2908 motor buses were licensed and only 376 horse-drawn. Such horse-drawn omnibuses as remain are run by private owners, the last one belonging to the London General Omnibus Company having passed from the streets on 25th November 1911. It was quite an event in the story of London when this happened, and many felt regret at parting with such an old and faithful friend as the horse-bus.

There is no question as to the present popularity of this carriage "for all," it speaks for itself when we find that in 1912 the number of passengers carried, by the principal companies only, was somewhere about 492,858,934!

Motor omnibuses have one great rival, though—the Metropolitan Electric Tramways, for London contains about 130 miles of these, all of which are owned and worked by the County Council. But there is one thing you must notice if you have not already done so—that none of the tramway lines pass either through the City proper or the West End; nevertheless, they are a pleasant way of visiting the outlying districts of London, running as they do north, east, and south. They are very comfortable travelling and are well patronised too, for in 1912 they carried no fewer than 797,487,581 passengers.

But in all the changes there is something else disappearing as well as the horsed omnibus—this is the old four-wheeler, the outcome, as we said, of the ancient hackney coach. In its place we have the smart "taximeter" cabs, "taxis" as they are popularly called, and the introduction of which in 1899 was one of the most important events in the history of cabs.

The taximeter, as you know, is a kind of clock fixed on the outside of the left-hand window of the cab which records the distance travelled; hence its name. A little red flag projecting from the side shows when it is empty and plying for hire.

The motor van also is playing a bigger part each day in the business life of the metropolis and gradually pushing out the tradesmen's horse-carts to which we have been so long accustomed.

There is yet one other popular means of locomotion which we must certainly not omit to mention—that is, the bicycle or "bike," a name acquired in 1870. Very different to the earliest specimens is the up-to-date "safety" of to-day, but it has taken many years and much thought to bring it up to its present state of excellence. One hundred and thirty years ago a man might have been seen riding a wooden horse attached by a frame to two wheels and known as a "dandy horse." Neither pedals or cranks had then been thought of, so the only way in which the rider could propel his machine was by the thrust of his feet on the ground; we are hardly surprised to hear that with so fatiguing a mode of locomotion he had to take frequent rests. Then in 1818 came the "velocipede," ridden in the same tiring manner as the dandy horse already mentioned, for it was another twenty years before pedals and cranks were added. These were at first attached to the back wheel, thus enabling the rider to propel the machine without his feet touching the ground, but it was not until fifteen years later that they were fitted on to the front wheel. The velocipede was originally made entirely of wood with the exception of iron tyres to the wheels and a steel spring under the seat.

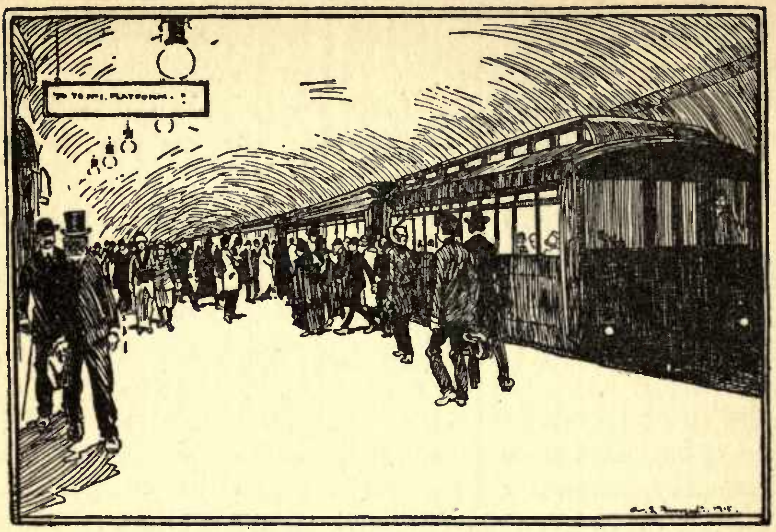
It was heavy and very high, and as to its comfort—well, its name, the "bone-shaker," speaks for itself!

But all this is changed, for the present bicycle has now become a model of perfection, with its pneumatic tyre and free wheel.

This is in brief the story of how London's locomotion above ground has grown up from the days of the pack-horse train down to present times, and the old prophecy:

"Carriages without horses shall go,"

has indeed been fulfilled. We should undoubtedly be sorry for ourselves if we had to exchange our comfortable travelling of to-day for a journey on either an ancient pack-horse or even one of the first stage-wagons.


TO No. 1. PLATFORM.

A "TUBE" STATION.

CHAPTER XIV

LONDON'S LOCOMOTION BELOW GROUND

We have seen in the previous chapter how London's locomotion above ground grew up by leaps and bounds, especially after the introduction of railways. When, however, the overcrowding of the streets became both a difficulty and danger to locomotion, various plans were suggested for easing the vehicular traffic; new lines of streets were formed and other means taken to lessen the congestion, but all to no purpose. At last it was proposed to relieve the traffic of the streets above by making a means of travelling below ground, the suggestion being to encircle the metropolis with a tunnel which was to be in communication with the terminus of every railway.

Of course the scheme met with the various difficulties and objections which all new proposals have to encounter. Mr. Charles Pearson, who originated the idea, found it received with the same contempt as the first suggestion to light our streets with gas. Learned engineers foretold, with serious faces, how the tunnel was bound to fall in from the weight of the traffic above; it was prophesied, too, that neighbouring houses would be shaken to their foundation by the vibration of the engines, and that furthermore their inhabitants would be poisoned by the sulphurous fumes given out by the fuel with which the boilers were heated!

However, after years of hard work people began to gain more confidence in the idea of travelling below ground, and the scheme was finally set on foot about the year 1860 for what was to be called a "City Railway." The original proposal was to run it from Paddington to the Post Office, but it was finally decided to make Farringdon Street the terminus.

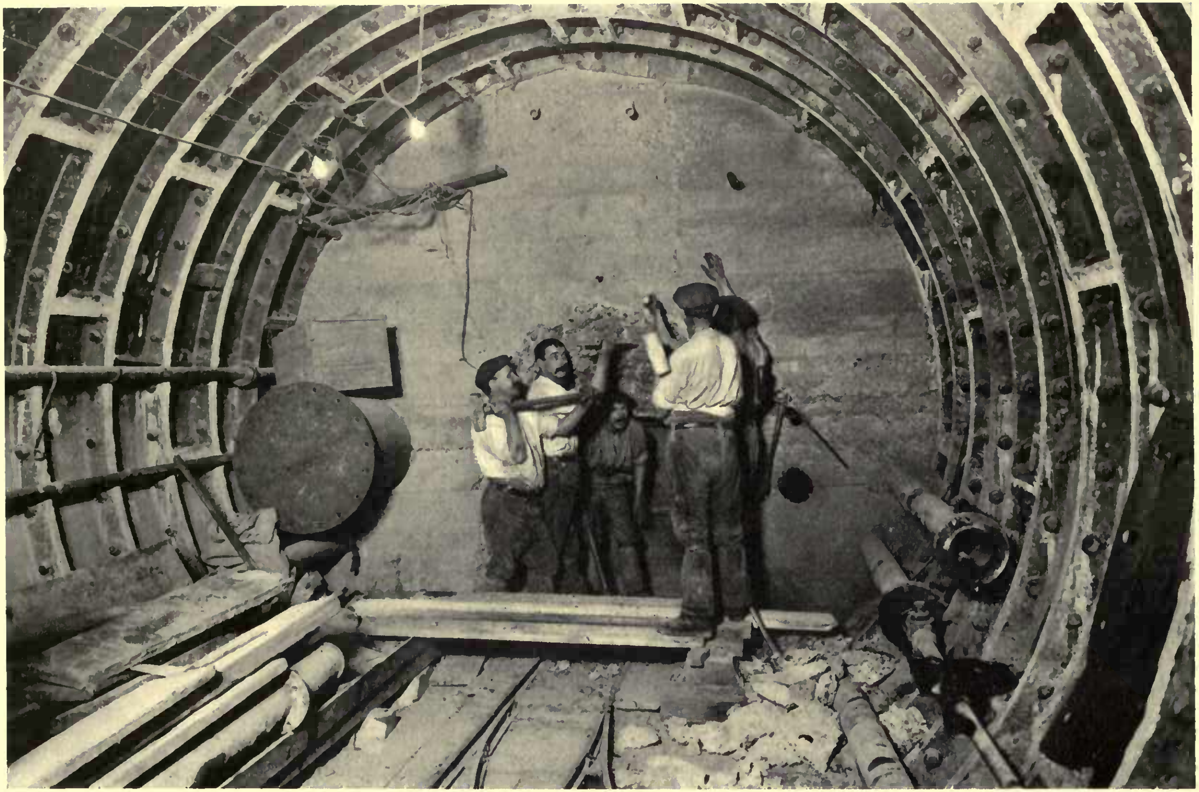
The Great Western Railway, in consideration of the advantage obtained by the extension of its line to the City, came forward with a handsome contribution towards the enterprise, and the Corporation of the City subscribed a similar sum upon finding that new streets had not, as anticipated, lessened the congested or overcrowded state of the streets.

There was a great deal to be done, though, before the scheme could become an accomplished fact, for it was the boldest railway venture ever undertaken up to that time, and owing to the network of pipes and drains beneath the streets its construction was said to be "as delicate a matter as a surgical operation."

New kinds of carriages had to be designed which could be lighted by gas; new engines also were necessary owing to an Act of Parliament which required that these should consume their own smoke and condense their own steam. Furthermore, great stations like huge cellars had to be built deep down underground and yet allow the daylight to enter, while in addition to this a special system of signals had to be arranged. Among the experimental engines specially constructed was a hot-water one, and another in which steam was raised by means of hot bricks. Neither proved very satisfactory, and it was not until later on that really successful locomotives were designed.

In spite of many difficulties, the line was opened for passenger traffic on 10th January 1863, and it was calculated that 30,000 persons travelled over it in the course of that day; indeed, it was almost impossible to obtain a place in the up or City-ward train, for the directors were unprepared for such a reception.

When first opened the line was only just over three miles in length, while the trains, which consisted of three carriages (one for each class), ran every fifteen minutes, expresses being put on during the busy hours. For some time these were provided by the Great Western, but in consequence of a disagreement between the companies they withdrew their engines and carriages at a very short notice. The Metropolitan general manager was, however, equal to the occasion. Fortunately a connection had been formed with the Great Northern at King's Cross, and that Company was preparing engines to work on the underground, so when the manager rushed off to them in his difficulty they



MAKING A TUBE RAILWAY.

Photo, Topical.

were able to come to the rescue, and at once promised carriages, though the engines (having to be of a special kind) could not be provided. But the position was saved at this critical moment by a man named Sturrock, who managed to adapt some engines of his own make, by the time the Great Western withdrew their "rolling stock," as it is called.

In the course of the first twelve months alone, no less than 9,500,000 passengers travelled by the Underground Railway, so this speaks for itself as to its popularity. Extensions, small in length but great in cost, soon followed, and the line was carried on to Moorgate Street, now the largest station, about a thousand trains running in and out of it daily. After a considerable interval it was further extended to Bishopsgate, next turning the other way and, in partnership with the Great Western, stretching out to Hammersmith. Then it started on the St. John's Wood line, a very important undertaking, for this runs away into Buckinghamshire and enables London dwellers to spend a day in the country.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the many improvements and extensions which took place, for we must pass on to the Metropolitan District Railway, usually called "the District," which together with the Metropolitan form the original underground railway of London. These, running as they do by means of tunnels under houses and streets and sometimes through cuttings between high walls, form a complete ring; the "Inner Circle" it is called, for it runs round the whole of the inner part of London with many branches stretching out to the suburbs. The District is known as the "daylight route," because its stations admit the daylight through a glass roof.

The first District line was opened in 1868 and ran from High Street, Kensington to Westminster Bridge, being extended two years later to Earl's Court. From here it branched out in many directions—Addison Road, Putney Bridge, Hounslow, and still farther afield. The following year (1871) it reached the Mansion House. This was a great advance, as it brought the underground trains within a few minutes' walk of the City, the Exchange, the Bank of England, St. Paul's Cathedral—in fact, into the heart of the City; but it was yet another twelve years before it got as far as Aldgate, thus completing the Inner Circle.

In spite of all improvements, the Metropolitan and District railways remained smoky and dingy, and it was not until they were electrified that they reached the height of their success. Being arranged for steam-driven trains, both carriages and lines had to be adapted for electricity, and this was not accomplished until between 1905–6.

Meanwhile there had come upon the scene some railways especially built for the running of electric trains; these became known as "Tube railways" on account of the train being made to run through a huge iron or steel tube only just large enough (except at the stations) to allow it to pass through. The tubes are built deep down, far below the older underground railways, and it may interest you to hear something of how the workmen accomplish their difficult task of boring the tunnel. When the positions for the new stations are decided, pits or shafts are sunk, and the men begin to work upon the tunnels. After digging out a bit of the earth they start building what is known as "the shield," a large round frame, open in front, in which they can go on with their work. As its name implies, it acts as a shield or shelter and prevents the earth from falling into the tunnel, but far more wonderful still, it is fitted with machinery which enables it to both dig out and bore through the earth. Inside the shield the workmen line the tube, bit by bit, with iron rings, and as each piece is finished the enormous shield passes along by means of steam power until the tunnel is completed.

The stations are built in much the same way as the tube itself, and you may tell the different railways by the particular colour of the tiles with which stations and passages are lined.

The City & South London Railway, opened in 1890, was not only the first Tube railway in London but the first in the world; since then they have been opened everywhere.

The depth of the Tube railways is best realised when you go up or down in the lifts or elevators, as they are called ; these are worked by electricity or hydraulic water pressure.

The signalling is also worked by electricity—in fact, one may say that it is worked by the train itself, for the electric current in the rails acts upon the motors which move the signals, and as the train passes along the signal arms rise automatically into the necessary position.

A still more recent invention is the "Moving Staircase"; there is one at Earl's Court and another large one at Paddington, but both have been quite outrivalled by the stairways recently opened at Oxford

Circus. Workmen have been employed day and night for two years in building these, and we are told that they are the largest in the world, being able to cope with 27,000 people an hour, whom they transfer straight from the street to the platform.

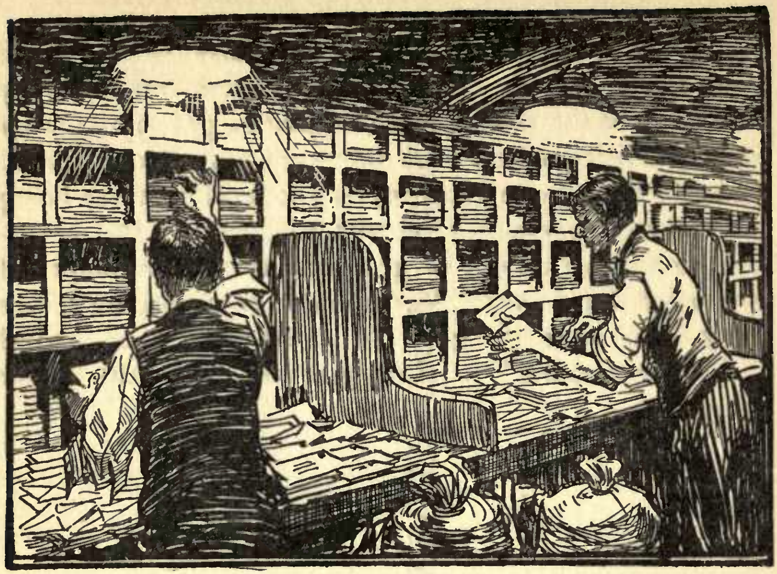
And the Tube megaphone man at Paddington, have you heard him? For more than five years he has acted as "Interpreter for the London Electric Railways" (to give him his full title), but he has of late been armed with a megaphone. When the excursion trains come into the Great Western station at Paddington, and the country visitors begin looking round and wondering how to find their way, they suddenly hear a strong and powerful voice shouting :

> "This Way to Everywhere. Moving Staircase in operation.
> The World's Wonder! Come and see!"

It is the megaphone man, and encouraged by his mighty voice the visitors hurry to find the moving staircase. The time between the calls is spent in answering questions (for our megaphone friend has French, German, and Italian at his finger-tips), and when no trains are due he runs out into the street and proclaims the wonders of the staircase to the passers-by.

We learn that the Electric railways (Tubes and all) of London carry something like 240,000,000 passengers annually. What is more, the fares are moderate, and no one can at any rate lose their way in the Tubes, for the plainest directions are posted up at every turn.

So it comes about that London is to-day perhaps the best-provided city in the world in the matter of convenient, quick, and cheap travelling, its Underground and Tubes alone connecting all parts of the great metropolis. From almost every station one may, by changing at the proper point, or points, get to any other part, and it is not now even necessary to go above ground in order to continue a journey on another line, these being all in direct communication with each other. But nevertheless we owe a debt of gratitude to the promoters of the original old smoky Metropolitan carriages, for it was they who after all gave us what has been called "London's Own," to distinguish it from the larger railways.



SORTING LETTERS.

CHAPTER XV

THE STORY OF LONDON'S GENERAL POST OFFICE AND THE WORK CARRIED ON THERE

It is so easy nowadays to run out and post a letter that we can hardly believe there was a time when there were no post offices or pillar boxes, or even envelopes, and when to send or receive news from a friend in another part of England was far more difficult than it is to communicate to-day with someone away across the Atlantic. You will perhaps value present advantages more highly if you realise something of the difficulties of letter sending and receiving three hundred years ago.

There were no regular "posts" in England until the reign of Henry the Eighth, and even the few that then existed were for the sole use of the sovereign and for conveying Government dispatches. The Master of the Posts, who was a Court official, was commanded by the king to set up posts in all convenient places; he had also to see that the royal couriers were not kept waiting for horses, relays of which were to be stationed at given distances along the chief roads, and if those supposed to be provided by the township were not in readiness, the magistrates and constables had orders to seize any horse they could find, which must have been rather awkward for the owner!

Another peculiarity of these early days was the setting up of a post for a special purpose, such as in time of war, and its withdrawal when it had served its end. The earliest record of such an arrangement for news-carrying is found in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

Before the reign of Henry the Eighth all letters, public and private, were sent by special messengers only, but later on they were entrusted to "the carrier" as he jogged through the town with his train of pack-horses (see Chapter XIII), which were used in place of carts on account of the narrowness of the roads. If requested, he would call for answers on his way back, though this might not be for a month or so.

It was King Charles the First who made the earliest attempt at a postal system, by introducing a weekly post between England and Scotland, this being more fully developed in the reign of Charles the Second. In spite of various improvements, however, there was still no post between one part of London and the other. This was very inconvenient, but, fortunately for London, it possessed an enterprising man, in a certain City merchant named Dockwra, who determined to relieve London from this inconvenience by starting a penny post. At great cost to himself he at last succeeded in making an arrangement by which letters and parcels were delivered "six or eight times a day in the busy and crowded streets near the Exchange, and four times a day in the outskirts of the capital." Receiving offices were opened, where messengers called for letters. If for the town, these were carried to one of the many sorting offices ; if for the country, to the General Post Office, which now had its headquarters in Lombard Street, and up till then had been the only place in all London where letters could be posted.

Then came the time when the mail-bags, instead of being carried on horseback, were conveyed by coach, and they travelled in this way until 1830, for there were no dispatches by railway before then. The arrival and departure of the coaches caused quite a flutter of excitement, the crowd turning round to gaze at the mail guard, who, resplendent in scarlet and gold and armed with a blunderbuss and a short gun, sounded his horn as the coach made its way to or from the Post Office.

Postmen perambulated the streets with a bell between the hours of five and six in the afternoon, collecting letters at a charge of one penny each. If they contained more than a single sheet of paper, double postage was claimed, rather a serious matter in those days when a letter cost a shilling for one hundred miles in England, and three and sixpence to America ! Any extra enclosure was easily discovered, for envelopes had not yet been invented, and we are told that " the art of folding a letter,

A WONDERFUL MACHINE FOR PUTTING THE BLACK STAMP ON LETTERS IN THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

THE LETTERS POURING INTO THE POST OFFICE TO BE SORTED.

Photos, Sport and General.

so as to have a neat and square appearance, was taught in the schools." The high charges fell very heavily on people who were not well off, and many were the artifices resorted to in order to evade payment.

We have but little space to tell of the various gradual improvements—of how letter boxes which could be fixed and locked with a key replaced the open and movable ones of earlier days; of the establishment of an office for undelivered letters, called, as it still is, the "Dead Letter Office"; nor yet of how the old Post Office in Lombard Street, having grown too small, it was decided to erect a building specially suited for a General Post Office, the site chosen being one formerly occupied by the ancient monastery of St. Martin-le-Grand, where, in three immense buildings, post-office business was carried on for over eighty years.

These and many other interesting things we must skip over, and pass on to 1840, the date which, as every boy and girl knows, stands out in large letters in connection with the story of the Post Office, for it was then that Mr. (afterwards "Sir") Rowland Hill established the Penny Inland Post, when letters went according to weight.

But postal reform did not come about all at once; at first it was greatly opposed by Government, and Rowland Hill had to work for years in order to bring it about. He succeeded at last, however, and for his unceasing work he was made a knight, and rewarded liberally in other ways. Be sure to look at the back of the Royal Exchange for the statue of the man whose name will always be remembered as a great reformer of the post office and its rates, and as one who not only obtained for us the boon of Penny Postage, but also introduced the Money Order Office and the Post Office Savings Bank. Sir Rowland likewise proposed that adhesive stamps should be used and that all letters should be prepaid ; so you see we owe him a great deal.

Among many other improvements introduced were envelopes, bearing either a stamp or mark for postage. Until now, Members of Parliament, by writing their names on the outside, had been allowed to send their letters free of charge—"franking," this was called ; but they abused this privilege, and took to sending many other things beside letters,—coats, hats, boots, a piano, and even a horse is said to have been sent "franked,"—so when the Penny Post was established, this privilege was done away with.

With the introduction of a uniform rate of postage, the telegraph, and the steam-engine, postal business increased to such an extent that at last it even outgrew St. Martin's-le-Grand, so the present General Post Office was erected on the site of Christ's Hospital. "King Edward's Building" the new offices are called, for the foundation stone was laid in 1905 by the late King Edward the Seventh, though it was not until just as the clock struck midnight on the 6th of November 1910 that King Edward Street became the headquarters of the London General Post Office, and that the old building erected in 1829, which had been open day and night for eighty-one years, was officially deserted.

The splendid new offices, covering nearly two acres of ground, and employing some six thousand persons, are divided into two great blocks connected by subways ;

the one nearest King Edward Street is seven storeys high, two floors being below the street level, and the other or main block having four floors and two basements. The blocks are separated by the van-yard from which the red mail vans carry off to the various railway stations the letters for country towns and abroad.

Now let us take a look at the inside of the great building which goes to form not only the finest post office in this country, but one of the finest in the world, and well worthy of the City of London. The public office is the largest of its kind, and at the counter, which runs its entire length, every kind of postal business is transacted.

But it is on the ground floor of the building that the most wonderful work goes on; here letters, newspapers, and parcels are arranged, sorted, and dispatched. All letters posted in the boxes outside fall down into the posting and receiving rooms below; those for London are conveyed thence in baskets, by means of electric conveyers, to the huge sorting office, whilst correspondence for the provinces is automatically transferred to the departure platform on the west side of the sorting office, to be dealt with at "Mount Pleasant," which is also the chief parcel office of the kingdom.

Marvellous are the arrangements for the various processes of sorting, stamping, and dispatching. The postal letters are first arranged in packets, with the stamps all placed up one way, in readiness to be defaced by means of lines or rounds—"cancelled" this is called. They are then laid with stamps uppermost on a tray, above which are two others for larger envelopes and packets. Running bands, worked by electricity, convey these trays to the date-stamping machine fixed up at the end of the table, which can cancel eight hundred or more stamps a minute. If a letter shows several straight or wavy lines, you may know that it has been cancelled by the electric stamping machine; but if it bears the familiar round mark over the stamp, it means that it has been defaced by a hand stamp. So you see it is most important how and where you put your stamp, as if it is not on straight, or if it is in the wrong corner, it gives the post-office officials extra trouble.

The letters are next handed on to an army of sorters, who make them up for their various districts and places of destination. If all right, they are put in their respective pigeon-holes; but there are careless correspondents who give the officials a great deal of extra work, by sending letters with an insufficient address, or writing it so badly that it cannot be read. These are sent to what is known as the "Blind Division," where a number of clerks are always busily engaged in trying to decipher bad writing; several addresses are tried, but if they fail in finding the right one, the letter is returned to the sender, through the "Dead Letter Office," with "Not known" written across the envelope. There must be a number of careless people, for in the Postmaster-General's Report for 1912 he tells us that no fewer than 32,000 letters and packets could not be delivered!

But it is the letters for London which are so carefully sorted and dispatched at King Edward Street; the mails for country towns are only partly sorted, the rest being done on the journey, for the mail van attached to the train is fitted up with all the necessary appliances for the work, exactly as if it was a post office. This travelling post-office system has been in use for just fifty years, having been established in 1862.

Of later invention is the marvellous manner in which the mail bags are collected from and delivered to a train travelling at full speed, by means of a clever contrivance, consisting of a post and net. The bag of letters is hung on a kind of bar, which is put out from the carriage. Beneath the bar a net is suspended, while near the line at the station from which the letters have to be collected or delivered to the mail-coach is a tall post with also an extended bar; to this the mail bag is fastened. At the foot of the post is a net. As the train dashes through the station the net of the station post catches the bag which has been hung out of the train, whilst the net which has been suspended from the railway carriage catches the bag which has been attached to the station post. By this clever method the letters are collected or delivered without the train even slackening speed. A plain white board gives notice to the driver of the train and also to the sorters that they are approaching a mail-bag collector. Several collections and deliveries of letters are thus made during a long journey without you, who may be travelling in the train, knowing anything about it.

At the present day the collection and delivery of letters is not by any means the only and hardly even the chief work of the Post Office. An increasingly important branch is the Money and Postal Order Department, the work of which is carried on at Queen Victoria Street; whilst more remarkable still is the Post Office Savings Bank, whose headquarters are to be found in

Blythe Road, Kensington, a tall block of buildings occupying a large space of ground.

There are many other additions, to which we are so accustomed that we hardly realise what it would be to be without them, such as telegrams and telephones, both of which are now under Post Office control ; post cards and parcel post, and even a penny-in-the-slot for the sale of penny and halfpenny stamps. Nor must we forget that latest addition of all, Old Age Pensions, which are paid through the Post Office.

What a change is all this from the clumsy arrangements of less than a hundred years ago. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, penny postage was still unknown, and as for the many and wonderful labour-saving inventions in use to-day at the General Post Office, they could hardly have been dreamt of then. Perhaps one of the most marvellous of these is the Post Office (London) Tube Railway now in course of construction, and which, when completed, will enable the Post Office to deal satisfactorily with the ever-increasing mail business that passes between the various London post offices and great railway stations. The new Tube will start from the Paddington district office and end at the one in Whitechapel Road. The trains will consist of small trucks which will run automatically, without any drivers, on an up-and-down track. This wonderful scheme will not only hasten and facilitate the collection and delivery of letters in London, but will also relieve some of the traffic in our streets, for it will enable a great number of post-office vans and motors to be taken off.

You will gain just a little idea of how necessary is any labour-saving device in the work of the General Post Office when you hear that for the year ending 31st March 1914 the total number of postal packets (this includes letters, post cards, newspapers, and parcels) delivered in London amounted to 1,500,417,000, while those posted reached the colossal number of 2,171,339,000. Set yourself this nice little sum—to find out what this represents in hundreds; you will then better realise the work of the London General Post Office in the matter of postal packets alone, and which, as we have already said, is not by any means its only work.

The head of the English Post Office is the Postmaster-General, and under him are various secretaries, while added to these are many different officers, for each department has its own chief, who is responsible for the work and discipline of his particular branch.

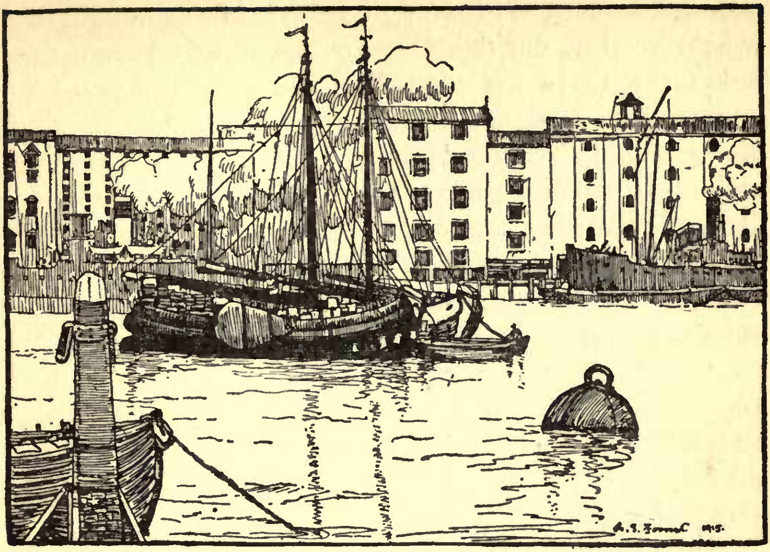
In addition to the great head office in King Edward Street, London is divided into eight districts for postal purposes; this enables letters and parcels to be collected and delivered locally—that is, without having to pass through the General Post Office, though most of those received in and sent out of London do so. The portion of each district within three miles of the General Post Office is termed the "Town Delivery" and the remainder the "Suburban Delivery."

All the year round we listen for the postman's knock, and should be greatly dismayed if his cheery "rat-tat" was not heard; but how many of us give a thought to all the work which makes possible the numerous and regular deliveries we get in London? And the postmen themselves, how civil and obliging they are, even when, that we may have our Christmas cards, they have to work twelve hours instead of eight.

Until about 1860 postmen wore a scarlet uniform; this would look strange to us now, but more curious still is the appearance of a postman of ninety years ago, whose head was crowned by a "top" hat!

Close by the General Post Office is an open space, formerly the graveyard of the church of St. Botolph Without, but now known as the "Postmen's Park." Here, at the suggestion of the late G. F. Watts, the well-known artist, a cloister was erected in which tablets have from time to time been placed commemorative of acts of bravery by heroes and heroines of everyday life, and in many cases very humble ones. There is a statue also of the great artist himself.

This then, in brief, is the story of how London's General Post Office and its work have grown up, until to-day its efficiency is probably unexcelled throughout the world.



DUTCH EEL BOATS OFF BILLINGSGATE.

CHAPTER XVI

LONDON'S GREAT MARKETS

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never, never will be slaves."

If Britannia did not rule the waves, or was once to lose her command of the sea, London would starve, for she gets all food from outside the city—either from the surrounding country or from over the sea. Steamers with live cattle from North America come up the Thames to the cattle wharf, others from Canada arrive at Liverpool, and in the same way there come from at home and abroad oxen, sheep, pigs, poultry, vegetables, fruit; all these have to be brought into London by ship, railway, or cart. Not straight to the shops, though, from which we buy our daily necessaries, but to certain great markets; these are visited in the early hours of the morning by vast crowds of shopkeepers, who purchase the goods in large quantities and sell them to us, the public, in smaller portions. So you see Britannia and her waves play an important part with regard to London's food.

Perhaps the largest of these chief centres of our food supply is

SMITHFIELD,

the great Meat Market of London, and until 1855 its only market for sheep, horses, cattle, and hay, and the largest live-stock market in the world.

Smithfield, or "Smoothfield," as it was originally called, is famous in history for other things besides meat. It was formerly a tournament ground, just outside the city walls, and in the reign of the early Edwards was the scene of many a joust and revel. Here too for centuries was held Bartholomew Fair, established in the reign of Henry the Second, and attended yearly by crowds of revellers. But Smithfield has yet another memory, and that a very sad one, for, in the time of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, it saw the burning of many a religious martyr at the stake. This was also the spot chosen for public executions until about the reign of Henry the Fifth, when the gallows were removed to Tyburn.

It continued as a market for live cattle until 1855, when it was condemned by law as being unfit for the growing needs of the City, so the live stock were removed elsewhere, and the present London Central Meat Market was erected in its place—a fine red brick building with towers at each corner, and a roof of glass and iron. A main road runs through the centre of the building which, at certain hours, may be seen filled with carts and vans, whose owners are inside conducting their business. On the ground floor are shops, and on the upper ones rooms and offices, whilst the towers are used for restaurants and as post office and telegraph stations.

In the centre of Smithfield is a small garden with a fountain in the centre. The road winding round this leads down below to what is the most wonderful part of the whole building, for here is to be found a great railway depot with sidings and platforms just like a station. There are cellars for storage purposes, in addition to huge hydraulic lifts to convey the meat up to the ground floor of the market.

Other buildings, similar though smaller, are to be found side by side with the Meat Market: these are the Poultry and Provision Markets, to which come poultry from all parts of the world.

There is another important building which, though it has nothing to do with meat or poultry, we must not pass by without some mention—this is St. Bartholomew's Hospital (see Chapter XXVI), the very first hospital for the sick and the oldest and richest institution of its kind in London. It is one of the few great buildings which escaped the Fire of London, beginning as it did at Pudding Lane and stopping at Pye Corner in Smithfield; there still stands, nearly opposite St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the statue of a fat boy to commemorate the fact.

But you will want to know what became of the live-cattle market, as if it were not for the live animals there would be no work for Smithfield Market! A great new building was erected for them at Islington, on a place called Copenhagen Fields; it is known as the

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET,

and is one of the largest in the world, millions of cattle, sheep, and pigs being sold here during the year; as many as 30,000 animals may be seen on a single day. Tolls are levied by the City of London on all animals sold in this market.

It is a fine building and has a tall clock tower, around which are shops and offices, just as at Smithfield. It has its underground station too; but what interests us most is the large, partly covered space, surrounded with stalls, to which the animals are brought to be sold. All who love these poor dumb creatures will be glad to hear that when exposed for sale, as well as when the time comes to kill them, great care is taken that they should suffer as little as possible.

There is a market for cattle, sheep, and pigs on Mondays and Thursdays, whilst Friday is the day for the sale of horses, donkeys, and goats, as well as for another very quaint market called the "Pedlars' Market," when every funny old thing you can think of—from a steam-engine to a strap-buckle—is offered for sale, many of the buyers being as old and ragged as the goods they come to purchase.

But little would most of us care for our meat if we had no vegetables to eat with it. There are several fruit and vegetable markets in London, but the chief of them all is

COVENT GARDEN MARKET,

which has one of the finest shows of fruit, flowers, and vegetables in the world. Though much of this comes from different parts of our own kingdom, a great deal is also supplied by other lands—France, Germany, Spain, and Holland each contributing its special flower or fruit.

Nearly all night long, heavily laden carts come rumbling along the main roads; they are piled up so cleverly, sometimes 12 feet high, with baskets of fruit or vegetables, but often without so much as a cord to hold them, and we wonder why they do not come toppling over! They begin to arrive soon after midnight, and are ranged in order in the streets leading to the market, ready for unpacking, which is done about four o'clock in the morning. These are the people with goods to sell, but soon there come hurrying along the buyers. It is impossible for these, in a good many cases, to draw up even within sight of the market, so a tangle of carts and costers' barrows may be seen in the roads which lead to or branch out of it.

Between five and six o'clock in the morning is the time to see the market. Such a struggling, shouting, and elbowing goes on, for everyone is in a hurry to get their goods and be off, the greengrocer to his shop, the flower-girl to her post.

The Flower Market, or "Floral Hall," as it is termed, is like fairy-land, with its dazzling array of colour and sweet scent.

In and Around London

There is an old song which says :

> "If ever you go to London Town,
> Just take a peep at Covent Garden."

And it is certainly well worth a "peep."

This great busy market was always a garden, though a very different one to that of to-day, for it stands on what was, as far back as 1200, the old Convent Garden of the monks of Westminster, and this is how it comes by its name. When the houses of these religious men were done away with, the land was granted to the Russell family and through them came finally to the present Duke of Bedford, whose shield of arms was carved over the entrances.

In 1631 James the First commanded Inigo Jones, the principal architect of that time, to build the great square, the arched promenade, or piazza as it was called, becoming a fashionable resort.

It was about 1651 that the market began, consisting at first of only a few temporary stalls and sheds held under the shade of the trees overhanging the wall of Bedford House. When this was pulled down in 1704, the market spread itself over the entire space, but it was not until 1831 that the present buildings were erected ; since then they have been greatly enlarged and improved.

There is a roof garden which, like the Floral Hall, is well worth a visit. Here we shall find all manner of trellis-work, cork, and other ornamental garden articles, attractively arranged. There are stone fountains full of dainty goldfish, and in exchange for coins of the realm you may, if so disposed, carry away some of these —unless, of course, you prefer a parrot, singing-bird, or silk-worms, all of which are displayed for sale.

A great sensation was caused in the Market when it became known in the early part of 1914 that the Duke of Bedford had sold the Covent Garden estate. The older tenants (several of whom had been born at Covent Garden) were particularly concerned at the change of ownership, for they had found the Duke a good and kind landlord.

As well as meat, vegetables, and fruit, we most of us like fish. Let us see how London gets her supply of this commodity.

In Lower Thames Street, a little below London Bridge, we shall find

BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET,

so called, it is said, after Belin, King of the Britons, who built the first water-gate of the City, on the site of which the market stands. It has not the sweet scent of Covent Garden—indeed, very much the reverse, as you can tell before you come to it—but it is just as interesting in its own way.

Billingsgate Wharf is the oldest on the Thames, and from the very earliest times fishing vessels have landed their cargoes here, the fish being sold at first in Old Fish Street, and later on in and about Thames Street.

Moored just off Billingsgate are two curious-looking vessels; if two depart, two more at once take their place. They are Dutch eel boats; these had certain fishing privileges accorded them hundreds of years ago, probably in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were given the right to moor their boats at that spot. Should they for a moment leave the mooring unoccupied, they would forfeit their rights. They come over full of eels, which are kept alive until Billingsgate is ready for them. It has been said that "the boats, in the centuries, have changed as little in their appearance as the eels."

The general market is in Thames Street, and the arcade, which is continued here, is glass-covered. The wide gallery running round the interior of the building is used for the sale of fried fish, whilst underground is a well-lighted and airy basement which serves as the shell-fish market, and where crabs and lobsters are boiled when brought ashore.

The market opens at five o'clock, and then all is hurry and bustle. Fishmongers and costermongers crowd in, and the streets are blocked with vehicles of every description, from wagons and carts to costermongers' barrows. There, on the riverside, are steamers which have brought in fish from the North Sea; boxes of bloaters from Yarmouth; tons of cod; baskets of sprats, mackerel, or soles, as the case may be; salmon from our own rivers, and great handsome fellows which have come in ice from the Scottish and Irish rivers, or from Norway.

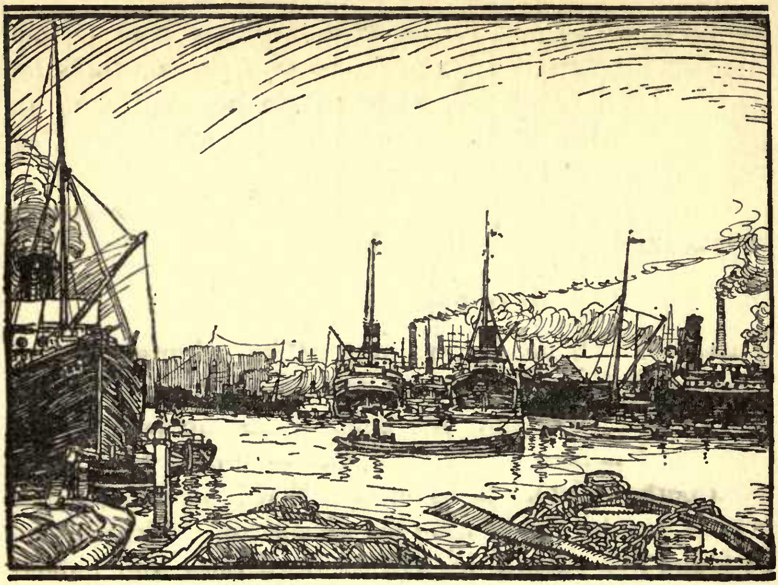
Formerly most of the fish which came to Billingsgate arrived by water, but now a great portion is also conveyed by rail from the different fishing centres. The fish is all sold by numbers, or *tale* as it is called, with the exception of salmon, which is sold by weight, and shell-fish by measure.

Sometimes when the weather has been rough and stormy there is very little fish to be had, and what there is is very dear. On these occasions the fishmonger has to do the best he can, for he must stock his shop, or his customers would not come to him; but the costermonger cannot afford to buy, for his customers are poor people and could not pay a high price, so what do you think he does? He hastens off, with his donkey and cart, to Covent Garden, and provides himself with oranges or vegetables to sell instead!

There is yet another London market which comes among the important ones; this is

LEADENHALL MARKET,

a name which has grown out of its original title of Leather Hall, for it was once famous for its leather and raw hides. It is now the chief poultry market of the City and has been so for over four hundred years. But what perhaps interests us most is that if we want a pet it is to Leadenhall Market we should go. Here are to be found live rabbits, as well as dead ones, and indeed every kind of creature from a dog or a fox to a tortoise or a goldfish. When a cat is wanted to keep the rats down on board ship or to perform the same duty with regard to a warehouse, it is Leadenhall Market that is visited. Talking of cats, who do you think gave the ground on which the market stands? Most appropriately it was Dick Whittington who presented it to the City.



SHIPPING ON THE THAMES.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PORT OF LONDON

THERE is no doubt but that some kind of trading was carried on between the early Britons and their nearest neighbours from Gaul (France). It is more than likely that merchants from this country pushed their way up the river to London, bringing such things as ornaments and weapons which they bartered or exchanged with the Britons for skins, slaves, and tin, and possibly the pearls found by the fishermen in the fresh-water mussels. However this may be, it is certain that a city so conveniently situated for sea trade as London, must from earliest times have attracted foreign traders, and it is an undoubted fact that when the Romans (the first conquerors of Britain) arrived there they found it already a prosperous trading city.

When the Romans left London its trade left also, but at the coming of the Saxons it revived, and the little port of Dowgate, on the Walbrook, was once more filled with the shallops, or two-masted vessels, of the merchants from Gaul. This, however, outgrew the increasing foreign trade, so Billingsgate and Queenhithe became the landing-places for cargoes. They in turn becoming too small, Queen Elizabeth, who has been called our "Merchant Queen," ordered that certain quays should be authorised as legal landing-places for goods, and with these London had to manage as well as it could for over two centuries.

The Gauls no longer traded, as it was not worth their while to risk meeting the Jutes or pirates at the river mouth. Notwithstanding this, London was once more "the mart of many nations resorting to it both by sea and land," and old Saxon documents tell us that it was the chief port in all England. But now a change comes over the scene, and this is how it came about.

In the eighth century German merchants had arrived in London, where they were received with great kindness and politeness, upon which they proceeded to trade for their own advantage. By the early part of the thirteenth century these men, who called themselves "Hanse," had quite settled down on the banks of the Thames, and had even a "Gildhall" and warehouses of their own. They supplied London with furs, tar, fish, and wax, the latter being used for church candles. In return for these trade privileges the Hanseatic League, as it was termed, undertook to defend and keep in order the Bishopsgate in wartime. As years went on they became so powerful and obtained so many privileges from various English kings that in the end they had monopolised or secured the whole of London's trade with the Flemish ports in addition to that from Germany and the Baltic, English ships in consequence being actually excluded from these ports and compelled to go farther afield, as far as Bordeaux and Lisbon.

Then came Italian money-changers, or Lombards, who grasped still more of the English trade and were even allowed to collect the dues on the cargoes of every incoming ship which was stationed off Billingsgate and Queenhithe, paying a certain annual sum to the king for this privilege.

At last both London's king and citizens became tired of these German merchants monopolising all the trade, and determined to put an end to this Hanseatic League. Since the year 1505 it had been growing less important; bit by bit its privileges were withdrawn and its place taken by an English company of merchants which had sprung into existence and which, after pushing out the Germans, themselves took over the Flemish trade.

As time went on, various causes combined to make London great, among these being the discovery of new and rich lands beyond the seas which brought wares to London's port in British vessels, returning with theirs in exchange; the building of the Royal Exchange by Sir Thomas Gresham, which drew many foreign merchants to London, thereby vastly increasing its trade, and finally the decline of the port and trade of Antwerp.

Meanwhile many other foreign trading companies had arisen, but they all helped to bring increased prosperity to the Port of London, and the river became blocked with shipping and the quays crowded with merchandise; in fact, London's trade outgrew its river accommodation, and when several fleets arrived together the vessels often lay for weeks, unable to discharge their cargoes because the merchants' stores and the quays were full to overflowing. Even when cargoes (often valuable ones) were landed they had to be piled up anywhere, and it was impossible to protect them from the water and riverside thieves, so in 1793 the West India merchants proposed to provide a special dock for their own trade and began raising the money for this purpose.

Perhaps some of our readers may not quite know what docks are and why they are so necessary; for their benefit, therefore, we will try to explain.

A dock in early days was very different to what it is to-day. Originally it was any protected place where a ship could lie in safety either afloat or aground, but those of the present day consist of a clever arrangement by which water is kept in a large basin at an even height by means of gates. These gates are left open at high tide for ships to go in and out, but when the tide is low they are closed in order to keep the water at high tide level. Consequently, if a large vessel arrives at low water, instead of having to wait outside for high tide, it can enter the dock through the gates, be moored to the side of the quays, and load or unload in safety. Many of these "wet" or water docks have by their side what is called a "dry" dock, in which vessels are repaired or cleaned; when the ship comes riding in, the basin is full of water, but when safely "in dock" (that is, inside) the gates are closed and the water is let out. There are also "floating" docks; these, too, are used for repairing vessels, chiefly the smaller ones.

But to return to our tale. The question of building docks caused a great outcry among the owners of the old quays (Billingsgate and Queenhithe) as they feared they would be ruined. These were not the only people either who objected to the new arrangements; both the lightermen and wharfingers also opposed it. Who are these, does someone ask? Well, as trade increased and the quay accommodation became more and more insufficient, many vessels, as we have seen, lay out in the stream, so gradually a fleet of sailing barges, or "lighters," to give them their proper name, came into existence and formed a connection between the quays and the ships by assisting in the loading and unloading of the latter, becoming, and indeed still remaining, not only useful, but indispensable to the port. The wharfingers, as the private owners of quays and warehouses are termed, also feared that their warehousing business might be affected. However, these and many other difficulties were overcome by the payment of a large sum of money to compensate those who suffered (or thought they might suffer) any loss, while the lighters were to be free to fetch and carry within certain distances, as they do to this day.

In 1802 the first docks with quays, wharves, and warehouses complete, were opened under the name of the "West India Dock." During the next eighty years others followed, for the dock system proved a huge success, and in 1886 the last of them, the great docks at Tilbury, were completed, these forming the final link in the long dock chain. They are so deep that the largest ship in the world can enter them at any state of the tide; on this account and also because they lead straight out into the Channel, they are the central point for the ocean passenger steamers.

Formerly every port was a terminus—that is, when a ship entered, it remained there until it was time to start out again. But times and needs have changed, and now both British and foreign steamships use Tilbury as a port of call. To enable steamers to discharge and take up fresh cargoes without loss of time, the Port Authority have constructed a huge jetty just outside the docks but connected with them, alongside of which the great steamers are able to draw up.

It is this long line of docks extending practically from close by the Tower Bridge to Gravesend, a distance of twenty-six miles, which makes up what we call the "Port of London." All along the river there are various wharves and hithes or landing-places, but the actual Port of London is this twenty-six miles of waterway, at which we will take a look presently.

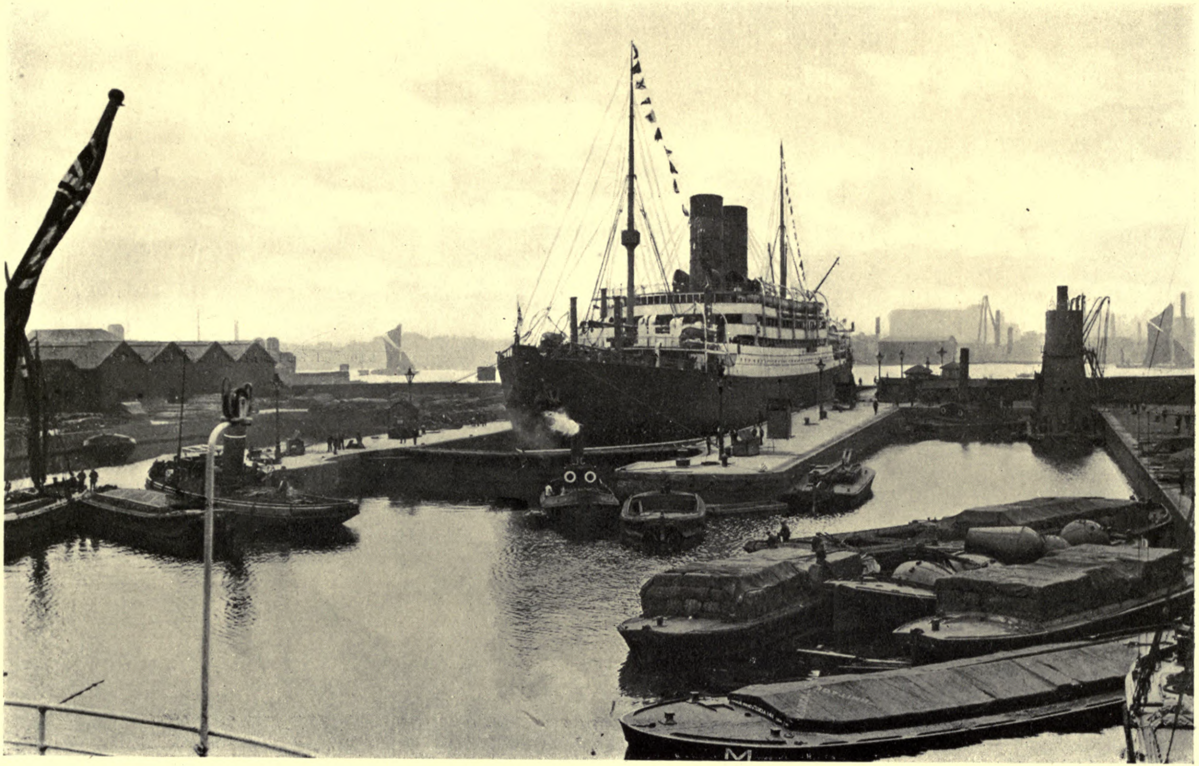
You have no doubt often heard England called a free-trade country, and so it is; consequently London is a free port, which means that every kind of merchandise can be landed there without payment of customs or duty on it. There are some exceptions, however, the chief of which are tea, coffee, wine, spirits, tobacco, and dry fruits; duty has to be paid upon these before they can be sold here, and these duties are collected by the officers of what is called the Custom House. The present building stands close to Billingsgate Market and is the fifth on the same site, for the charging of customs is not by any means a new one. We read that in the ninth century King

Ethelred imposed a custom of one halfpenny on every small boat arriving at "Billynggesgate," and fourpence on each large vessel. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the customs produced the large sum of £73,846, 12s. 10d., but this is nothing compared to to-day, when the Custom duties of London alone amount to nearly £15,000,000.

The goods which are free of duty can naturally be unloaded and discharged at once, but those which are subject to customs must be kept in "bond," that is, stored in Government warehouses ("bonded warehouses," these are called) until the duty has been paid. Now this is not only a most useful and convenient arrangement, but it is one of the chief sources of our commercial prosperity, for supposing a merchant had imported (which, you know, means the bringing of the products of other countries into England) a very large quantity of tobacco or tea, he might not be able to afford to pay the duty on it all at once, perhaps not even until he sold it, so the Government allows his goods to remain in one of the bonded warehouses until he can pay.

We have found who the wharfingers and lightermen are, but we must not forget to mention "The Trinity House" on Tower Hill, the headquarters of the corporation which look after buoys and lighthouses round the British coast, for it is they who are responsible for the lighting of the port. On 20th May 1914 the Brethren, as they are called, commemorated the four hundredth anniversary of the granting of a charter to their corporation by King Henry the Eighth.

Until recently the docks were owned by various private companies, but in 1909 an Act was passed by which the entire port was placed under a new authority



THE SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCKS ON THE THAMES.

Photo, Topical.

known as the "Port of London Authority," who have supreme command of its management and development, except that The Trinity House still remains responsible for the lights and buoys of the river; the Metropolitan River Police are its guardians, and the Corporation of London looks after the sanitary condition of its shipping.

England, as most of us know, has more than one port; there are ports at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other places, to which products of all kinds from abroad are brought by foreign ships to be unloaded and distributed, and from which too our own ships set out, bearing British manufactures to distant lands. But of all these ports the Port of London stands first, not only in the United Kingdom, but first in the world.

To gain some idea of the vastness of the shipping trade of London, let us imagine ourselves sailing up that twenty-six miles of waterway in one of the Gravesend steamers. You must keep your eyes open, for there is much to be seen. There, on the wharves on either side of the river, are all kinds of mechanical arrangements for loading and unloading the ships, as well as great elevators for filling the bunkers of the steamers on their outward journey.

You may see, on the Import Docks, bags of wheat from America being caught up by cranes and emptied into granaries. The one at Millwall Dock is the finest in London and holds 24,000 tons, but we hear that this, after all, is only sufficient to give the metropolis one week's supply.

Cargoes of frozen meat from Australia and America are unloaded in much the same way as the grain, and then placed in cold storage warehouses. Many of the docks have these cold storage rooms, but the Royal Victoria and Albert Meat Dock Stores are said to be the most capacious in existence, being capable of receiving 568,000 carcases of frozen mutton. They can also boast of possessing the largest sheet of dock water in the world, the area of which is 184 acres.

Some of the docks are fragrant with coffee, spices, and such-like products from Eastern lands. In the warehouses of St. Katharine's Dock, for instance, a scent factory is carried on. The most popular flowers for scent are pressed into fat before being sent from the country in which they grow, their essence remaining in the fat. Upon arrival at the dock this essence is extracted by special machinery and manufactured into scent, while the fat goes to make scented soap.

In the West India Dock we shall find, among many other things, various woods used by furniture and cabinet makers. Some of these are in great blocks and logs, but nevertheless they are removed quite easily by means of huge lifts worked by either steam or hydraulic power, or, more often than not, by electricity.

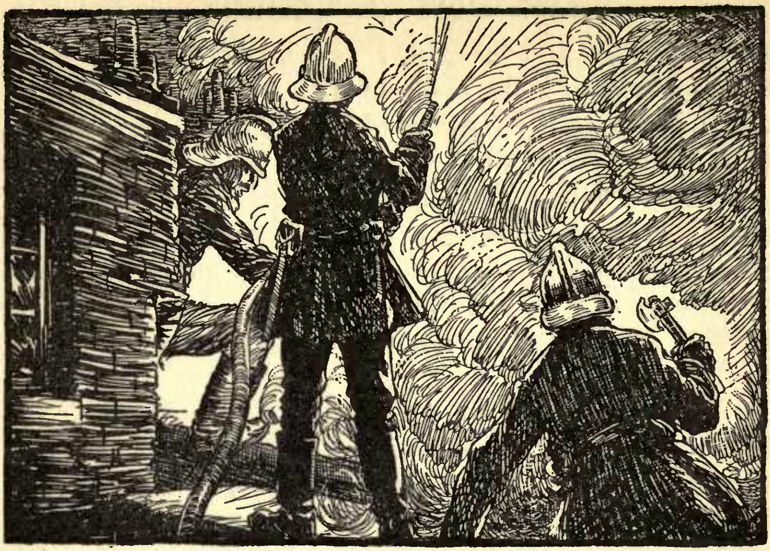
Then there are bales and bales of wool, for you must remember that London imports nearly all the wool which comes into this country, and the wool market in the City is attended by buyers from all over the world. But, in spite of this, we can hardly believe our eyes when we read that 40,000,000 fleeces arrive annually at a group of docks known as the "London Docks," and which, when shown for sale, cover a floor space of 13 acres! Indeed, the half of it cannot be told; the story of the Port of London is a story without end, for there arrives at it nearly everything you can think of, from the most humble and necessary article of food to such valuable products as tusks of ivory, gorgeous plumes and feathers, to say nothing of bars of gold and silver to be coined at the Mint.

Be sure and notice also the ships which, after discharging their loads, are being reladen with British manufactures going out to be sold to other nations; these exports, as they are called, consist chiefly of woollen, cotton, and linen materials, and also metal goods and machinery.

These are but a very few of the marvellous sights which would meet your eye if you took that Gravesend steamer journey. It is wonderful alone to see the vast basins filled with shipping, the miles of quays, the colossal warehouses beneath which are huge cellars for storing oil and wine, while above them are the landing-stages, the packing-yards, and the enormous cranes and other apparatus used in loading and unloading. Yet vast as it all is, we learn that there is a great new dock being constructed between the Royal Albert Dock and the river's bank. There are going to be some wonderful jetties here, designed in such a way that they can be lengthened for larger vessels as required.

In 1913–14 the trade of the Port of London exceeded, both in the magnitude of its shipping and the value of its imports and exports, all previous records, continuing to stand first of the six leading ports of the United Kingdom.

We shall agree that the Port of London is certainly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the wheels in the machinery which makes London go round, making it, too, "the nerve centre of the trade of the world"!



FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

CHAPTER XVIII

LONDON'S FIRE BRIGADE

HERE it comes! There is no other bell like that of the Fire Brigade; it not only commands attention as it comes dashing along, but it is the only one which can clear the way nearly as quickly as a mounted policeman, for everybody knows that it must not be delayed on its way to save perhaps life, or at anyrate property.

Men and engine alike are so smart nowadays that it is interesting to know something of how our splendid and efficient Fire Brigade has grown up.

As far back as the time of the Romans there was some kind of machine used to throw a jet of water for the purpose of extinguishing fire. We have also accounts in the sixteenth century of "instruments used for fires" and "water syringes useful for fire," and we know that in England hand-squirts were employed up to the end of the seventeenth century.

It makes us smile nowadays to read that these squirts, which were of brass, contained three or four quarts of water, and that a man held the handles at the sides and pressed the button at the end of the piston against his chest, or else two men held the handles and a third forced up the piston, but as the nozzle had to be dipped into water each time we can imagine that it was not of much service, especially in those days of wood-built houses.

We are, however, chiefly concerned as to how London protected itself in cases of fire, and so it is interesting to read that when "the first Lord Mayor was in office at the end of the twelfth century all persons who dwelt in large houses within the City wards were required to keep a ladder or two ready in order to succour their neighbours in case of fire, and in summer to also keep before their doors a barrel full of water for quenching such fire." In addition "ten reputable men of every ward, with ten aldermen, had to provide a strong crook of iron with a wooden handle, together with two chains and two strong cords, and the beadle had to sound the alarm on a horn."

It was the Great Fire of London which awakened people to a sense of their danger and the necessity for making better provision against such a terrible foe. As a consequence, the City was provided with ladders and buckets, brass hand-squirts and shovels, and something in the nature of an engine; as the squirts already described were little better than a garden syringe, it is hardly surprising that at the Fire of London their only idea of stopping the spread of the flames was to pull down the buildings, "but," as the poor Lord Mayor exclaimed, "the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."

By degrees some of the companies united, but it was not until about 1832 that all the important ones combined and the "London Fire Engine Establishment" was formed. It had only eighty men to begin with, and Mr. James Braidwood (the first man to publicly apply steam power to the working of an engine) was London's first "fire chief." We have not space here to tell the story of how, to the regret of the whole nation, he lost his life in 1861 while discharging his duties.

The insurance companies continued to have charge of this work down to the end of 1865, by which time London had grown so greatly that it became necessary to make better provision and improve the service, for even at this date it took an engine twenty-eight minutes to reach a fire a mile distant from its station. An Act of Parliament was therefore passed, empowering the Metropolitan Board of Works to take over the engines and appliances of the London Fire Engine Establishment and rename it the "Metropolitan Fire Brigade." This authority at once proceeded to secure the services of regular firemen (chiefly drawn from the Naval Reserve), construct additional and improved engines and stations, and map out the metropolis into convenient districts. Last, but not least, they saw that the firemen worked in harmony, not only with the members of the brigade, but also with those of the London Salvage Corps, a body of men maintained, and still maintained, by the principal Fire Insurance companies, and whose duty it is to assist in saving property in fires.

But before we go on to talk about our splendid Fire Brigade as it is to-day, we must go back a little, for, like the actual work of extinguishing fires, the life-escape system was anything but satisfactory. Before 1828, for instance, the only means of rescuing people from a burning building was the parish ladder, which, more often than not, was unavailable at the moment or, even if obtained, too short for the purpose, and it was not until 1836 that an association called the "Fire Escape Society" was founded by a Mr. James Hudson of Cheapside. The escape consisted of a long ladder mounted on a wheeled carriage, with an apparatus for bringing persons down from the upper window of a burning house, trained men to manipulate them being kept by the Society in different parts of the metropolis.

Gradual improvements were made in the other appliances, especially in the brass hand-squirts, the addition of leather hose enabling the water to be carried farther. Though the squirts passed out of use for a time, owing to the perfecting of the manual fire engine, they were reintroduced in 1841, and by the middle of the century were such efficient instruments that every engine carried one of them, for they were able to throw six or eight gallons of water every minute to a height of thirty or forty feet—rather different to the three or four quarts of their predecessors.

A year later a new form of protection against fire sprang up in the way of offices such as we have at the present day for insuring household property. The first of these (the Phœnix Fire Assurance Company) established in 1680 a fire brigade to look after the property they insured. Other companies soon took up this new idea, and their firemen were supposed to be always ready at a call and provided with the kind of appliances we have already mentioned.

But, unfortunately, there was a great deal of rivalry among the brigades, their motto not being "All for all," but "Each for himself," and if a building bore a rival office's marks it might be burnt to a cinder before any of the other brigades would render help.

There was rivalry also among the men themselves who wore the livery of the particular office to which they were attached as a means of advertising it. They often quarrelled as to who had first arrived on the scene at a fire and was consequently entitled to the reward, for the firemen were not employed only for this service, but many of them followed the calling of Thames watermen; even carpenters, plumbers, masons, and others were pressed into the service, being allowed to follow their own trades upon promising to respond at once if called out. It was rather a slow matter, though, to get them all together when required.

The engines too were improved, although it was not until about 1860 that steam was employed for these and also for the floating fire engines used on the Thames.

It would be neither possible or interesting to mention all the various steps by which the Fire Brigade became more and more efficient, but we must pass on to the time when it began to grow into the splendid organisation of to-day.

A great deal of the credit is due to Captain Massey Shaw (afterwards Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, K.C.B.), its first Chief of Brigade from its establishment in 1866, and who, during his thirty years' service, did much to increase its work. When he entered upon his duties there were only 130 men and 20 stations, but when he retired in 1891 there were over 700 firemen, 59 stations, improved appliances of all sorts, and 600 electrical fire-alarms. By the bye, you all know these, do you not? They are to be found at almost any street corner, and generally bear the notice, "To give the alarm in case of fire, break the glass and pull the knob." Having followed these instructions, an electric current transmits the fire signal to the nearest station.

When the London County Council took over, in 1889, the charge of the Fire Brigade it made many more improvements, but in the twenty-five years which have passed since then, the brigade has been brought up to a still higher state of efficiency. Among other things motors have to a great extent taken the place (on the fire engines) of the horses. They have not all gone, though, some stations still using them, but it is thought that within the next three years horses will be unknown in the London Fire Brigade. When this comes to pass, the fascinating sight will be lost to the metropolis of those beautiful grey horses galloping through the streets as if they quite understood the importance of their mission. With such skill, too, are they driven through a maze of traffic that it is not surprising how everyone turns to look with interest when that clanging bell is heard.

Already to-day the metropolis possesses over one hundred motor appliances and two motor fire-floats, and it is now proposed to add a number of other new ones, both motor and electric. Even this is not all, for the authorities have in mind further improvements and safeguards for fighting the flames, among which are a new kind of smoke helmet, an electric fan for blowing air into places where dense smoke exists, and also a portable searchlight; so, you see, things are going on apace.

That the brigade is kept busy is proved by the fact that during the year 1913 it received 5760 calls. Although, of course, most of the fires are purely accidental, you would be astonished if you knew how many of them are caused by carelessness, such as lights thrown down, sparks from fires, and so on.

In 1878 Southwark Road became the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, but in addition to this there are now 83 land stations, 3 river (or floating) ones, and no less than 1549 electrical fire-alarms.

We are probably less familiar with the great steam floating engines used on the river banks than with those on land; if you want to see one of these you must go to Blackfriars Bridge or to the fine Waterside Fire Station on Cherry Garden Pier, where the men are to be found when off duty. You will see neither horses, escapes, nor drill, but merely a float strong enough to support a powerful engine capable of pumping 1500 gallons of water a minute on to a burning wharf. As the float and engine, drawn by an active little tug of its own, comes tearing along, everything clears out of its path. Though less well known, because seldomer seen, the river brigade is as important in its own way as its elder brother.

To encourage smartness and proficiency among the staff who man the horsed and motor escapes, the L.C.C. organise an annual competition. In June 1914 this function was held in Hyde Park and honoured by the presence of the King and Queen. His Majesty, after presenting the medals and certificates awarded for brave deeds performed during the previous year, watched with deepest interest the brilliant display which followed.

Perhaps you think that when the men are not out at a fire or giving a display, they are idle; this is far from the case. In order to be ever ready for duty's call, the London firemen keep themselves fit by daily drill, and go through, at least once a week, the whole process of life-saving.

We will imagine that we are favoured by being allowed to take a peep inside one of the stations, preferably one which still uses horses. There, in the quadrangle, we find the men at drill. We watch them for a moment, and then our eyes are attracted by the figure of a man swinging on a rope; a hook is attached to his shoulders and he is slipping down the rope which other men are holding—we catch our breath, surely he will fall, but no! he is being lowered from an imaginary burning room where a fire escape could not be used, and, to our relief, is brought safely to the ground, for only when he reaches it we discover that it is a "dummy." It is in this way that the firemen learn how to deal with rescued people.

But now they are putting the fire escape up against the house, and up go a couple of men like a flash; one disappears into an upper room only to reappear in a moment with a bundle in his arms which he hands to his companion, who brings it down; but the first man—what is he doing? He is going still higher! The escape does not reach far enough, so how is he going to get there? Oh, we see now; he has a hook ladder—one of the wonderful modern inventions—so he is able to get to the top; but what courage he must have to use it and then to creep along that narrow ledge.

We see many other wonderful things; how water can be thrown from one side of the street to the other by means of a strong water-jet; how the beautiful brass helmets which make the men look so smart have air pumped into them through a tube to enable their wearers to enter a room full of smoke, their usefulness not even ending here, for we find that they can also be employed as a speaking-tube. The ladders are brought out next, and we notice that they all fit into one another, and when separated act as stretchers for injured people.

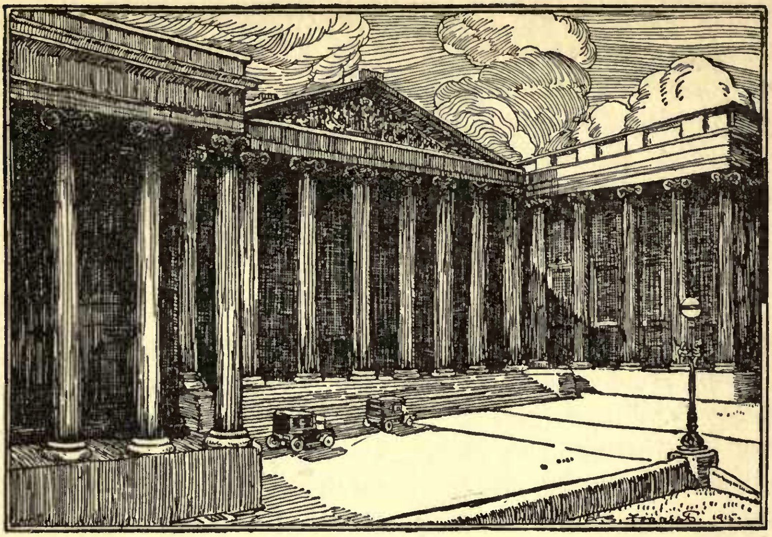
Supposing a call comes in the night, what happens then? The electric alarm in the street not only gives notice to the nearest fire-brigade station but sets the bells ringing throughout the whole building, and, furthermore, by means of a fire-signalling apparatus, it rings a bell in each man's room, at the same time turning up a light over his bed. In fifteen seconds from the time the light goes up that man is dressed and at his post. How would you like to dress at that rate?

But listen! there *is* the fire-alarm bell. A whistle follows and a sharp word of command. Then quicker than we can write firemen rush to the head of each horse and press a little knob near its bit; that one touch lets loose the cord which secures the horse to the stall, lets down the collar on to its neck, and as it runs out withdraws the rug from its back. Meanwhile the firemen have pulled on their long boots and donned their helmets, the doors have flown open by electricity, and everything has started off in less than half a minute. First went the escape, followed a few seconds after by the engine and the rest of the appliances.

They are off, those brave men, with their lives in their hands. We think (and rightly too) a great deal of our soldiers and sailors and life-boat men, but the bravery of our firemen is such an everyday affair that we are inclined to take it as a matter of course; but if you went into the recreation room of the head offices you would find there two silent witnesses of their bravery—the "Roll of Honour" and the torn and battered helmets of heroes who have died at the post of duty.

Do not forget then that not only does our splendid Fire Brigade keep watch and ward over London both by day and night, but that its magnificent force of over 1600 men, commanded by Commander Sladen, R.N., are ready at any moment to rescue those in danger of fire, and in doing so are often called upon to lay down their own lives.

This is indeed true citizenship. Give all due honour, therefore, to the heroes of the brass helmet!



THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND HOW WE CAME BY IT

It is largely, though not entirely, to a little boy who, like most small boys, was fond of collecting treasures, that we owe our great national institution, the British Museum.

This boy, whose name was Hans Sloane, was born in the north of Ireland just over two hundred and fifty years ago, and as soon as he was old enough he began to take a keen interest in natural history, and in collecting all sorts of curiosities. He studied medicine, and at quite an early age became a well-known doctor, which led to his going out to the West Indies as physician to the Duke of Albemarle, who was Governor of Jamaica at that time. This enabled young Sloane to pursue his favourite hobby of making natural history observations and collections. Upon returning to England, his practice, which included royalty, grew very large; he became famous, too, as a scientist, and was knighted in 1716.

All through his life he continued to travel and collect, until he was known as one of the most famous English collectors of his day, and by the time he died, at the great age of ninety-three, he had accumulated numberless treasures and curiosities of all kinds. These he left in his will to the nation, on condition that the sum of £20,000, less than half their value, was paid to his family. Upon the terms being accepted by the Government, an Act of Parliament was passed to provide for the purchase of Sir Hans Sloane's treasures, as well as some valuable manuscripts known as the "Harleian Library," which belonged to Harley, Earl of Oxford. To these were added the "Cottonian Library," already in the possession of the nation, containing many famous historical manuscripts, but the building in which they had been kept having been burnt down, a new home had to be found for them.

The money was raised, and in 1754 Montague House, in Great Russell Street, was bought and prepared, but not until January 1759 was it opened to the public, and then only for three hours daily. In spite of being enlarged, it soon became too small to hold all the valuable things which were constantly being added, and when in 1823 George the Fourth presented it with the library collected by his father, George the Third, the "King's Library," as it is termed, a new building was decided upon.

The walls of the old house were taken down, piece by piece, as the new building grew up, until, by the time it was completed in 1845, not a trace of Montague House remained. Since then it has been extended and enlarged, as not only have the various collections continued to increase, but also the books, for there is a law by which a copy of every book printed in this country must be sent to the British Museum. In order to make more room for other exhibits, the Natural History collection was, in 1882, removed to a separate museum at South Kensington, so it is not concerned with our present story.

An important addition to the British Museum are the new King Edward Galleries, opened by the King and Queen on 7th May 1914, and of which the foundation stone had been laid by King Edward the Seventh on 27th June 1907. The new structure is situated in Montague Place, Bloomsbury, immediately behind the British Museum buildings, and is intended to enable the ever-growing collections of this vast treasure-house to be displayed to more advantage, and also to provide better accommodation for students and for the work of the staff. The King, in his opening speech, said: "The New Galleries form a worthy addition to one of the noblest public buildings of my capital."

The pretty tame pigeons meet us as we cross the courtyard of the British Museum and make our way up the steps and under the stately portico formed by the forty-four handsome columns. Passing through the swing doors, we find ourselves in the entrance hall; many people are hastening towards some glass doors facing us at the end, but we notice that they are not allowed to pass until they have shown a ticket, or satisfied the officials who guard the doorway on either side. These people are on their way to the reading-room, most of them to study. Such a wonderful and beautiful room it is, very large and quite round. It has a magnificent dome, the largest in the world, with the exception of that of the Pantheon at Rome; indeed, this reading-room is one of the sights of London. Books of reference occupy shelves on the floor of the room, and all round it are galleries containing books, in fact, wherever you look are books; there are over four million volumes now, and the number is always steadily increasing. If spread out on the ground, the shelves containing them would cover quite fifty miles. The superintendent occupies a raised seat in the centre of the room. Surrounding him are cases containing the catalogues of the books, whilst beyond these are the comfortably arranged desks, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, which accommodate as many as five hundred readers.

The chief officer is the Principal Librarian, under whom each separate department has its respective head, or keeper. Our treasures are well guarded, too, in other ways, for as you walk about you may notice someone, whom you take for a visitor, carefully examining a statue, ornament, or book. If you come again in a few weeks' time you will probably find him still there; to his ordinary museum duties he adds that of a private detective, to see that nobody does any injury to the exhibits or steals a page out of a book, for, unfortunately, there are mean people who would thus abuse the privilege of being allowed to walk about freely among these valuable possessions.

It would take a lifetime to become acquainted with the contents of this national treasure-house of ours, for there are halls and galleries full of interesting things, and the question is what to look at first. There is so much to see. Here, in one of the rooms leading out of the entrance hall, are glass cases containing exquisitely illuminated manuscripts, whilst in an adjoining one may be seen some of the most precious documents we possess, relating to the earlier history of our country, among these being the original MS. of the famous Magna Charta granted by King John in 1215. There are numbers of interesting letters, too, some of which are more than three hundred years old. We notice one from Lady Jane Grey, written from the Tower of London; also the letter begun by Lord Nelson, but never finished, for it was written on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar.

Passing on we come to the "King's Library," such a handsome room that it has been appropriately termed "a king's room for a kingly collection." This originally consisted of printed books collected by the kings of England, including among others the libraries of Archbishop Cranmer and Henry, Prince of Wales, and was presented in 1757 by King George the Second to the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum, which was then housed at Montague House. His Majesty added to his gift the privilege of being supplied with a copy of every book printed in the country, a privilege, as we have already seen, retained to this day. Valuable additions were made from time to time, King George the Third, for instance, presenting various papers, chiefly illustrations of the civil wars of the time of Charles the First, and collected by order of that monarch.

When the library of King George the Third was presented by his successor to the British nation it was ordered by Parliament that these kingly contributions were to be kept for ever separate from the other books, hence its name. It contains a selection of the rarest volumes, especially works of the first ages of the art of printing, indeed it is considered to be the most perfect library of its size ever formed. We cannot, however, linger here, for there are galleries—Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman—which contain some of the most beautiful sculpture in the world.

In the Egyptian gallery is a strange-looking figure carved in white stone, partly coloured; do not pass this by, for it is not only the oldest statue in the Museum, but probably in the world—for it is over five thousand years old! Notice, too, that black stone tablet; never mind that it has chipped and broken edges, it is very, very valuable in spite of these, for it enabled the picture writings of the Egyptians, *hieroglyphics*, as they are called, to be read. This "Rosetta Stone," on which there are three kinds of writing, was the key, so to speak, to the Egyptian language, which was a dead language to us until it was discovered at a town of that name on the river Nile.

In other rooms and galleries upstairs we find various things used by the Greek, Roman, and Egyptian people in everyday life; among these are the toys with which their children played, those little children who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago! There are

Egyptian dolls (not very pretty ones) made of wood or metal, as well as balls. Roman toys, too, in the shape of curious-looking animals and figures formed of terracotta or baked clay. You can see also how our needle of to-day grew up from a simple thorn to which a thread was tied.

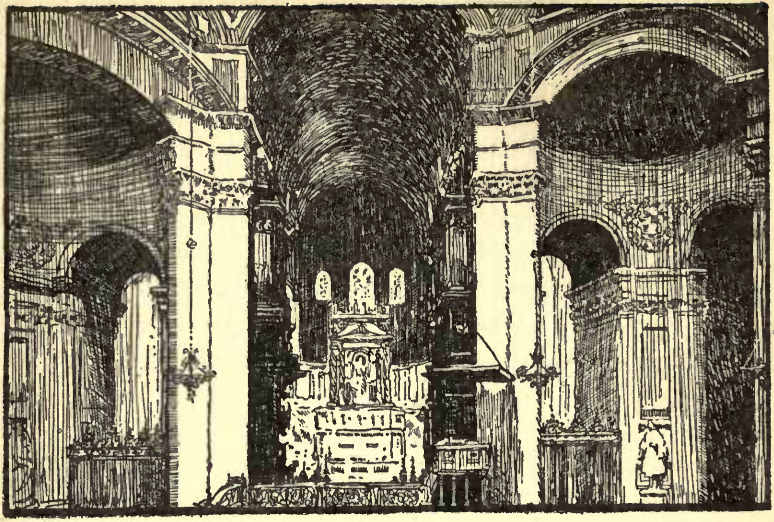
What will interest us greatly, also, are the mummies; many of these were people of high rank, which accounts for their beautifully decorated cases. Round the walls are more mummy cases, but of cats, dogs, and other animals; they may possibly make us smile, but we must remember that the Egyptians set great store by these creatures, and would not allow anybody to take their lives.

We must not forget the "Elgin Marbles"; you may have heard of these, though perhaps if you saw them you might feel rather disappointed, for they look like old, broken pieces of marble, but if you were an artist you would know that they are very beautiful. They formerly adorned the Parthenon at Athens, but were brought to this country over one hundred years ago by Lord Elgin, which is how they came by their present name.

These are but a very few of the treasures which the British Museum contains, for, as we have already said, it would take a lifetime to become acquainted with them all; but the public guide, appointed three years ago by the trustees of the British Museum, helps us to know them better. Several times a day, at stated hours, a small band of followers may be seen listening attentively to what he has to tell.

What a change, too, there is in the arrangements. In the Montague House days it was a formidable undertaking to pay a visit to the British Museum. First there was permission to be obtained; then it had to be seen if the applicants were suitable people, and only upon being assured of this were tickets issued for their admission to view the treasures, or read the books, sixty people at most being allowed to visit the Museum in one day.

A difference, indeed, when now as many as 40,000 persons have visited it on a public holiday! We may count ourselves fortunate to live in times when such buildings as the British Museum are thrown open and made easy for all to see and use.



INSIDE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER XX

THE STORY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND CROSS

In the very heart of the City, and raised above its surroundings, stands the building every Englishman loves and venerates, the great Cathedral of St. Paul—the "Citizens' Church," as it has been called, for, like the Guildhall, it is associated with many important events in the history of our country, and was in olden times the centre of the life of London. It is here that king and people still come to give thanks for great victories and other blessings, or to make intercession in times of sorrow.

The present cathedral is the third which has stood on the same spot, the first having been built in the year 610. You know the story of how, about thirteen years before this, Augustine, the great Roman missionary, came with his band of workers, and as a result of his preaching, Ethelbert, King of Kent, and his court accepted Christianity, the king commanding that his people should do so too. So London became once more a Christian city, and Mellitus, Augustine's companion, was consecrated its first bishop. Ethelbert built and endowed a magnificent cathedral church, dedicating it to St. Paul, and ever since then a church of that name has stood on the hill overlooking Ludgate.

Fire has always been a terrible enemy to St. Paul's; it has been burnt five times, and thrice struck by lightning, "fire from heaven," as an old writer has quaintly put it. The first cathedral was damaged by fire in 961, and in another conflagration, which occurred in 1087, it was reduced to ruins.

But the Normans soon began to build another, and Bishop Maurice was requested to design one which would be worthy of the capital city of the kingdom. He set about it with true Norman courage, and, from all accounts, a noble building was the result, for we are told that it was one of the largest churches in Europe; that its spire, the tallest ever built before or since, rose 520 feet into the sky; its walls literally blazed with colour, and it contained splendid tombs and frescoes, the wealthy citizens of London having vied with each other in the richness of their gifts.

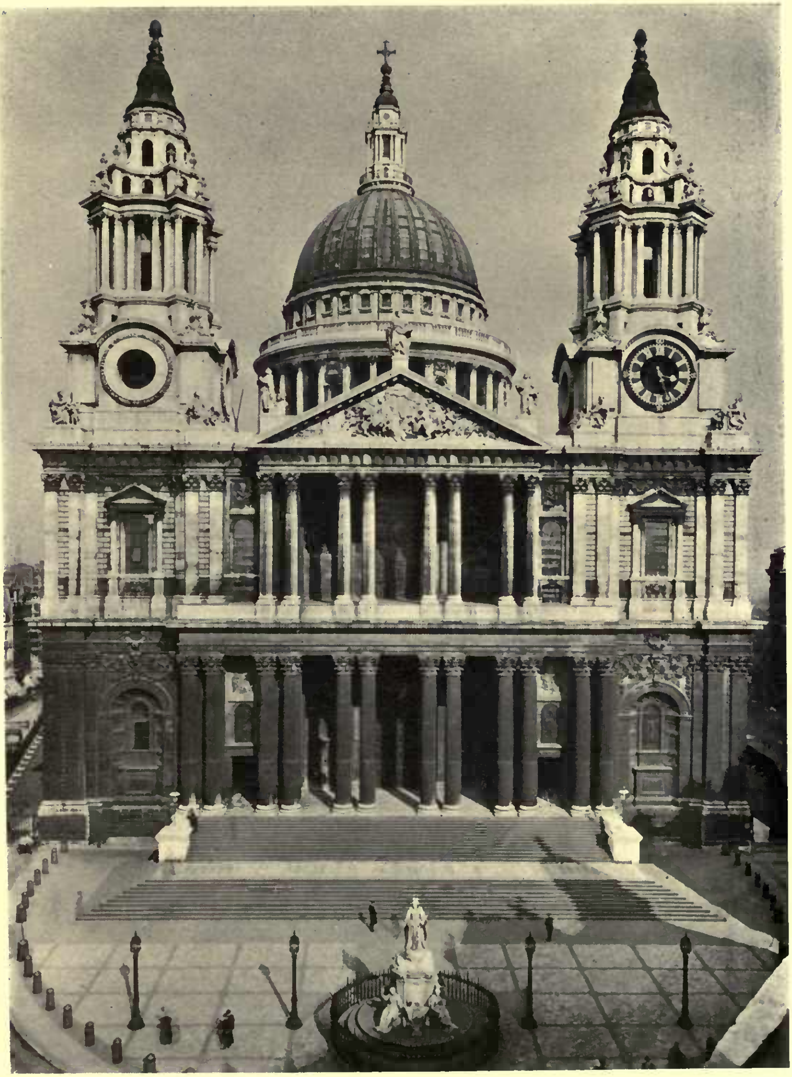
The building proceeded somewhat slowly, being delayed, in 1139, by another disastrous fire, and it was not until 1283 that this second church, "Old St. Paul's," as it is commonly called, stood complete, not only the most famous, but the longest church in England.

To extend the length, the parish church of St. Faith, which stood just outside, was brought within the cathedral, and the parishioners were allotted a portion of the crypt as their parish church.

At the south-east corner was the Bishop's Palace with its gardens and private chapel, and flanking the west front were two towers, one being the celebrated Lollards' Tower, used as a bishop's prison. These and other cathedral buildings were enclosed by a wall in which were six gatehouses, the chief one standing at the west end of the cathedral, facing Ludgate, and the sixth fronting the south porch, near what is called "Paul's Chain," so named from the ponderous chain formerly drawn across the gateway when service was going on.

Nor must we forget the famous Paul's Cross, which stood, from time immemorial, at the north-east corner of the cathedral and played a very important part in the history of old London, for we know that earlier than any age of which we have a written account, London citizens, summoned by the great bell of St. Paul, assembled for their annual Folkmote, or meeting of the people, at which they transacted the business of the City and settled disputes and grievances. Paul's Cross was doubtless, like other crosses, originally set up at the entrance of the churchyard to remind passers-by to pray for the dead buried there, but the first record we have of it was in 1191.

There was no pulpit or preaching-place provided in the cathedral, so in course of time (it is not quite certain when) a pulpit was added to the Cross. It was a tall



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Photo, W. S. Campbell.

wooden structure, standing on stone steps, with a leaded roof, surmounted by its cross, and was large enough to hold the preacher and three attendants. Royal marriages were proclaimed, and great victories announced from its steps; it was here also that many famous sermons were preached by celebrated scholars and divines of the day, and attended not only by the ordinary public, who stood round or sat in rows on camp-stools, but by kings and queens. Luther's Bible was burnt at Paul's Cross, and there Miles Coverdale told of his translation of the Bible.

Fire continued to be St. Paul's foe. In both 1341 and 1444 the cathedral roof was struck by lightning, and in 1561 another thunderbolt fell which did even more damage, for it entirely destroyed the spire; the roof fell in, and the bells were melted. Parts of the building crumbled into ruins, and the Lord Protector Somerset took away some of the stones of the beautiful Chapter House to use in the building of his splendid palace at Somerset House.

Early in the sixteenth century it became the fashion to treat the centre aisle of St. Paul's as a promenade. Here, from eleven to twelve in the morning, and three to six in the afternoon, the gentry, as well as men of all professions, met together to discuss the news or the business of the day, as the case might be, whilst in other aisles pedlars offered their wares. To stop this terrible state of affairs Charles the First forbade the admission of hucksters and pedlars inside the church, and in order that the centre aisle should no longer be used as a public "Walk," he commissioned Inigo Jones to build the great portico at the west end.

This monarch made other improvements too, but he had many things to occupy him, and Old St. Paul's fell on bad times and suffered still more irreverent treatment, for, under the Commonwealth, Cromwell's soldiers turned it into a cavalry barracks, stabling their horses in the cathedral and playing at ninepins in the churchyard. All the shrines and sacred things were destroyed and the beautiful portico was turned into shops; even the famous cross in the churchyard was not spared, but with the rest of the crosses about London and Westminster was pulled down by order of the Long Parliament.

It was not until Charles the Second came into his own again that any order was restored, or that services recommenced. The celebrated architect, Sir Christopher (then Dr.) Wren was consulted, and plans were prepared by him for the work of restoration, a fund being raised for this purpose, but before anything could be done, the Great Fire of London broke out, and once again St. Paul's succumbed to its enemy and for some years stood in ruins.

As we know, however, the Great Fire only served to show what Englishmen were made of; like true Britons they determined to build up their city to be worthy not only of their nation but of the chief centre of the commerce of the world. You may be sure that they lost no more time than they could help in embarking upon the restoration of their Cathedral Church, and into the hands of Dr. Wren, who had been appointed principal architect for the rebuilding of the whole city, was also placed the reparation of the cathedral.

Being a sound Protestant, Dr. Wren determined to give London a Protestant Cathedral, with fewer chapels and aisles than before, but with a large space for preaching. It cost a million and a half pounds to build, and how do you think this money was raised? Chiefly by a tax levied on all the coal which entered the port of London!

After removing the ruins of the old cathedral the first stone of the new building was laid in 1675. Twenty-two years later the cathedral was opened, and ever since then services have gone on without interruption in Wren's St. Paul's. It was, however, thirteen years more before the magnificent building was quite completed by the laying of the last and highest stone. This was a national event, and all London came out to see that last stone put in its place. It is a very interesting fact that this enormous building was carried through by one architect, directed by one master mason, and completed whilst the same bishop held office—all three living to see the final stone laid.

Queen Elizabeth set the example of public national thanksgiving when she rode in state to Old St. Paul's to return thanks for our victory over the Spanish Armada, and Queen Anne, whose statue stands immediately in front of the great west door, attended on no less than seven occasions to commemorate great victories by land and sea. In later times St. Paul's has been the scene of many such services, among the most important of these being when the late King Edward the Seventh, on two occasions, returned thanks for recovery from severe illness, and that splendid day in June 1897 when Queen Victoria the Good took part in a thanksgiving service upon attaining her Diamond Jubilee. This was held at the foot of the twenty-two marble steps which lead up to the west doorway. On the lower step you may read for yourself the slab commemorating this great occasion.

St. Paul's of to-day, the third largest church in the world, is, without doubt, the grandest building in London, and the only church in England which has a dome; a magnificent one it is, too, consisting of an outer and inner shell. Above the actual dome is the Golden Gallery, from the centre of which rises the lantern, or light-giver, surmounted by the golden ball and cross. The ball, which holds several persons, is reached by a staircase of over 600 steps, running between the inner and outer domes. A beautiful outlook may be obtained on a clear day from the Golden Gallery, but if you find it too giddy work to mount so high, you can get a fine view of the City from the Stone Gallery which encircles the foot of the dome.

There is another gallery which most people like to visit. That is the "Whispering Gallery," so called because the lowest whisper uttered against the wall on one side can be distinctly heard on the other. It runs round the inside of the dome, and if you look down below, the people walking there appear no larger than flies! But we must glance above also, for we get a good view of the paintings on the dome by Sir James Thornhill; these represent scenes in the life of St. Paul. Half-way up to this fascinating gallery we come upon the Library; here we may see a chain, with heavy links, used in olden times to fasten books to the reading desk, in order that they might not be stolen. Among other interesting things are the signatures of many celebrated people, old manuscripts, portraits, and seals, whilst over the fireplace is a picture of Dr. Compton, the man who was Bishop of London during the thirty-five years of the building of the cathedral, and who laid its foundation stone in the year 1675.

Two towers stand out on either side of the front. The south tower contains the clock and the bell on which it strikes; this bell is never used except for the sounding of the hour—two smaller ones striking the quarters—and for tolling upon the death of any member of the Royal Family, or some very important personage. It was cast in 1716, and on it are the words: "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." Above it hangs "Great Paul," a new bell cast in 1882, which is rung for five minutes daily at one and at four o'clock, and is also used as the five minutes' service bell on Sundays, whilst in the north tower is a complete peal of twelve beautiful bells, each bearing the name of its donor.

Within the great building itself we find numbers of interesting monuments and memorials, for it is one of our two great national burying-places—the other being Westminster Abbey. It is in St. Paul's, the "Citizens' Church," that many of our national heroes and empire makers lie buried. The two finest monuments are those of Nelson and Wellington, whilst bearing them company are statues and monuments to the memory of many other soldiers and sailors of renown, including among their number names familiar to every English boy and girl, such as General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum; good John Howard, who did so much to improve the condition of prisoners in our gaols; Sir Henry Lawrence, who defended Lucknow; Sir John Moore, the gallant general whose men buried him at dead of night, for fear of the enemy. These are but a few of the heroes commemorated. Great artists too lie here, including Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir John Millais. Nor must we forget Sir Christopher Wren, over whose tomb is set this inscription in Latin:

> "Do ye seek for his monument? Then look around you!"

You will find the same inscription over the north door.

Among many other things to notice inside, is the pulpit made of rich marble, with a great canopy or sounding-board overhead, without which the preacher's voice would go whirling away into the dome, and would not be heard by the congregation. There are the beautifully carved choir stalls, too, with special seats for various dignitaries: that with the pelican—the ancient badge of the see—is the Bishop of London's stall, and you may recognise the Lord Mayor's by the civic sword and mace in the decoration. Near the choir are the exquisite mosaics of that celebrated and well-known artist, Sir William Richmond. And the great organ! We must hear that if possible, for it is one of the finest in Great Britain. It is divided into two parts, one on either side of the choir, connected with each other by mechanism under the floor, and blown by electricity.

The crypt of St. Paul's is unlike most cathedral crypts, for it runs under the whole building and is one of the largest that exists. You will like to go down and see for yourself the actual tombs of the heroes and famous men whose monuments are in the Cathedral. Here in the centre—the place of honour—is Lord Nelson's tomb, and close by it that of the Duke of

Wellington. Between these you will find the grave of that distinguished general, Lord Wolseley, who was laid to rest, with military honours, on 31st March 1913. It was little more than a year and a half later that yet another distinguished soldier was brought and placed by the side of his gallant comrade-in-arms. In the grey light of a November day, Lord Roberts was laid, with all fitting honours, in the crypt of the Citizens' Church. On his coffin lay, not the customary Field-Marshal's plumed hat and dress sword, but in their place a field service cap and Field-Marshal's baton in token that Lord Roberts died with the Army in the field.

The part underneath the choir is known as "Painters' Corner," while the grave of the great Sir Christopher Wren we find simply marked by a plain marble slab. At the east end of the crypt is the Chapel of St. Faith, used for special services.

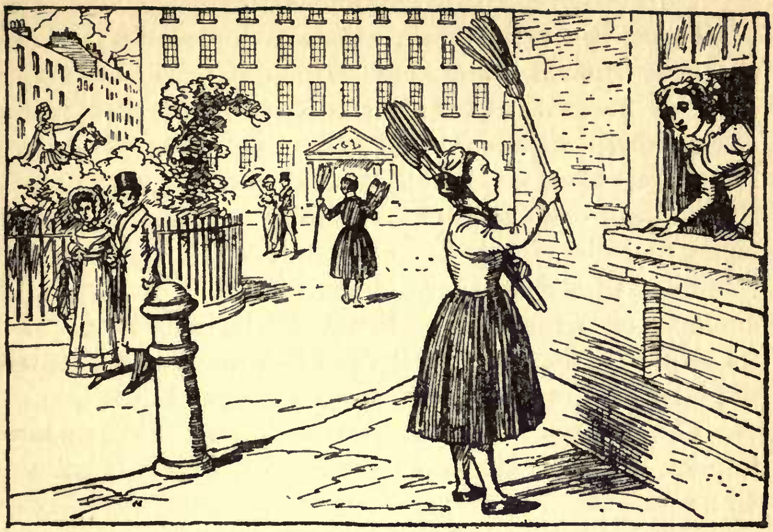
The building itself has for some time been causing those in authority grave concern, as, owing to the vibration of the motor-buses, some of the walls are cracking and the dome is feared to be sinking. This is thought to be due to the fact that the foundations are sand and gravel instead of rock.

We should indeed be grieved and distressed if anything happened to our beautiful cathedral, and are glad to know that Parliament and all who are responsible are doing their utmost to guard it from harm.

We have no space to tell of the street around the cathedral, known as St. Paul's Churchyard, which was, before the Great Fire, chiefly occupied by booksellers, whose shops were then and until the year 1760 distinguished by signs; nor yet of the school once occupying the ground where now stands some of London's busiest shops—the famous school of St. Paul's, founded in 1509 by its Dean, Dr. Colet. "Paul's pigeons" its boys were called, probably from the fact that pigeons were as plentiful in the Churchyard then as they are now; we wonder if they were as tame!

The burial-ground round the cathedral itself is prettily laid out, and there are comfortable seats where tired folk can rest awhile. The spot on which stood Old Paul's Cross is marked by a tablet and, at a short distance from this, a new cross rears its head, standing, as its predecessor did, beneath the shadow of the great cathedral. The money to build it was left by Mr. H. C. Richards, M.P., a "worthy citizen" who desired that London should once again have its "Paul's Cross," and it is thanks to his generosity that, after two hundred and sixty-seven years, the tall column, surmounted by a figure of St. Paul with outstretched hand bearing a cross, was opened and dedicated on 31st October 1910.

This, then, is the story of St. Paul's Cathedral, which, standing high above its noise and din, still keeps watch over the City of London. It still holds, too, the first place in the national life, both of Church and State, whilst its magnificent dome and the sparkle from its golden cross are the first to welcome alike citizens who return to their homeland from over the sea and those who visit the great City for the first time.



"BUY A BROOM?"

CHAPTER XXI

SOME OF LONDON'S OLD STREET NAMES AND CRIES

THERE are numbers of streets in London with old names and in many cases very quaint ones too. Have you ever wondered how they came by these? Or perhaps you have not even thought it worth wondering about, and will be surprised therefore to hear that these old street names are very important—a story without words, in fact—for they often tell us things about themselves which we could not have found out in any other way. Why, the very name of "London" teaches us (as we have already seen at the beginning of this book) the important fact that it was the "Fort on the Lake."

There is "Southwark," too; this did not get its name by chance either, but gained it from the existence of an old Saxon fortification made to defend the southern approach to London Bridge. You may remember also we found that in past days the little river Fleet crossed Ludgate Circus, so that when we come to "Sea Coal Lane," near Fleet Street, we are reminded that the barges laden with coal were able to come up stream as far as here. "Clapham Rise" tells its own tale, marking as it does the point at which the flat land begins to rise towards the Surrey Hills.

The "Strand" speaks for itself, and, as its name implies, was the strand or shore of the river Thames; while on the highway, between London and Westminster, lay the little village of "Charing," to which the word "Cross" was added from the wooden crosses set up by King Edward the First to mark each spot upon which rested the body of his beloved Queen Eleanor on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster Abbey. Then there is "Chelsea," which again explains the situation of the place, for it is so called from its strand being covered with the "chesil" or shingle cast up by the water.

There is also a very helpful story told us in the names of certain streets in the City: Moorgate, Aldersgate, Ludgate, and Newgate Streets mark the gates or openings made in the Old Wall, and by their help its original line can be traced exactly. This Wall was protected by a broad but evil-smelling ditch where the street of Houndsditch now runs, and close by we find two streets called respectively Camomile Street and Wormwood Street; these mark the place of some waste ground which lay inside the Wall and was covered with camomile and wormwood. Outside was a fen, bog, or moor, of which we are plainly reminded in the still surviving names of Moorgate Street, Moorfields, and Fenchurch Street.

"Newgate" and "Old Bailey" speak of fortifications, while the "Barbican" tells of a watch-tower on the walls.

In Plantagenet times London was noted for its many religious houses; we shall have something to say about these in a later chapter, but meanwhile do not forget to notice that their memory survives in such names as "Austin Friars," "Grey Friars," "Whitefriars," and "Blackfriars."

Again, many streets are called after famous churches which stood or still stand in their neighbourhood. We find instances of this in St. Martin's Lane, St. Swithin's Lane, and many others.

"King's End Town" is said to be the old Saxon meaning of Kensington, Kennington, and Kingston; this tells us that from earliest times kings have had residences in these places.

Plenty of rural or country names still remain to remind us how some of the busiest thoroughfares of to-day were once upon a time village lanes. For instance, we have to stretch our imagination somewhat to fancy citizens going "a-nutting" on Notting Hill! yet this is how it got its name, and, with the exception of one little letter, the spelling is unaltered. We find it equally difficult to realise that a field with a real windmill in it stood on the closely built land known as Great Windmill Street, near Regent Street. Spitalfields, Moorfields, Smithfield, Bethnal Green, each speak of the country; but perhaps the most attractive-sounding of them all is "Primrose Hill." The slopes (from which on a clear day we get one of the finest views of the metropolis) were in Queen Elizabeth's time meadow-land, this being covered in spring-time, as the name-story tells us, with vast patches of primroses. The aristocratic "Mayfair," too, was a district formerly known as "Brookfields," where a celebrated fair was held from the reign of James the First to the year 1750; hence its present name.

Very different to all these are the names of many of the streets and squares in London, yet they too were given with a purpose, having reference in most cases either to the family or estate of the land-owner of the district. Thus when we come across Portman Square we are practically told that the property belonged to the Portmans, who were a family of distinction in the time of Edward the First, a member of which, Sir William Portman, became Lord Chief Justice of England. There are numberless other streets and squares which came by their names in the same manner, among them being Bryanston Square, Cavendish Square, and Russell Square.

When barter and exchange went out of fashion, money was required for business purposes. As this kind of money-lending was forbidden among Christians, it was from the careful and saving Jews only that large sums could be obtained; these people were therefore invited by William the Conqueror to come to England, and they settled in and about the street still known as "Old Jewry."

We find also that workpeople and others who were connected with St. Paul's Cathedral collected around it, as the names of streets still tell us, for here is "Dean's Court," "Doctors' Commons," and "Godliman Street." Then there is "Paternoster Row," where lived the people who sold all sorts of religious books then in use; A B C or "Absies" these were called. This was the home also of the bead-makers or "Paternoster-makers." At the end of the Row we come across "Ave Maria" (Hail Mary) Lane (where dwelt also text-writers and bead-makers), while near by are "Amen Corner," "Creed Lane," and "Sermon Lane."

In the like manner other trades congregated together, carrying on their business side by side in the same street. Although some of the trades have disappeared, or are no longer confined to one district, the street-names tell us the story of their industries. For instance, Cheap or Westcheap was the chief trading road westward in the reign of good Queen Bess and was, we are told, "filled with shops and warehouses, a thriving business centre, the pride of the City." In "Cooks' Row," along Thames Street, flourished the cooks, who we read "sold victuals ready cooked of all sorts," and where friends could dine or sup, so they were evidently the restaurants of those days. People of course went to buy their fowls in the "Poultry"; their fish, bread, and milk in streets bearing these names; while meagre fare for fast days and Lent was obtainable in Friday Street. If they wanted leather, they went to Leather Lane or Leadenhall Market (said to be corruption of Leatherhall); if they required soap, it was to Sopar's Lane they went, while for candles they naturally looked in Candlewick Street. Cornhill marks the site of the ancient Corn Market, and the Haymarket (so well known on account of the theatre of that name) speaks for itself. Wool was sold near the church of St. Mary Woolchurch, and in the churchyard was a beam for weighing. The church itself was destroyed by the Great Fire, but the name survives in that of St. Mary Woolnoth. For shoes and stockings one would have had to go to Shoemakers' and Hosiery Lanes.

Nor was it only food and domestic necessities which gave their name to an entire street; we find also Goldsmith Row, built for the goldsmiths of the City by a sheriff of London who was also a goldsmith. "Tokenhouse Yard" comes from the "tokens" or copper coins made here in the seventeenth century, and "Founders' Court" hard by is so named from its brassfounders, while Lothbury (out of which the above streets both lead) is quaintly said by an old writer to be so called owing "to the loathsome noises made by the goldsmiths and braziers in rasping and scrating their dishes and candlesticks"; it is, however, a corruption of "Lattenbury," the place where these founders "cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spiced mortars, and such-like copper or laton work." Nor must we forget to mention Artillery Street, which marks the site of the old shops of the makers of bows and arrows which stood near one of the grounds where the citizens used to practise at the butts.

We could tell you of many more interesting names, but you will be wanting to hear something of the old street cries of London.

For about six hundred years after the Norman Conquest the trade of London was chiefly carried on by pedlars, and even those who rose to the highest positions in the shopkeeping line were nothing more than stallkeepers. The various trades were carried on in an open space between East and West Cheap, where there was a sort of outdoor market or bazaar consisting of rows upon rows of stalls with the goods set out on broad counters. These were all shut at night, as the tradesmen never lived above their shops. The best idea that we of to-day can gain of these old open-air bazaars is by getting on a tram-car running between Westminster Bridge and Greenwich, where, on a Saturday afternoon, you can see very much the same sight, both sides of the street being lined with wooden sheds and stalls, where everything may be purchased from a pair of second-hand boots down to a cabbage. This is said to be the longest open-air market in the world.

But to return to the "old Chepe." In those days there were no shop windows in which to display wares so, whether pedlar or stall-keeper, both made known what they had to offer by means of their voice, and with unpaved streets and no coaches to deaden the sound we can imagine what a din it must all have been. As there was no other way of competing, no doubt the loudest voice did the most trade.

While the cooks advertised in strident tones:

"Ribs of beef well roasted; pies well baked!"

the voice of the butchers would arise with their:

"Buy, buy, buy!"

Then an old dame from the country, driving a flock of wild geese in front of her, would yell:

"Buy my wild geese!"

In between this might be heard the sound of the water-carrier with his:

"Any fresh and fair spring water here?
None of your pipe sludge!"

Then perhaps:

"Cherries O! ripe cherries O!
Sixpence a pound, fair cherries O!"

would come as a little relief from the other cries, only to be drowned a moment later amid:

"Oysters twelvepence a peck!"

or

"Any old clo'?"

or

"Old chairs to mend!"

or possibly, loudest of all:

"Fine fresh herrings!"

It must be remembered, though, that these cries resounded not only in and around Cheap but in every street in London from early morning until late night, for hundreds of articles now only to be bought in shops were then peddled in the roadway. Very inconvenient too it must have been, both buyers and sellers jostling each other in the crowded streets, for everything you can think of was offered there, from earthenware goods to fish, fruit, flowers, and toys. Yet amid all this babel of voices, if one listened one might hear now and again a cry which seemed to bring with it country scents and sounds. First and foremost there was the lavender cry:

"Will you buy my blooming lavender?"

and running it closely in sweetness and a whiff of the country was the cry often heard even in the heart of the City:

"Buy rosemary, buy sweet-briar,
Rosemary and sweet-briar O!"

There were even flowers made of paper and silk in those days, which the seller playfully advertised as:

"All in full bloom!"

Nor were the children forgotten either, for they had their own special pedlars who cried:

"Young lambs to sell! Young lambs to sell!
Two a penny, young lambs to sell.
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I wouldn't cry, Young lambs to sell!"

While for their special amusement a man would come along playing a drum and a flute and drawing a flat board upon which were fixed two dolls; these he made to dance by pulling a string.

But, like the street names, the old cries tell us a great deal that we should not otherwise know about the habits and customs of the people who lived in the London of older days. For instance, the cry of

"Rushes green"

tells of bygone customs. Long before carpets were known in England the floors of houses were strewed with rushes, and we read that at the coronation of Henry the Fifth, as the procession approached, the grooms cried:

"More rushes, more rushes!"

It was thus the saying:

"Not worth a rush!"

came to be applied to anything so worthless as only fit to be trodden underfoot.

When the custom of strewing rushes was done away with and floors of wood came into fashion, these were not wetted but rubbed hard until they got a very high polish, and the necessity for a broom brought the cry:

"Buy a broom!"

The call of the watch, too:

"Lanthorne, and a whole candell light,
Hange out your lights! Heare!"

shows a London which for so many years was neither properly lit nor guarded.

And again:

"Small cole a penny a peake!"

came in after the introduction of coal in the reign of Charles the First. Before that the cry had been:

"Any wood to cleave?"

These are but a few of the numberless street cries of Old London, but they will give you some idea of how its trade was almost entirely advertised and carried on by means of music and song, which for six hundred years or so made the streets sound merry and cheerful. Some of the cries, it is true, were harsh and ugly, though others were quite pretty. But London has changed greatly since those old days. With the arrival of shops most of the pedlars disappeared, while the display of goods through glass windows did away with the necessity of calling attention to them in such a noisy manner. Some cries, however, have survived to our time. In the late summer we may still hear, even in London, the sweet haunting tune of:

"Will you buy my blooming lavender,
Sixteen branches a penny!"

Still the flower-sellers call out, as they offer their wares from a basket in the street:

"All a-blowin' and a-growin'!"

The muffin-man, too, with basket on head and bell in hand, makes a pleasant sound on a winter's afternoon; while familiar, though less attractive, is the

"Milk O!"

which announces the arrival of the milkman. The costermonger (or, properly speaking, "costardmonger," from "costard," the ancient name of a large sort of apple sold by such dealers) has never left us; he is in evidence everywhere with donkey-cart or hand-barrow, still advertising fish, fruit, or vegetables by means of his voice, as does also the man who wishes to buy

"Old clo' or rabbit skins!"

The sweep has no shop, so continues to cry:

"Sweep! sweep!"

as he walks or drives along, while the dustman merely calls:

"Dust O!"

instead of his original cry of:

"Dust—hoy—e!"

then accompanied by the loud ringing of a bell. His costume also has undergone changes, and does not seem so grand as formerly, for he used to wear a beautifully embroidered smock and a curly brimmed hat with a red and blue band round it.

Now and again we may meet a knife-grinder or chair-mender, but these are becoming few and far between; nowadays we send the knives, scissors, and chairs to a shop to be repaired or sharpened.

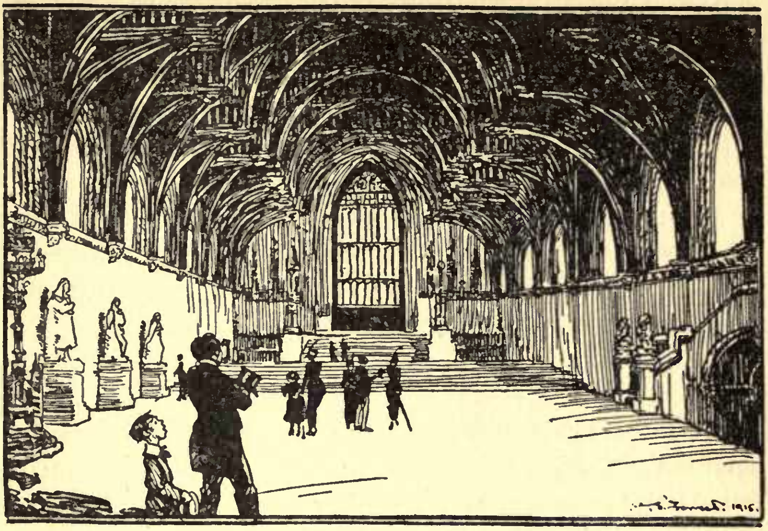
In some of the poorer localities the butchers stand outside their shops and cry as of old:

"Buy, buy, buy!"

their strident voices only outvied by those of the newspaper boys of to-day, who shriek as they rush along:

"Piper, piper! Latest Edi—shon!"

There is no question about London having a few cries left still! Possibly some of the picturesqueness and cheerfulness may have vanished, but in spite of that we have gained greatly in convenience, for we of the twentieth century would find it very tiresome to have to do most of our shopping in the street and be compelled to carry everything away instead of going out to order what we need at store or shop and having the goods, if desired, delivered free of charge at our own doors. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know something of the shopping conditions of the London of long ago.



WESTMINSTER HALL.

CHAPTER XXII

THE STORY OF WESTMINSTER

It may not surprise you to be told that Westminster is to-day a very important part of London, for you know that as well as the Abbey Church and an historical hall, it contains also the present Royal Courts of Justice (removed there in 1882 from Westminster hall) and the stately Houses of Parliament; in fact, while the City is the centre of Commerce, Westminster is the residence of the Court and the seat of the Law. But does it astonish you to hear that long before London existed, Westminster was a busy spot? Yet it was so, for here the river spread out in a wide, shallow stream, and as it was impossible to cross it with safety for miles on either side, the Britons established a ford at this point, building houses for travellers, and markets, or marts, as they were called, where they could obtain necessaries. The Romans followed their example, and connected the main roads with this ford.

Let us take a look at this wonderful Westminster and see something of the interesting places it contains, and in doing so it goes without saying that our eyes turn first to our glorious

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This stately building is famous all over the English-speaking world, not only for its great beauty but as being the coronation church of our kings and queens from the time of Edward the Confessor to King George the Fifth, as well as the burial-place of many of them. Here too rest some of England's wisest and most distinguished men—warriors, poets, patriots, and statesmen.

The spot where the Abbey now stands was once a solitary, sandy island, overgrown with thorns and surrounded by running streams, being known in consequence as "Thorney Island," on one side of which was the Thames, and on the other a little stream called the "Eye." A church and monastery dedicated to St. Peter are said to have been erected here about 616 by the Christian King Sebert, but it is to Edward the Confessor that we owe the foundation of the present Abbey Church—West-Minster it was called, to distinguish it from the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, which was once known as East-Minster. This king built a magnificent new church in the form of a cross, the first one of this shape erected in England. It was an immense size for those days, covering all the ground occupied by the present Abbey; a beautiful building it must have been.

On the date fixed for its consecration, the Confessor lay ill in his palace close by, and a few days later was buried in the building he had done so much to rear, but did not live to see completed.

During the months which followed, England passed through troublous times. At last, on Christmas Day 1066—just a year after its consecration—William, the Norman Conqueror, was crowned, amidst a clash of arms, in the Abbey Church, the building of which had been continued after the Confessor's death, and was completed in time for his coronation. His successor, William Rufus, beautified and enlarged the palace, and built Westminster Hall, in which Parliament assembled as early as 1248; but we shall talk of these places later on—it is with the Abbey we are now concerned.

Though Norman monks had taken the place of Saxon, no less reverence was paid to the memory of Edward the Confessor; indeed, it increased, and in 1163 he was made a saint—"canonised," as we call it—and his body was placed in a beautiful shrine which had been prepared for it before the altar, to which pilgrimages were made by people who looked back with reverence to his saintly life. About one hundred years after his death, the Pope conferred on him the title of "Confessor," by which he has ever since been known.

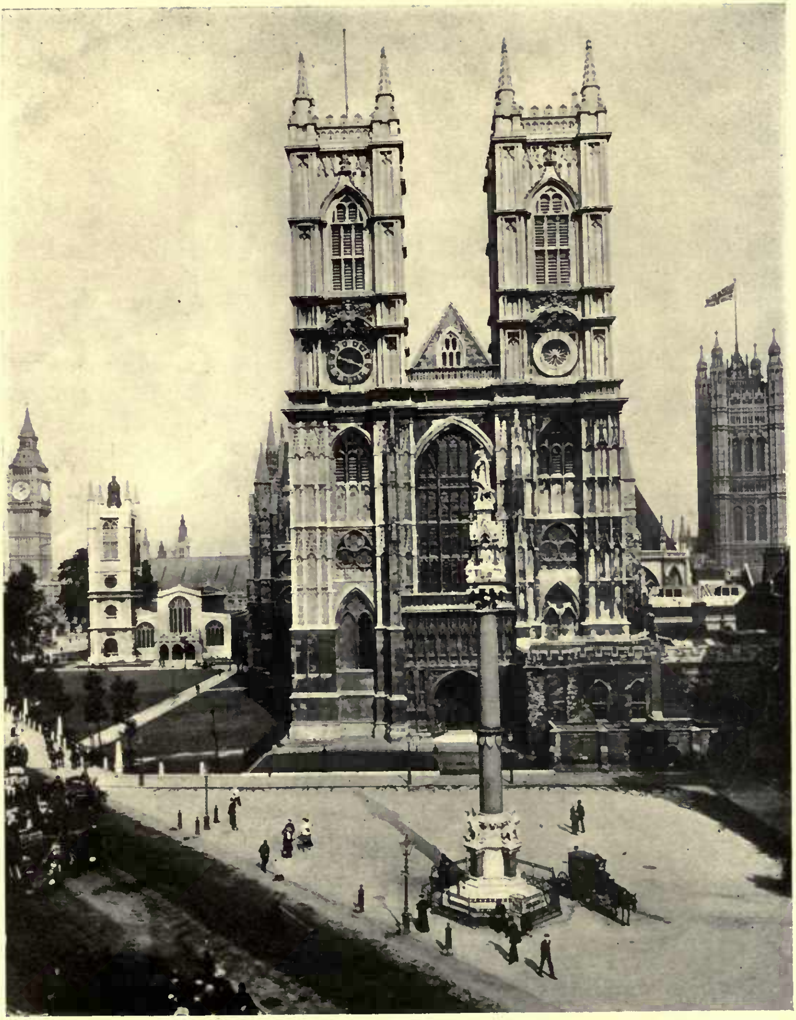
Henry the Third greatly reverenced the saint to whom we owe our Abbey, but he showed his reverence in a somewhat curious way, for he pulled down nearly all the Confessor's work! He was a very pious king, and it seems that he determined to erect a still more magnificent church and an even grander shrine for the Confessor than he already had, and to which his body was transferred in 1296. He spent a great deal of money in rebuilding the Abbey; the lofty nave (the highest in England), the transepts, and the Chapter House are all parts of his beautiful work.

The building was continued after his death by his son, Edward the First, the king who carried off in triumph to Westminster Abbey the famous Coronation Stone of Scone. Upon this the kings of Scotland had been crowned for centuries, and it has been used for the same purpose for every sovereign of our country from that time down to George the Fifth.

An important addition was St. Stephen's Chapel, built by Edward the Third, for centuries the meeting-place of the House of Commons, whilst between 1502 and 1512 Henry the Seventh pulled down the Lady Chapel, raising in its place the magnificent one, "the wonder of the world," as it has been called, which bears his name; every sovereign, in fact, made some improvement.

At the time of the Reformation, when Henry the Eighth was despoiling the monasteries, he broke up and disendowed Westminster. With Queen Mary the monks returned, but on the accession of Queen Elizabeth there was yet another change, the Protestant religion being once more restored and the Abbey placed again under the charge of a dean and twelve canons, or chapter, to give it its proper name—as in the time of her father, Henry the Eighth.

During the Civil War and the Commonwealth the church fell into a dilapidated condition. Cromwell issued an order for the removal of all shrines and relics,



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Photo, Photochrom Co.

and, amongst others, the beautiful shrine of the Confessor was demolished, the gold being melted down and the precious stones and statues destroyed.

After further ups and downs, when neither abbot or dean ruled in the Abbey, the Puritan reign came to an end, and with Charles the Second the Church of England was restored and the dean and chapter reinstated. The building was not fully completed until 1740, when two towers, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, were finished by a pupil of his.

Although in early days the Abbey was several times damaged by fire, it fortunately escaped the Great Fire of London, for it stood, as it still does, somewhat apart.

Westminster Abbey is shaped like a Latin cross, the beautiful Henry the Seventh Chapel forming the head, the celebrated Jerusalem Chamber the foot, and the north and south transepts the arms.

Let us enter by the north door, "Solomon's Porch," as the great triple entrance is sometimes called. How grand and beautiful the Abbey is inside. We do not wonder that people come across the sea to look at it. As we pass up the north aisle, we notice such names as "Gladstone" and "Disraeli," and understand how it has come to be known as the "Statesman's Aisle." The south transept is a place where every visitor lingers awhile; this is "Poets' Corner." Only a few of our most famous poets and writers lie actually buried here, but among those who do, are many household names. Chaucer, the "father of English poets," was the first to be buried there, and the last was Tennyson. A new "Poets' Corner" is under the south-west tower. Elsewhere in the Abbey lie the bodies of great musicians, famous engineers, celebrated men of science, brave explorers, in fact, of a vast army of great men, far too numerous to mention, whilst such equally familiar names as Shakespeare and Goldsmith are commemorated by tablets or statues.

But we are anxious to see the shrine of the Confessor and the Henry the Seventh Chapel, for we have heard so much about them. To reach these we pass through a gate to the ambulatory or walking-places surrounding the Confessor's Chapel, from which open out a number of smaller chapels; a flight of steps, facing one of these, brings us to the desired spot. The world-famed shrine occupies the central place; though faded now, we can see it has once been beautiful, and wonder what it could have looked like before despoiled of its gold and gems. At the side of the saint lies his queen, Editha, whilst all around are the tombs of kings and queens, for the sovereigns who followed the Confessor desired to be buried near the tomb of the saintly monarch. We look particularly at that of Henry the Third, remembering, as we do so, that it is to him we owe so much of the stately Abbey. We should like to look at them all, but there is much else, even here, which we cannot miss. There at the end—separating the chapel from the high altar—is a stone screen, with scenes from the Confessor's life sculptured on it. Against the screen stand two chairs. That on the right was made for the coronation of William and Mary, but it is the other which interests us, the one on which all the sovereigns of England, from the time of Edward the First, have been crowned! True, it is nothing much to look at, only a rather shabby chair with the gilding and painting worn off, but it is one of

England's most valued possessions, for beneath the oaken seat is the famous Stone of Scone, held in place by clamps of iron. When used for a coronation it is covered with cloth of gold, and placed on a raised dais in the centre of the sanctuary, beneath the lantern or central tower.

A flight of twelve black marble steps brings us to the gates which lead into the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh, perhaps the most magnificent part of the whole Abbey, with its exquisite and fairy-like roof. Richly carved niches run all round the chapel, each containing a statue, and in the centre is the beautiful tomb of the founder. This chapel has always remained the home of the knightly Order of the Bath, as testified by the plates on the handsomely carved stalls and the banners begrimed with dust, which hung above them, but it had lost its old knightly traditions, and it was only a few months ago that it became, once again, the living home, so to speak, of this ancient Order. It was then that after one hundred years it was restored and the solemn ceremony of the Installation of the Knights revived in the presence of their sovereign and under the direction of the Great Master, the Duke of Connaught. This magnificent pageant, which took place on 22nd July 1913, was not only of great splendour, but also of much historical interest. Henry the Seventh's Chapel, like the Confessor's, is filled with the graves of kings and queens.

But we must make our way to the Chapter House, and, in order to reach it, pass through the fine old cloisters consisting of four walks; these contain some of the oldest graves in the country, as the memorials on the walls testify. An old doorway in the east walk leads us to the Chapter House, one of the most beautiful and famous buildings in England. It was built, as we know, by Henry the Third in 1250, upon the crypt of the Chapter House of Edward the Confessor, and here the monks held their chapters, that is, met to discuss the affairs of their monastery; but they did not have the entire use of the building, for it served as a Parliament House to the Commons from 1282 until Edward the Sixth granted them, for this purpose, the use of St. Stephen's Chapel in the Old Palace of Westminster.

The Chapter House has been devoted to various uses since then, but is now nearly as beautiful as ever, for it was restored in 1865. The handsome stained-glass windows were put in as a memorial to the late Dean Stanley.

Close by is the "Chapel of the Pyx," an old vaulted chamber in which was formerly deposited the regalia of the Scottish kings; you have read in the story of the Mint how it is still a Royal Treasury. It is never opened except by officers of the Government, who come with the seven keys (some of them very large) necessary to open its seven double doors.

Above the Chapel was formerly the monks' dormitory; this is now the library and schoolroom of the famous Westminster School, originally founded by Henry the Eighth, and richly endowed by Queen Elizabeth. The Westminster scholars are privileged to be present at coronations, special seats being provided for them in the Abbey. We read that at the coronation of King George the Fifth and Queen Mary, they again, according to ancient custom, acclaimed them respectively as follows: "Vivat Rex Georgius!"—"Vivat Regina Maria!"

The Jerusalem Chamber, the low, flat-roofed building in front on the right, which, you will remember, forms the foot of the cross, probably gets its name from the tapestries with which it is adorned. It was the guest-chamber of the Abbot's House, and is where the dean and chapter of to-day discuss their business matters; here, too, the last Revisers of the English translation of the Bible met to do their work.

There is much more we could say, but it would take many volumes to tell even half of all there is to be told about our famous Westminster Abbey, the "Fortress of the Church of England," as it has been called, and it is hoped that this little story will encourage you to find out for yourself more about the building where, for nearly one thousand years, daily prayers have been said.

But what of

THE OLD PALACE OF WESTMINSTER?

This grew up side by side with the Abbey and was the palace of the kings of England from Edward the Confessor to Henry the Eighth. Early in the reign of Henry the Eighth a great part of it was burnt down, whereupon the Court removed to Whitehall, this palace then ceasing to be a Royal residence, but Old Palace Yard, facing the Houses of Parliament, reminds us that it once stood there, for this was originally part of its courtyard. With the exception of Westminster Abbey and the Tower,

WESTMINSTER HALL

is the most historical building in London. The great Law Courts of England were held here for seven and a half centuries, from 1224 until 1882, when they were removed to the new buildings in the Strand.

Westminster Hall, as we know it to-day, was almost rebuilt by Richard the Second, who, desiring to make it still more glorious, designed—with the assistance of his master carpenter—the existing roof which made it one of the architectural glories of the world. It is constructed of a particular kind of Irish oak in which (tradition says) spiders cannot live, and is therefore spoken of as the "cobwebless" beams. A wonderful thing about this roof is that it is unsupported by pillars. But, sad to relate, though the spider has left it untouched through the centuries, a species of burrowing beetle has been busily engaged in eating it away, and this, added to dry-rot, has made many of the beams absolutely hollow. It is believed that it can be repaired, though it will be a long and costly piece of work, but what citizen is there who would grudge the cost of time and money spent on its preservation?

Excepting the Tower, no building in London has witnessed more tragic scenes than those which have taken place under this wonderful roof. Good Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Charles the First are but a few of the many it saw tried and condemned to death. It has other associations, though, besides these tragic ones, for the coronation banquets were held here from the time of William Rufus to that of George the Fourth. In later times Westminster Hall was the silent witness to yet another impressive scene of a different kind, when, on 18th May 1910 and the following days, our late king, Edward the Seventh, lay in state, whilst thousands of his loyal and sorrowing subjects passed by to pay their last homage to the sovereign who had earned the splendid title of "Peacemaker."

For hundreds of years

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL

continued to be the meeting-place of the House of Commons, the House of Lords using an ancient apartment called the "Painted Chamber."

In 1834 the Old Palace was again attacked by fire, this time being entirely destroyed, with the exception of Westminster Hall and the crypt under St. Stephen's Chapel, these being worked into the present

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,

that grand building standing on the Thames, just above Westminster Bridge—the *new* Palace of Westminster, it may well be called, for it stands on the site of the old one, though it is twice its size and one of the largest buildings of its kind in the world. The first stone was laid in 1840—the year our good Queen Victoria was married—the House of Lords being used for the first time in 1847 and the House of Commons five years later.

It has four fronts, that towards the river being the principal one. The great Victoria Tower, rising tall and stately above the roar of traffic which goes on beneath it, is many feet higher than the top of the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral. It contains a number of fireproof rooms, in which are stored parliamentary records, whilst the beautiful archway beneath forms the Royal entrance, and is the one through which the King passes when he goes to open Parliament.

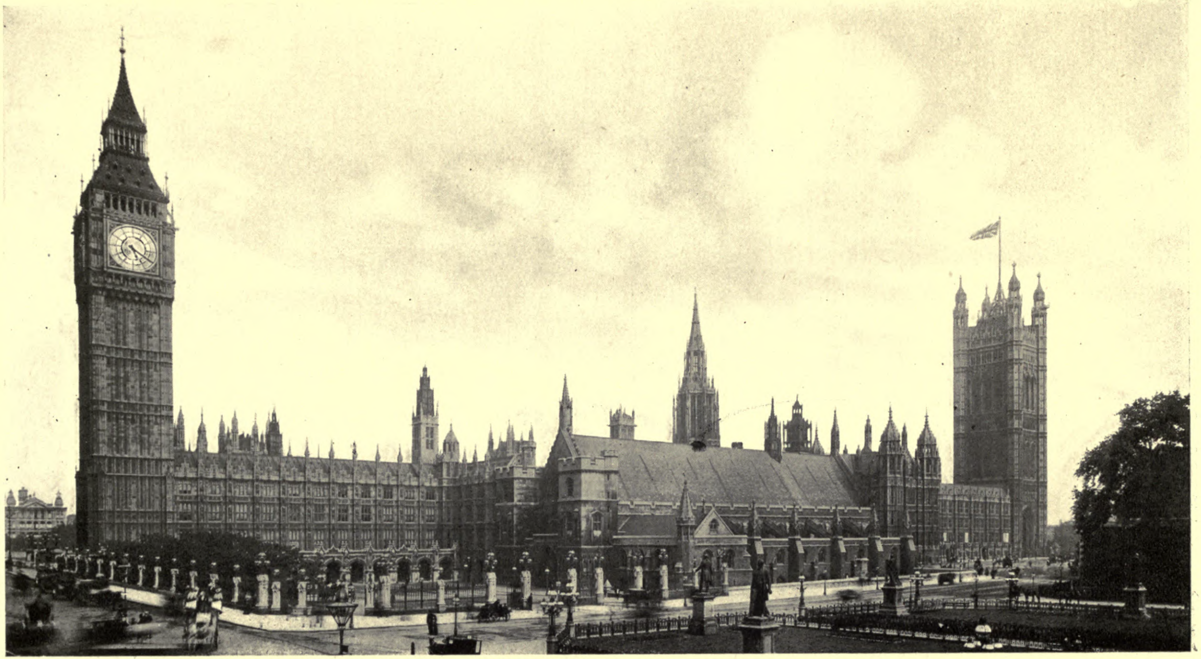
At the end nearest to Westminster Bridge is the

St. Stephen's, or Clock Tower of the House of Commons and the home of the familiar and mighty bell, "Big Ben," on which the hours are struck, four smaller bells chiming the quarters. It is the largest bell in England, weighing nearly fourteen tons, and in calm weather its deep, resounding note may be heard nearly all over London. The inscription round its outer lip tells us that it was cast in 1858 in the twenty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria. The four-faced clock, the minute-hands of which are 14 feet long, is wound up twice a week and is one of the finest time-keepers in the world.

When Parliament is sitting, a powerful light burns at the top of the Tower, a flag flying by day from the Victoria Tower. Between these towers lie the two buildings used by the Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland.

Not being the king, we must approach by the usual public entrance; this is by way of New Palace Yard and Westminster Hall, the broad flight of steps at the farther end leading through St. Stephen's Hall—which stands on the site of the old St. Stephen's Chapel—to the eight-sided Central Hall. A corridor runs in either direction to the "lobbies" of the respective Houses, the right-hand one leading to the House of Lords, the left to the House of Commons.

The House of Lords is a gorgeous chamber, rich in gilding and carved work, the seats being covered with crimson cloth. Facing the throne is a quaint kind of ottoman, also red covered; this is the famous *Woolsack* on which the Lord Chancellor sits, the Peers being ranged on either side.

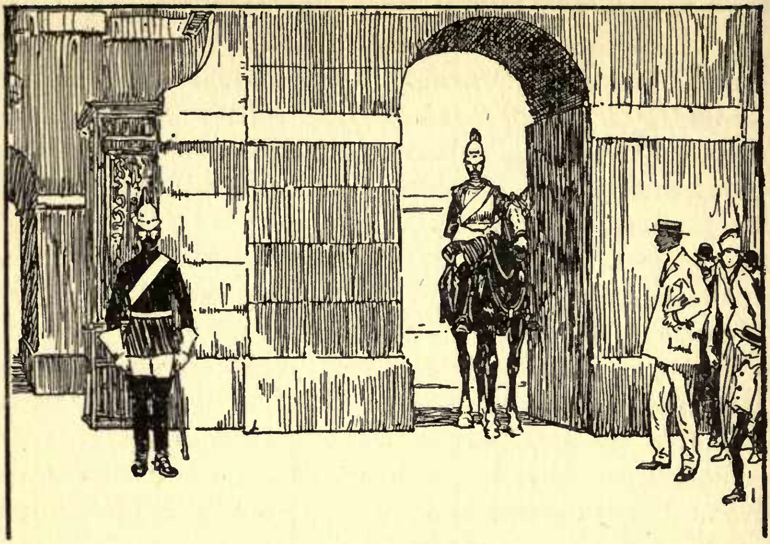


THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER HALL.

Photo, Photochrom Co.

The House of Commons is also a fine apartment, though not so gorgeously decorated as that of the Peers or Upper House, as it is called. There is no throne here, its place being occupied by the Speaker's chair, and in front of this, a table on which lies a mace, the emblem of authority.

As well as the actual Houses where our laws are made, there are rooms of all kinds for various purposes, —audience chambers, robing rooms, committee rooms, and luxurious apartments where the Members can write letters, or compose their speeches; whilst outside is a beautiful terrace, past which the river Thames flows smoothly and silently on, just as it did in the days when that other old palace and abbey stood in the place of the stately buildings of to-day.



THE HORSE GUARDS.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE STORY OF WHITEHALL

We have seen that when the Old Palace of Westminster was finally burnt down, Henry the Eighth removed his Court to Whitehall, and this became the palace of the kings of England up to the reign of William and Mary. It was originally called "York House," for it was the London residence of the Archbishop of York until Wolsey's time; he rebuilt a great portion of it, and, we are told, furnished it magnificently. Upon the downfall of the Cardinal it was appropriated by the king, and was then called "Whitehall."

It was greatly enlarged by its new owner, and extended not only across the present Parliament Street, but it reached to St. James's Park, a long gallery thrown across the street uniting the riverside portion to that overlooking the park.

It boasted various buildings for amusements, too, among which was a bowling green and a tennis court, as well as a tilt yard, or military exercising ground adjoining the palace. This, later on, was used by Queen Elizabeth for pageants and tournaments, she, like her Royal father, being very fond of amusements.

Of the several entrances the most beautiful was a gatehouse, designed by the famous painter, Holbein, which stood opposite the entrance to the tilt yard.

Little was done to the palace in the reigns of the next three sovereigns, and by the time the Scottish king came to the throne of England under the title of James the First, it was in a very dilapidated condition. He determined to rebuild it on a very grand scale, and for this purpose obtained the services of the celebrated Inigo Jones, but, on account of the civil wars, the building of the present Banqueting Hall was the only part of the scheme which was carried out; this was completed in 1622.

But Whitehall attained its greatest splendour under Charles the First. It was this king who, in the early part of his reign, commissioned the famous Flemish painter, Rubens, to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting Hall, paying him £3000 for his work, and also knighting him. The sketches were made in England, but the actual painting was done at Antwerp in the year 1635. If you glance down in the looking-glass which lies on the table, you will see the work beautifully reflected. Great pains have been taken to preserve these paintings, and they have been restored several times, the last occasion being in 1907.

At one end of the Banqueting Hall you will notice a large weathercock; it was placed there by James the Second, who watched anxiously how the wind blew, for he was dreading just then the arrival of the Dutch fleet. It did not evidently blow quite in the direction he wished, for he was driven from the throne, and, in the hall below, the crown of England was offered to the Prince and Princess of Orange, as William the Third and Mary.

Many important events connected with our history happened in the Old Palace of Whitehall, and, like many another building in London, it was the scene of tragedies as well as of brilliant entertainments, witnessing alike the triumph and fall of more than one distinguished person. It was from Whitehall that Queen Elizabeth was conveyed a prisoner to the Tower, by order of her sister Mary, returning to it, in triumph, as Queen of England; whilst it was through the window above you, on the right as you enter, that Charles the First passed to the scaffold erected in front of the palace. The memories are more cheerful of the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth, when it was the scene of many a joust and revel. Here also the splendour-loving Cardinal Wolsey gave his costly entertainments.

In the early part of the reign of William and Mary a portion of the palace was burnt down, and later on, in 1698, a disastrous fire completely destroyed it, Inigo Jones' Banqueting Hall alone being saved, and that with great difficulty.

Upon the accession of George the First the Banqueting Hall was converted into a Royal chapel, the king presenting some handsome gold plate and being present at the opening ceremony. It was restored again in 1837 when William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide attended in state, and after that from time to time Royalty attended services in the "Royal Chapel of Whitehall," as it was called.

In 1894 the use of the Banqueting Hall as a chapel was discontinued, and to-day the building is used for a very different purpose, for it was given by Queen Victoria to the Royal United Service Institution, and now contains a wonderful collection of objects connected with naval and military service, which have been gathered from all parts of the world. Here is an old and much worn chair, but we look at it with interest, for it was used by Napoleon up to the time of his death at St. Helena; over there we notice a cocked hat, which belonged to the Duke of Wellington. There are relics, too, of other eminent men both in the Army and Navy, and all kinds of armour and weapons, whilst in the middle of the museum is an immense glass case containing a model of the battlefield of Waterloo.

The broad and handsome street called "Whitehall," after the Old Palace, now contains most of our Government offices, and most important among these is

THE ADMIRALTY,

where all the affairs of our Navy are managed. The building, which is now called the Old Admiralty, faces Whitehall, and it was here that Lord Nelson lay in state. The *New* Admiralty is an imposing-looking pile with a number of little cupolas, or domes. Notice the web of wires on its roof; this is the wireless telegraphy apparatus by means of which the movement of ships, even in distant seas, is able to be controlled from headquarters. Another fine block has been erected which contains residences for Lords of the Admiralty. But what will perhaps interest you still more is

THE HORSE GUARDS,

so called from the body of Horse Guards raised by Charles the Second from the remains of the Parliamentary Army, their special duty being to protect the king's person. Until this time the sovereign of the country had no standing army, a band of gentlemen pensioners forming the only body-guard before the Restoration. For these troops special barracks and stables were provided, overlooking the old tilt yard, but these were pulled down in 1751 to make room for the present building.

During the daytime two mounted sentries—one on either side of the entrance—keep guard from ten to four o'clock. How splendid they look in their glittering steel cuirasses and plumed helmets, and so motionless do they sit their horses, under the little stone pavilions, that we feel tempted just to touch them to make sure they are alive! These sentinels are drawn from the Life Guards and Horse Guards, for they form what are known as the "Household Troops," being the corps to which are entrusted the safety of the king when he appears in public and also the guardianship of the Royal residences. You can tell them apart by their dress; the Life Guards have red coats and white plumes, and the Horse Guards, blue coats and red plumes.

There is generally a little crowd to watch the sentries relieved, which takes place every hour, but there is a still more picturesque ceremony to be seen just before eleven o'clock daily, when the "Changing of the Guard" takes place. A blast from a trumpeter announces that a troop of forty guards are coming, with swords drawn and horses' hoofs clattering, to relieve those on duty. They pass under the archway, followed by the lance-corporal with his gold-embroidered banner floating in the wind. The officer who leads the way gallops up to the detachment to be relieved, and their officer gives the word which transfers his authority to the newcomer. As the clock strikes eleven, the doors at the back of the sentry-boxes are flung open and two troopers take the places of the late guard, the latter joining their company in the courtyard and trotting off with them to their barracks at Knightsbridge, or Regent's Park, as the case may be.

The archway under the clock tower is the Royal entrance to St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace; only Royalty and a few privileged persons are allowed to drive through here, though foot-passengers are permitted to pass this way. The open space at the back—on the site of the old tilt yard—is known as the Horse Guards Parade, and it is here that the pretty military ceremony of "Trooping the Colour" takes place every year on the "official" birthday of the sovereign, for Royal personages do not always keep their birthdays on the real date.

Opposite the Horse Guards rises the important-looking

WAR OFFICE,

where the administration and control of our Army is conducted. The offices of the Secretary of State for

War and other high officials are on the first floor, and there are no less than a thousand rooms in the block, and over two miles of corridors. We must be sure to notice the statue of the late Duke of Cambridge, in front of the War Office, for he commanded the British Army from 1856 to 1895.

Between the Horse Guards and Downing Street is a long building called

THE TREASURY,

established in the cock-pit of Whitehall by Charles the Second. As its name tells us, this was the office of the Lord High Treasurer, an office of great importance, which continued until 1816, when it was abolished. You may still see the royal throne at the head of the Treasury table.

All the national money transactions are carried on here, and the Prime Minister of the country is usually the First Lord of the Treasury.

There are many other Government buildings around, of which we have only time to mention the names: they include the Home, Colonial, Foreign, and India Offices, all important places where administrative work connected with our country is carried on.

It is at Whitehall, too, that we find

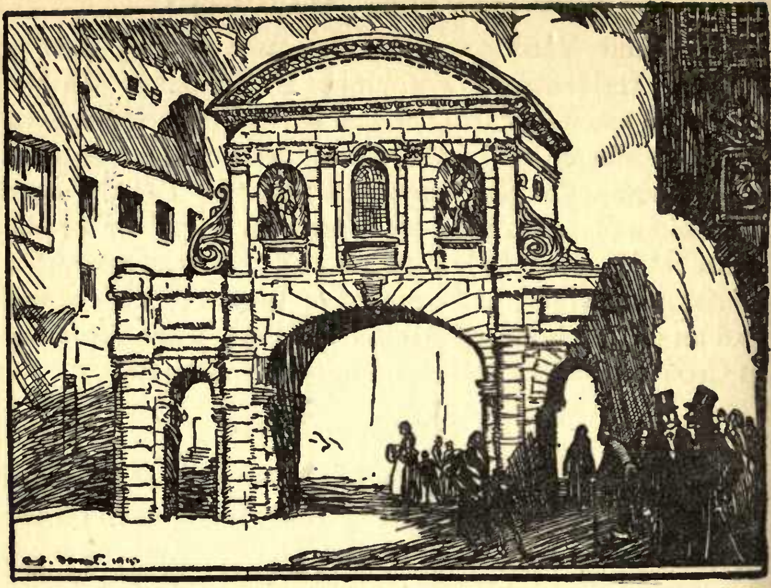
GREAT SCOTLAND YARD,

a name known all over the world as the former headquarters of the Metropolitan Police. It became so in 1829, on the formation of the new police system introduced in that year by Sir Robert Peel (see Chapter XII).

Scotland Yard gets its name from having been a London residence of the kings of Scotland. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was divided into tenements, but after the union of the Scotch and English crowns was dismantled and incorporated with the Royal Palace of Whitehall, being used as offices for members of the household. Both Inigo Jones and his successor, Sir Christopher Wren, as Surveyor of Works to the Crown, had an office here, and Milton the poet, when secretary to Cromwell, was also lodged in Scotland Yard.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

The present building, which has been the headquarters of the Metropolitan Force since 1891, is not even on the site of the old one, being on the Thames Embankment, but the name had become so associated with the police that it was still called Scotland Yard, with "New" in front to distinguish it.



TEMPLE BAR.

CHAPTER XXIV

SOMERSET HOUSE AND THE STRAND

Somerset House is another old palace turned into a public building, and gets its name from Protector Somerset, the uncle and guardian of Edward the Sixth.

We have already found (see Chapter XX) how he obtained some of the stone for building this fine palace of his, which he did not, however, live to see completed; after his death it became Crown property. The queens of both Charles the First and Second lived here, and it continued to be a Royal residence until 1775, when

Buckingham House, as it was then called, was settled upon Queen Charlotte. Somerset House being no longer needed as a palace, was by an Act of Parliament given over to public uses. The old building was pulled down and the new one commenced immediately.

From the chief entrance in the Strand, three arcades lead into a large courtyard, in the centre of which is a great piece of bronze work: George the Third is seen leaning on a rudder, with a lion near by and a figure representing Father Thames at his feet. Very appropriate this, for the other side of Somerset House faces the river, and should you happen to be sailing down it, you would get a good view of the broad terrace, raised on arches. The building itself looks all windows, of which it is said to contain over three thousand.

Some of the learned societies were at one time housed here, and in the north front the annual exhibition of pictures, known as the "Royal Academy of Arts," was held from 1780 until 1837.

But Somerset House has very different uses in the twentieth century to what it had in the time of Protector Somerset, or even in later days. It is now a great block of Government offices, another wheel in the business machinery of London, and such a hive of industry too, employing quite an army of officials. Here, in the office of the Registrar-General, all births, deaths, and marriages must be registered; if you want to prove a will or inspect one, it is to Somerset House you must go. Then there is the Inland Revenue Office, where stamps are issued and taxes paid, which has rooms below the street level; here all the stamping of documents, postage envelopes, cards, and receipt stamps is done. These are but a very few of the important affairs carried on at Somerset House.

One wing is occupied by King's College, founded in 1828, the expenses of the large school and college, of which it consists, being paid out of the fees of the students.

THE STRAND,

into which the front of Somerset House looks, is to-day one of the busiest and most important thoroughfares in London, and it is difficult to realise that in the reign of Henry the Eighth it was unpaved and described as being impassable for mud and mire! It was called the "Strand" because it skirted the river-bank, the gardens which stood there in olden times running down to the Thames.

It has witnessed many important sights in its day. Both Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne passed through it in state on more than one occasion. The funeral processions too of Lord Nelson and also of the Duke of Wellington went along here, while in later days Queen Victoria came this way several times, in state. But perhaps, if it could speak, the Strand would tell us that the most wonderful pageant it ever beheld was when the gates of Temple Bar were flung open to admit Charles the Second upon his Restoration, as he rode through throngs of shouting loyalists, on his way to Guildhall. But though

TEMPLE BAR

took part in many of these gorgeous scenes, it saw some sorry sights too, for here, as on London Bridge, the heads of famous criminals and rebels were placed. This is *old* Temple Bar we are talking about, of course, the first mention of which occurs in 1301. At that time the *gate* of the City, as you will remember, was Lud-gate, but later on, as the population increased, the space within the walls became insufficient, so a bar, or chain, put up at the end of Fleet Street separated the City boundary from that of Westminster, without the walls: this is how the Without and Within came to be added to the names of the wards.

A house of wood eventually took the place of the post, rail, and chain; this being destroyed in the Great Fire, a new stone gateway was erected from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, with niches on either side containing statues of King James the First and his queen, and of Charles the First and Second.

The heavy gates were the first to be removed, and in 1878 the whole erection was demolished to allow of the street being widened and to provide for the ever-increasing traffic, the stones of which it was composed being later on presented to Sir Henry Meux, and re-erected by him as one of the entrances to his park at Theobald's.

Such an important spot, however, as the site of the old "Bar" could not be allowed to remain unmarked, so in 1880 a memorial was erected containing statues of Queen Victoria and King Edward the Seventh (as Prince of Wales) and surmounted by the Griffin, the dragon-like-looking monster which holds in its claws the shield of the City of London.

An old custom was the closing of the gates of Temple Bar whenever the sovereign passed through from what has been called the "Court" end of London to the City. Upon the arrival of the Royal carriage one herald sounded a trumpet and another knocked; after the exchange of certain words the gates were thrown open and the Lord Mayor handed the City sword to the sovereign, who graciously returned it. A scene such as this took place when Queen Elizabeth passed through on her way to St. Paul's, the last observance of it being upon the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to the same place to attend the thanksgiving service for our late King's recovery from typhoid fever.

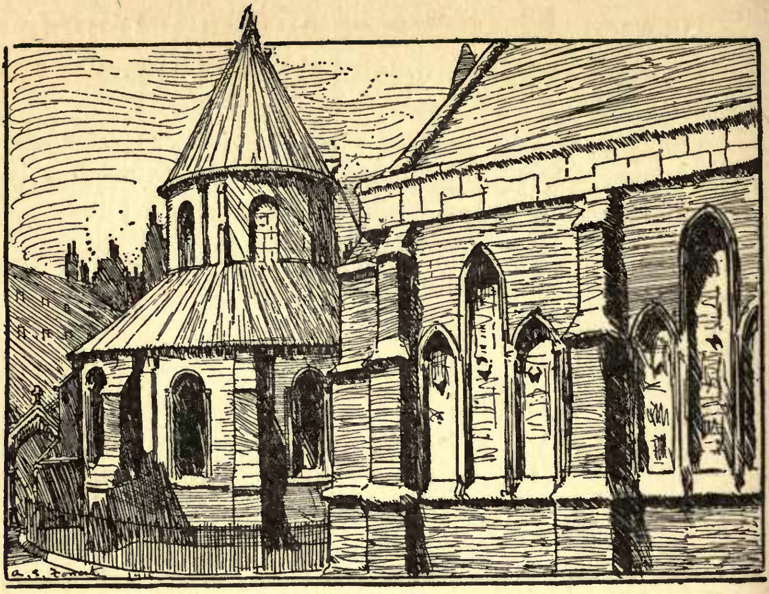
The old custom is still followed when a new king is proclaimed, or whenever the reigning sovereign visits the City; there are no gates now to throw open, but the ancient barrier is shut off by a stout silken cord held firmly in place by stalwart City police.

On the right of the "Griffin," going westwards, are

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

William the Conqueror established Law Courts in his palace, and when he travelled these travelled with him. This proved very inconvenient, so it was decided to have a settled place, and Westminster was the spot chosen. We know how the Courts were held, for six hundred years, in Westminster Hall, erected by William Rufus and rebuilt by Richard the Second, and of how they were finally removed to the vast and handsome building opened by Queen Victoria in 1882. They are partly in the City of Westminster and partly in the City of London, as they extend beyond the boundary line, so that Westminster and London share the honours—the one containing the Coronation Church, the Houses of Parliament, the sovereign's chief palace, and the Law Courts; whilst the other claims a part of the latter, as well as the "Citizens' Church," the Lord Mayor's residence, the Royal Exchange, and the Guildhall.

The Law Courts contain numerous court-rooms and various apartments for judges and other officials—nearly a thousand apartments in all—and are entered through the mosaic-paved central hall, which is very long and high and has a beautiful round, or rose, window.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER XXV

THE STORY OF FLEET STREET AND THE TEMPLE

Where the Strand ends, Fleet Street begins; do not forget that in crossing the boundary you enter the City.

The small and swift river called the "Fleet" (already referred to in Chapter V) used to run between this street and what we now know as Ludgate Circus, falling into the Thames at Blackfriars. It was rather an important stream, as it not only joined London to Westminster, but barges laden with merchandise could come up the river as far as Holborn, for the Fleet had a bridge across it, and a harbour at its mouth. In the lower part of its course it was called the "Hole-bourne" (burn in the hollow), for it ran through a deep valley with high hills on either side, only turning into a tidal stream after it had passed Holborn Hill. The little river, however, fell into disgrace by becoming an open and objectionable ditch, and was eventually covered over. It is now one of the largest sewers in London. Between the Thames and what is known to-day as Fleet Lane there was formerly a small marsh covered with water at high tide; this was part of the great Thames marsh.

Fleet Street in Queen Elizabeth's time was noted for waxwork shows and panoramas; to-day it is famous the world over as the place where most of our newspapers and periodicals are produced. It was noted also from the sixteenth until the early part of the nineteenth century for its taverns (the successors of those cookshops of which we spoke in Chapter XXI); these were an important part of London life, for they were the clubs, so to speak, of the men of those days. Pepys, celebrated for his Diary, tells us that there were no less than one hundred and fifty of these houses in London. Their customers of course depended on the situation of the tavern; if in the City, their principal visitors were merchants and stockbrokers, those round Fleet Street and the Strand being chiefly patronised by barristers and literary men.

Of the old Fleet Street taverns none was more famous than the "Cock" (originally "Cock and Bottle"), celebrated for its steaks, stout, and fine old port. Here came all those who knew what was good and could afford to pay for it, among them being Samuel Pepys, who was a great tavern-lover. The "Cock" was also patronised by Samuel Johnson, of Dictionary fame, and his friend Boswell, who afterwards wrote his Life. It is associated, too, with many another illustrious name, one of these in later times being the poet Tennyson.

According to the custom of those days, some of the less wealthy patrons of the establishment purchased a chop or steak at the butcher's and brought it to be cooked at the "Cock," for which a charge of one penny was made.

The "Cock," which originally stood on the north side of Fleet Street, opposite Middle Temple Lane, is one of the oldest of these taverns, and probably dates from the time of James the First or even Queen Elizabeth, as shown by the old carving of its fireplace and chimney. It still exists, but on the opposite side of the road, its old site having been required for the widening of Fleet Street. It was moved across to No. 22, where from above the door its gilded cock still looks out, though on a very changed scene. Within is to be found the boarded floor as of old (covered with sawdust instead of sand) and the veritable old seats, like wooden boxes, on which sat Pepys and Dr. Johnson and their companions.

But Fleet Street has other memories too, and if you turn off down an archway bearing the inscription "Bell Yard," you can, with a little imagination, think you are back in the days of the Crusades, for here, between Fleet Street and the Thames, is a district called

THE TEMPLE,

from the Knights Templars, who made it their home from 1184 until the early part of the fourteenth century.

Do you know the fascinating story of these old Crusaders, the famous Order of half-military, half-religious knights?

It was about the year 1118 that certain noblemen, horsemen, banded themselves together and took a vow "to serve Christ, and renounce their own wills for ever." There were only seven of them when the Order was started, and so poor were they that they could only afford one horse between two. Their habit consisted of a white mantle with a red cross on the left side, on account of which they were sometimes called "Red Cross Knights." Beneath the mantle they wore chain armour, for they were fighting monks, you see, and undertook to safeguard Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land. Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, encouraged and rewarded their efforts, granting them quarters in his palace, within the sacred enclosure of the Temple; thus they came to be known as "Knights of the Temple," or "Knights Templars."

The Order grew and increased, spreading over Europe and the East, gaining property and privileges as they did so. They used the money they gathered for building great fortresses in which to carry out their work of guarding the Holy Land and the Sepulchre of Christ.

Upon first coming to London, they established themselves in Chancery Lane, but after their return from the Second Crusade they moved to pleasanter quarters, taking, we are told, "a meadow sloping down to the Thames," where they built a great monastery and a splendid church, walled in and protected by gates. The church, which still stands to this day, was built round, after the form of the Temple at Jerusalem, for even when living in London all the thoughts, work, and prayers of these devout knights were for their beloved Holy Land. They became wealthier as time went on; this caused jealousy and brought about their downfall.

In the reign of Edward the Second they were persecuted and imprisoned, though this was nothing to the cruel treatment they received at the hands of Philip the Fair of France, who had numbers of them tried and condemned, and either burnt alive or hanged, whilst in 1312, by a decree of the Pope, their Order was done away with and their property given to their rivals and bitter enemies, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or "Knights Hospitallers," as they were called. These were established in a priory at Clerkenwell, their special work being the relief of sickness and suffering. They maintained a hospital at Jerusalem, and that is how they came by their title of "Hospitallers."

The Knights Templars may perhaps have grown a little haughty with so much wealth and power, for riches sometimes have this effect on people, but England is nevertheless proud of these brave men, for their valour for the Holy Land shines out in our history as one of great heroism and self-sacrifice.

And what became of their property? The Knights Hospitallers leased this out to the law students for £10 a year, giving them also the church, and King James the First finally conferred it on them and their successors for ever.

The Temple is divided into two parts, known respectively as the Middle and Inner Temple. The former bears on its shield of arms the old crest of the Templars, a horse carrying two men; this in time, with changing circumstances, became transformed into a winged horse, the two riders forming the wings. The Inner Temple, which leads out of the Middle one, adopted a badge the Templars had used in the thirteenth century—the Holy Lamb with a flag on a red cross, which you will see everywhere on the buildings of this Inn. The beautiful hall of the Middle Temple was built in Queen Elizabeth's time, and here Shakespeare's play *Twelfth Night* was produced.

As we look around, we find it difficult to believe that here, between busy Fleet Street and the wide Embankment, is not only a venerable church but various stately buildings, quaint courts, and old quadrangles. A flight of steps leads down to a terrace, in the centre of which plays a fountain, whilst beyond the trees surrounding it we catch sight of smooth green lawns and flower-beds. But where, across quadrangle and courtyard, once rang the clank of mailed armour, there now come hurrying figures in wig and gown, the members of the legal profession to whom the Temple belongs.

Before the Thames Embankment was built, the river used to wash up to the walls of the Temple Gardens, where, according to Shakespeare, the white and red roses were plucked which, as you will remember, were ever after the badge of the houses of York and Lancaster; it is here that nowadays the great annual flower shows are held. We must not, however, confuse these old Temple Gardens with the pretty public ones along the Embankment, where a band plays daily and busy wayfarers are free to sit and rest.

But we must leave these spots, attractive though they be, and take a look at what is certainly not less interesting—

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

It consists of two parts: the Round Church of the Templars, and the Early English Choir added in 1240. This beautiful building, with its handsome marble pillars and dark oak stalls, fortunately escaped the Fire of London.

Upon the tiled pavement of the round part are figures of knights in full armour, most of them lying with crossed legs. We notice too on the tiles, among other emblems, their badge—two men riding on one horse.

In one corner is a cell, so small and narrow that no grown-up person could possibly lie down in it, and containing nothing but a stone recess for bread and water. This is where a Templar who disobeyed a superior, or committed any other offence which merited punishment, was practically starved to death. A hole in the cell looks into the church, through which the poor prisoner could see and hear the service going on.

Just outside, near the east end, is the house of the "Master of the Temple," as the preacher of the church is called; it has had many distinguished occupants. Close by it, a plain slab marks the spot where Oliver Goldsmith is buried.

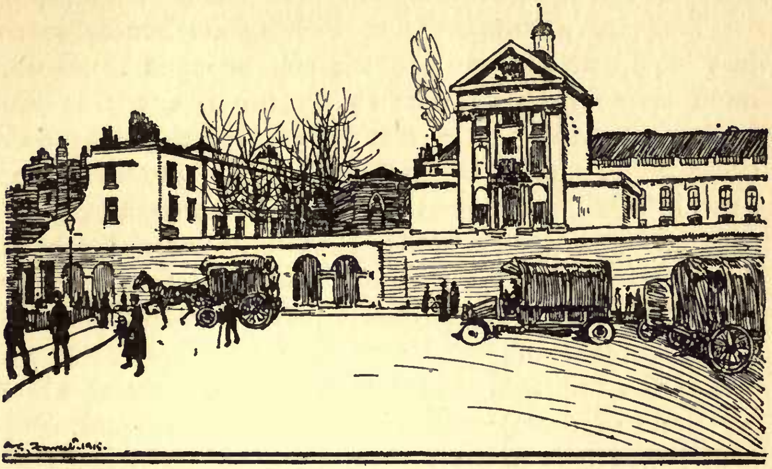
Coming out again into Fleet Street, we find that all around, as well as the Temple and its precincts, is a land of lawyers and law business. Over the way is Chancery Lane, out of which leads Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn; these, together with the Middle and Inner Temple, make up the four great Inns of Court. Do you wonder why they are called "Inns," sounding so much like an hotel? As a matter of fact, "inn" is an old English word for the house or mansion of a nobleman, and has the same meaning as the French for "hotel." It was about the reign of Edward the Third that societies of lawyers took up their residence in certain old houses, still retaining their name, as, for instance, "Lincoln's Inn," which at one time belonged to the Earl of Lincoln, and "Gray's Inn," named after Lord Grey de Wilton of the time of Henry the Eighth.

The old Inns of Court, like the Halls of Oxford and Cambridge, were originally so named from the custom of masters receiving scholars to board and live with them. There were ten lesser Inns, known as Inns of Chancery, in each of which there were about one hundred law students, who, when proficient, were admitted to one of the four Inns of Court we have already named; it would take too long to mention the names of these, sufficient to say that they were finally joined to one or other of the latter.

Not far from Fleet Street is Farringdon Street; it was here, close to the entrance of the old Fleet Bridge, that there stood for eight hundred years the Fleet Prison, famed not for anything good, but for its cruelty and wickedness. Many political prisoners were sent here, but later on it was used only for persons who had run into debt, and here they had to stay until they could pay. The life inside was more wretched than we of these days can even imagine. Those prisoners who could afford to pay were allowed to live just outside the prison, in what was called the "Rules of the Fleet," but they were not allowed to leave the "Rules." In the

Gordon Riots of 1780, the Fleet Prison was destroyed by fire and the prisoners set free by the mob. It was soon built up again, however, and was not finally done away with until 1844, its occupants being then transferred to the Queen's Bench Prison at Southwark.

So you see this is a very historic part of London, not only in regard to its surroundings but also on account of the noted people who have been connected with it. Shakespeare, Raleigh, Dryden, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Pepys, and Milton are but a few who have walked, or lived, or died in and around Fleet Street.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL ("BARTS").

CHAPTER XXVI

LONDON'S OLDEST HOSPITALS

We read that one of the most striking things about London in early Plantagenet times was the number and beauty of the religious houses which are said to have covered nearly two-thirds of the City, making it at this time "a forest of spires and towers."

These monasteries and priories were inhabited by monks or friars; the latter went forth and begged food and raiment from door to door, preaching in church or street as opportunity offered. The monks, on the other hand, remained always within their own walls, passing the time in performing their religious duties, reading and studying, illuminating manuscripts, and tending any sick persons brought to them.

The larger number of these religious houses stood just inside or just outside the city wall, as there was more space here than down by the river; this was necessary owing to the fact that connected with each great house was always a large army of retainers, who lived in dwellings around it. There were cooks, bakers, stablemen, carpenters, indeed workmen of every kind, for the entire duties of the place were carried on by those attached to it, no help being needed from outside.

It would be impossible to do more than mention a few of the religious houses of this time, some of which (or parts of them) still remain, while others are commemorated only in the names of the streets where once they stood. Nearly all of them had a hospital attached, and it is about two of these in particular we want to tell you in this chapter, as they are to-day two of the greatest as well as the oldest of our present London hospitals.

The Great Church and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which stands near Smithfield Cattle Market, was one of the earliest and most successful attempts made in London to establish a hospital for the sick on a large scale. It has a very romantic history, for its founder was Rahere, minstrel and jester to King Henry the First, and the story goes that he went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he prayed before the shrine of St. Bartholomew and vowed that if God would pardon his sins he would return to his native land, "make an hospital for nourishing poor men," and minister to their wants himself. The story goes on to tell how the penitent Rahere saw in a vision St. Bartholomew, who, after promising the pardon of his sins, added: "know therefore that it is the will of Heaven that thou shouldst choose a place in the suburbs of London at Smithfield and build a church and a hospital, and this thou must do in my name."

Upon returning to London, Rahere asked permission from the king to carry out his project, and not only obtained leave from him to do so, but also the land at Smithfield on which to build.

Rahere began to lay the foundation of his church and hospital in 1102, but as there was a good deal of difficulty in draining the land, more than twenty years passed before the buildings were completed, the late minstrel meanwhile devoting his time to the service of the Church and to work amongst the lepers and the very poor.

At last, in the year 1123, there arose a magnificent church, a handsome priory, and a commodious hospital. Rahere appointed, as Master of the hospital, his old friend Alfun, under whose authority were eight Brothers (serving as doctors as well as priests) and four Nursing Sisters. He himself became Prior of his monastery, upon which, we are told, "he began anew to minister and to exhort, alike in his church and the dwellings of his citizens." He died in 1144, and those men of the Middle Ages built him a most beautiful canopied tomb, which may be seen to-day in the chancel of the Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great in Smithfield; there are four shields on the tomb, those of England, London, the hospital, and the priory. A crowned angel kneels at Rahere's feet and monks of his

Order pray at his side, each of these having a Bible open before him at the text from Isaiah ii. verse 3, beginning, "The Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places"; very appropriate this to the church built on the marsh.

The church itself is still one of the most beautiful in London, one bay of the nave being Norman work, just as left by Rahere. There are other interesting tombs as well as that of the founder. Some of the epitaphs, too, are very quaint; that of John and Margaret Whiting—1680–81—in a window recess in the north aisle runs as follows:

"Shee first deceased, Hee for a little Tryd
To live without her, likd it not and dyd."

But the hospital is what you will be waiting chiefly to know about, for St. Bartholomew's is a very important one. We read little of it between its foundation down to the time of King Henry the Eighth, except that in the year 1423 the buildings were repaired out of the money left by our good friend Dick Whittington. After the Reformation, when the religious houses had been suppressed or done away with, we hear more about it. It was then that the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Gresham (father of the builder of the Royal Exchange), begged permission of the king for it to be given back to the people as a hospital, for when the monks were turned out of their houses, the sick were turned out also; these the citizens now had thrown on their hands, and a very heavy burden they found it.

After some delay, the king was pleased to grant a charter by which St. Bartholomew's, together with the Grey Friars, St. Thomas's, and Bethlehem, were to be refounded as hospitals, and these consequently became known as the "Royal Hospitals."

In 1730 St. Bartholomew's Hospital was rebuilt on the old site from the design of the architect Gibbs. A statue of King Henry the Eighth is still preserved over the entrance of the present building.

"Barts," as it is affectionately called by its students, has always ranked among the first of our schools of medicine and surgery; many distinguished men have belonged to it, and the medical school has numbered among its members such famous men as Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Abernethy, and other renowned physicians. In addition to being the oldest, it is one of the wealthiest hospitals in London, its annual income amounting to about £65,000. It contains 680 beds, occupied during the year by some 7500 patients, while treatment is given to about 130,000 out-patients, including accidents.

Another of the Royal Hospitals which we must find space to tell you about is St. Thomas's. This really sprang out of an "almonry" or almshouse belonging to the Priory of Bermondsey, another of the old religious houses which stood neither inside nor outside the wall, but lay on the other or Surrey side of the river. About 1213 the Prior founded close by, on land appointed to the cellarer, an "almery" or hospital for converts and boys, which was dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, but this temporary building was, later on, transferred to the other side of the causeway to gain some advantages of air. Here it was rebuilt and re-dedicated under the title of the "Hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr."

At the dissolution of the monasteries St. Thomas's was, like many others, surrendered to the king, at which time it had forty beds for poor decayed people who had food and firing supplied them. This institution, however, fell into decay, but in 1552 Ridley, Bishop of London, preached a sermon which awakened the interest of Londoners and especially of King Edward, the boy-king, as he was called, who consulted with the bishop and also the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the result being that it was decided to refound and endow three hospitals, one of which was St. Thomas's.

In course of years the building fell into bad repair, and in 1682 a public subscription was raised to rebuild it; this being done in a rather piecemeal manner, it was not completed until 1732.

The present imposing structure of seven blocks, communicating by means of arcades, was built in 1870 on land reclaimed from the foreshore of the river during the construction of the Thames embankment and bought by the hospital for £100,000. The one wing left of the old building was then converted into a chapel. It contains over 650 beds; these are used during the year by about 7700 patients, out-relief being given to over 90,000 persons. This, too, is a rich hospital, its income amounting to £60,000 a year.

Another celebrated Royal hospital was that of "St. Mary of Bethlehem," shortened first to "Bethlem," then "Bedlam," the latter strange name being given later on to certain out-patients called "Tom o' Bedlams," who wore a metal badge on the arm, and after receiving relief at the hospital were sent out to beg.

The building was very old, having been founded in 1246, and, like the two already mentioned, was a religious house with a hospital attached, standing outside the Bishopsgate. It was first established by Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of London, who not only gave the land, but also erected, on the spot now known as Liverpool Street, the first Bethlem Hospital. When restored to the citizens of London it was revived for lunatics, for which purpose it had been previously used.

By 1675 the building had become so old that it was decided to erect a fresh one in Moorfields. This in its turn, being crowded out by narrow streets, was moved in 1812 to the more open position of St. George's Fields, Lambeth, where it now stands.

The present building accommodates about 300 patients, and the treatment of these afflicted people is very different to what it was when the Tom o' Bedlams were sent out to beg; nowadays they are interested and employed, and this kinder system, we are told, produces good and happier results.

There is yet one other of these Royal institutions, but as it is not now a hospital for sick people, we shall only be able to give a very short portion of its story as it does not really concern our chapter, though it is far too important and interesting to be entirely passed over — Christ's Hospital this is called, and its early history goes back to the old "Grey Friars" or Franciscan monks.

Nine monks of this Order arrived in England in 1224. They were quite penniless, and took up their abode in mud-huts on a piece of waste ground at Cornhill, but appear to have soon moved from here into Newgate Street. By their earnest preaching and good lives they throve well, until, in 1327, the "Church of the Grey Friars" was considered one of the most magnificent in London; money too poured fast into its treasury, even Royal offerings.

This hospital, like the others, was restored by King Henry the Eighth to the citizens of London. His conscience seems to have smitten him towards the end of his reign for having taken so much from religious houses and thereby injured the poor, and so, in 1545, as we have said, he gave these back for their benefit.

For some years, however, nothing seems to have been done with the buildings of the old Grey Friars, in fact, they were only used as storehouses for plunder, but in 1552, when the pious young king, Edward the Sixth, confirmed the gift of certain hospitals, the old monastery in Newgate Street was set in order and made into a school for the care and education of children whose parents were not rich. This was called "Christ's Hospital" (though it had nothing to do with sick people), and became familiarly known as the "Bluecoat School" from the long blue coats then worn by the boys, and which have distinguished them ever since, while, in commemoration of their founder, the face of the young king is stamped upon their metal coat buttons.

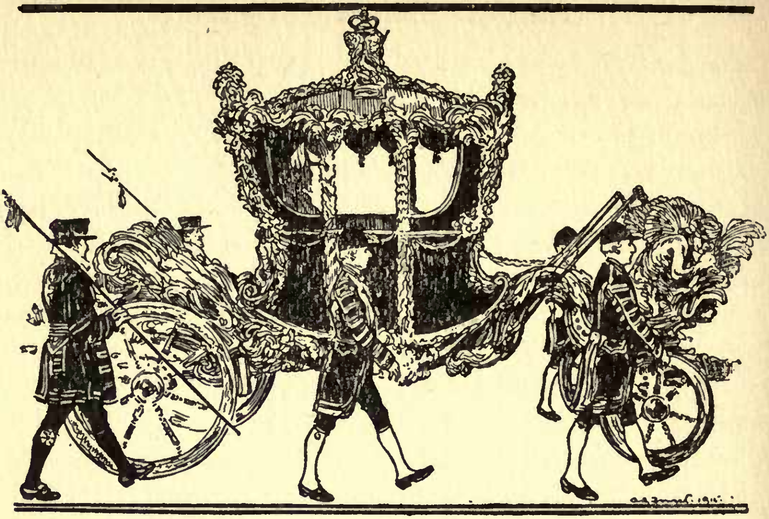
At the beginning of the seventeenth century six hundred children were maintained and educated here, one thousand two hundred and forty pensioners also receiving alms. Later on, over a thousand children were cared for. In addition, "place houses" were started at Hertford, Ware, and in other districts where the youngest boys began their education before going to London.

Some portions of the old monastery survived until the beginning of last century, but, becoming ruinous and unsafe, they were pulled down and replaced by the vast building at Newgate.

The blue-coated, yellow-stockinged, hatless boys were familiar to every Londoner, and quite a little crowd were accustomed to gather in front of the tall iron gates and palings of the old building in Newgate Street to watch them playing in the courtyard. In later years, however, it was thought that it would be more healthy for the boys to be in the country, and so the old City site (which had become very valuable) was sold and a new one bought in Sussex, to which the school removed.

This magnificent charity has not only benefited countless numbers of boys, but the school can boast of many a distinguished name, whose owner was once a bluecoat boy.

So, you see, the citizens of London now, as then, owe much to the founders of those old religious houses of long ago.



THE ROYAL COACH.

CHAPTER XXVII

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF OUR REIGNING SOVEREIGN

ALTHOUGH not much to look at from outside, this is the chief of London's three Royal palaces as well as being one of the largest in Europe.

It did not begin life as a Royal residence, but was formerly a nobleman's country house, and if we go further back still, we find that James the First planted a mulberry garden here, in 1609, the French refugees having introduced the silk trade into London. In the reigns of Charles the First and Second these gardens became a favourite place of amusement and a fashionable promenade.

Arlington House, as the first building was called, was pulled down in 1703, and a house erected in its place by the Duke of Buckingham, which is how the present palace came by its name.

George the Third bought it in the early part of his reign, his family having outgrown St. James's. He lived there a good deal, and it was here that he collected the splendid "King's Library" presented by his successor to the British Museum.

As we have already seen, it was Buckingham House, its earlier name, that was settled on Queen Charlotte in 1775, in exchange for Somerset House, which was then given up for public offices.

Although rebuilt for George the Fourth, that king disliked it so heartily that he would never live there, and it was not really occupied again until Queen Victoria, upon her accession, chose it as her Royal residence, since which time the sovereign, when in London, has always lived in Buckingham Palace.

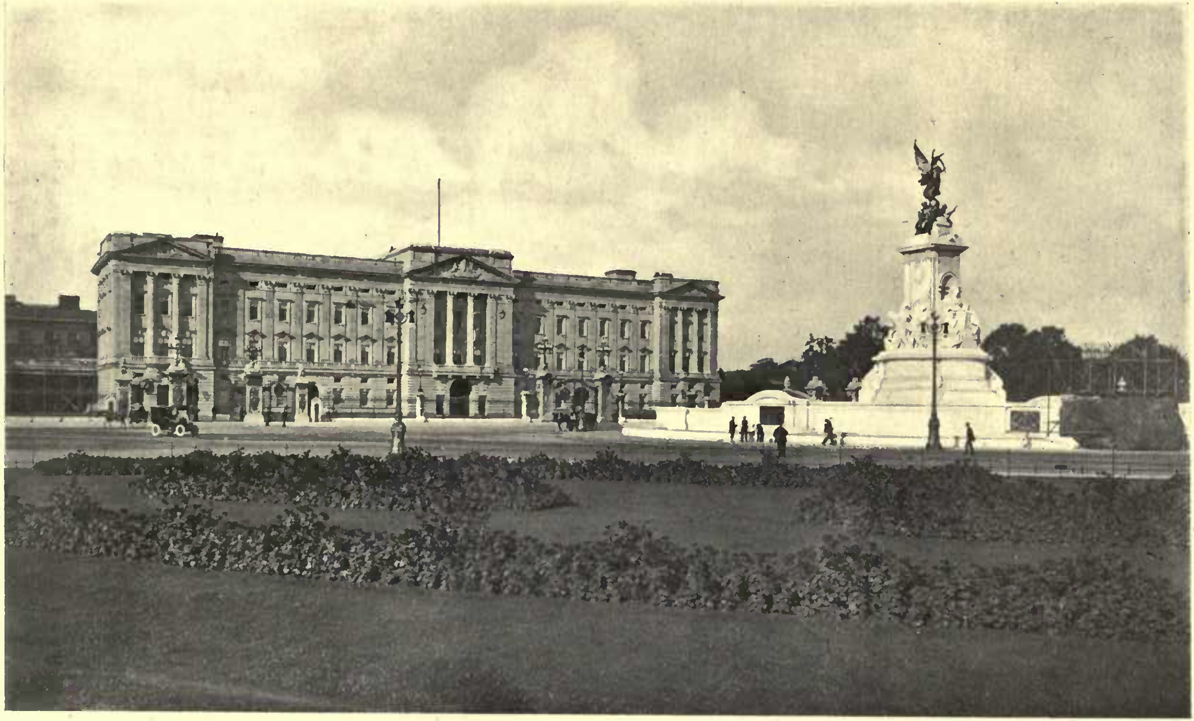
Many alterations have taken place in it since those days, but 1913 saw the greatest change of all, when from the skilful designs of the great architect, Sir Aston Webb, the front of it in three short months was reconstructed and made more worthy of London's principal Royal palace. An army of workmen were employed, in order that the new white stone face of Buckingham Palace might be begun and completed during the thirteen weeks the Court was away.

Behind a mighty screen of scaffolds and platforms, of electric lifts and huge cranes, four hundred men laboured by day, four hundred others taking their place at night, the latter working on, without intermission, by the aid of thousands of electric lights and flares, which gave the place the appearance of a fairy palace. But for ten months before the actual work began on the building itself, three hundred masons were engaged in cutting the necessary stones, each one of which was lettered and numbered, in order that the mason who received it might know exactly where it had to be placed. The cost of the improvements was defrayed out of the funds left over from the subscription for the Queen Victoria Memorial, which stands in the centre of the large open space in front of Buckingham Palace and commemorates her long and glorious reign.

To celebrate the completion of the alterations to Buckingham Palace, the King, with his usual thoughtfulness, announced his intention of entertaining all the workmen to dinner. This function accordingly took place in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on 31st October 1914, when five hundred men sat down as the guests of His Majesty. Each was provided with a menu card ornamented with the Royal arms in gold, and was also presented with a clay pipe and packet of tobacco, these, too, bearing the Royal arms. Their kingly host sent the men a gracious message from Sandringham, and when the toast, "The King," was proposed we can imagine with what enthusiasm it was received.

We can always tell when the sovereign is in residence, for not only does the Royal standard fly at full mast, but the changing of the guard takes place here at a quarter past eleven daily instead of at St. James's Palace, one of the fine military bands playing meanwhile.

No part of the palace itself is shown to the public, so we must imagine ourselves the cat who "went up to London to visit the Queen," and from under various chairs take a peep at the magnificent state rooms, which



BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

Photo, W. S. Campbell.

include the Green Drawing-room, the Ball-room, and the Throne-room; the latter is hung with crimson satin and is where the King and Queen hold their courts, as the presentation to their Majesties is called. It is the ladies who chiefly attend these, and they come in court dresses with long trains, and wearing feathers and veils on their heads. The levees, at which gentlemen are presented to their king, usually take place at St. James's Palace; they also wear a special court dress, or their own uniform, whatever that may be.

The King's private apartments are on the north side of the house, overlooking the beautiful gardens; here he does a great deal of the vast amount of work which falls to the share of a crowned head, for Royal folk have anything but the lazy time some people seem to imagine.

The Royal kitchens are wonderful places, too. They consist of one large main kitchen, with smaller ones opening from it.

The chief chef—or head cook—who has supreme control, is a very important personage with a very big salary, being the highest paid of all the Royal servants. He lives near the palace, but not in it, arriving each morning, when the King is in London, punctually at eleven o'clock, the preparation of the breakfast being entrusted to the assistant chef.

How the chief chef carries out his work is a little story of itself, suffice it to say that in the evening he stays in the kitchens until the dinner has all been served, whereupon he retires to his office, a large, comfortable room close by, where he awaits the King's message that His Majesty has been satisfied with the dinner, after which he leaves the palace and goes home. He usually travels with the Court, or if the King is entertaining guests at any of the other Royal residences, he has to go and superintend the preparation of the lunch or dinner, as the case may be.

At the lower end of the gardens, at the back of the palace, are the stables, or Royal Mews, so called because they are where the King's hawks used to be kept, in coops or "mews." There is stabling here for nearly one hundred and fifty horses, among these being the famous cream-coloured ponies which draw the Royal carriage on all state occasions. Near by is the room containing the red morocco harness, with silver gilt fittings, worn by them, whilst in one of the several large coach-houses we find the magnificent painted coach designed in 1762 for George the Third, which cost over £6000 and looks as if it had come out of a fairy tale. Permission to see over the Royal stables can be obtained from the Master of the Horse.

In the garden is the Palace Chapel, as well as a large lake and a great pavilion, or garden house.

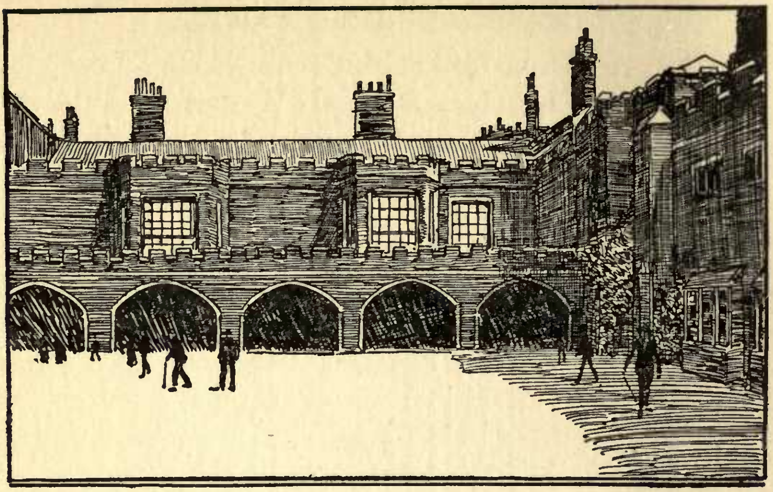
Another residence used by Royalty is

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S.

Here our present King lived when he was Prince of Wales. It was built in 1709 by Sir Christopher Wren for the first Duke of Marlborough on ground given by Queen Anne for the purpose.

The king in those days lived in St. James's Palace, which is only separated from Marlborough House by the roadway. The latter was far the grander residence of the two, and the Duchess was fond of referring to His Majesty as "Neighbour George."

The great Duke died at Marlborough House in 1722, after which it was bought by the Crown for Princess Charlotte, George the Fourth's daughter and heir to the throne. After the death of King William the Fourth, Queen Adelaide lived there. So, you see, it is a residence reserved for the use of either an heir-apparent or a widowed queen.



ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

CHAPTER XXVIII

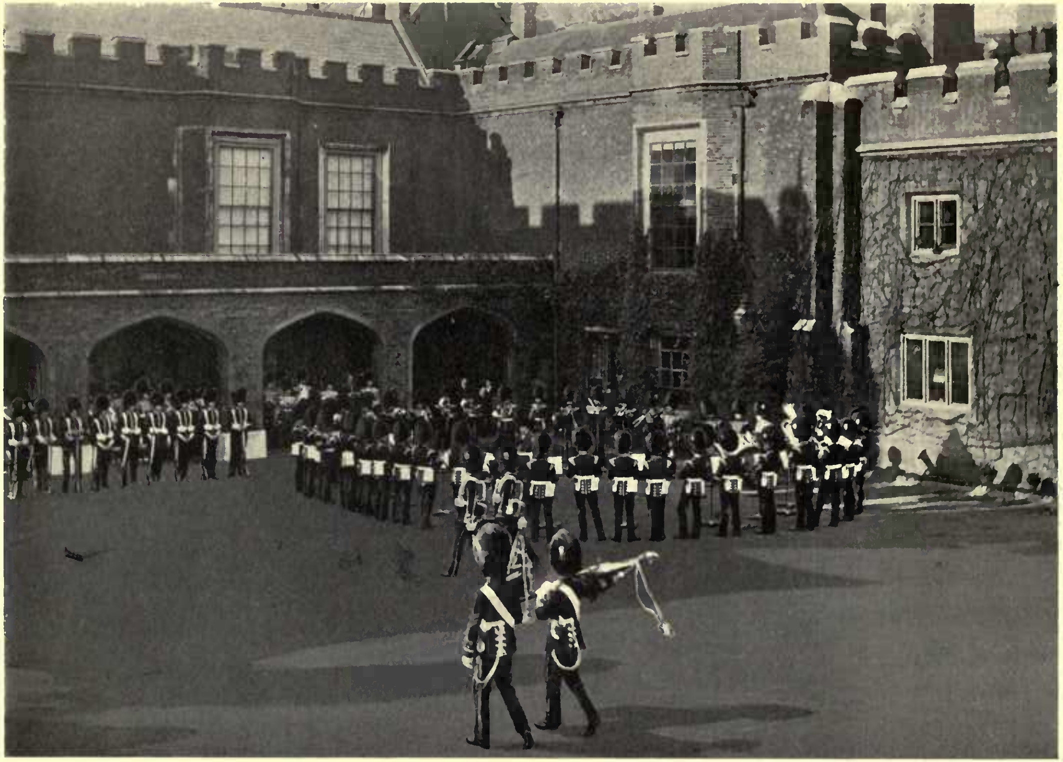
ABOUT TWO MORE ROYAL PALACES

St. James's Palace.

This was at one time the happy home of King Charles the First, but times changed, and it was here, later on, that his children were brought and bade him an affecting farewell. From it, guarded by soldiers, he walked through St. James's Park to Whitehall, to be beheaded.

St. James's is full of the memories of dead-and-gone kings and queens, as well as of soldiers and great statesmen. Most of the Georges lived here, and in the reign of Queen Anne it was the scene of many a grand state function; William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide, too, made it their principal residence.

But if we want to find out how it first came to be



"CHANGING THE GUARD" AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

a Royal residence, we must go back to the reign of Henry the Eighth, for it was this king who obtained possession of the house, at that time a leper hospital dating from before the Conquest and dedicated to St. James.

It stood alone in those days, surrounded by green fields and with no building nearer to it than Charing Cross. The king secured the meadows in exchange for lands in Suffolk, and after pensioning off the inmates, walled in a portion as a deer park and built himself a country residence. It is said to have been planned and designed by Holbein, whose gateway, you will remember, we spoke of in the story of Whitehall; this still stands facing St. James's Street, and is, with the Presence Chamber and Chapel Royal, all that now remains of the building of Henry the Eighth.

After the burning of Whitehall Palace, St. James's was the only official London palace our sovereigns had, but when Queen Victoria decided to use Buckingham Palace as her London residence, St. James's became less important and was used only for levees and other ceremonies. It continued, however, to be the official court of Great Britain, and it is still to "Our Court at St. James's" that the ambassadors of foreign nations are given introductions. From here, too, the death of a king or queen is announced, the heralds, later on, proclaiming the accession of a new sovereign. Maybe St. James's felt that it had regained something of its old importance when, on 30th May, an historic event took place there for which the year 1913 will be celebrated. In the splendid Picture Gallery on that day the Peace Treaty between Turkey and the Balkan States was signed, bringing to a conclusion, for a time at anyrate, the eight months' war.

In the outer, or east court, the guard is relieved every morning, except when the King is in residence at Buckingham Palace.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, near Marlborough House, is where Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were married, and the weddings of many great folks, as well as the christenings of princes and princesses, have taken place here. The latest ceremony was the marriage, in October 1913, of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife, the eldest daughter of our Princess Royal and the late Duke of Fife. The boy choristers of this chapel wear a gorgeous state uniform.

Adjoining St. James's Palace is Clarence House, built for the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, and occupied at present by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

We cannot close this little account of St. James's Palace without making mention of the Park, for this once formed the pleasure-grounds attached to the palace. It was Charles the Second who, with the help of the great French gardener, Le Notre, had the deer park converted into a garden ; the narrow footpaths turned into broad, gravelled walks, and the avenues of trees planted along the road we know as the "Mall." He it was who had the decoy built for the ducks, called in consequence "Duck Island," and some small ponds thrown into a large sheet of water, leaving it, in fact, much as we see it to-day. There were birds in cages, too, all along the road which stretched to Buckingham Palace, giving it the name it still bears—"Birdcage Walk."

The second old palace we have to speak about is

KENSINGTON PALACE.

Here again are beautiful gardens, once the pleasure-grounds attached to the palace of Kensington, but opened to the public by the queen of George the Second, Caroline of Anspach, whom we have also to thank for having the Round Pond and Serpentine Lake made, the Broad Walk cut, and the avenues of beautiful trees planted.

These are, perhaps, the most loved of all the public parks and gardens, at anyrate by the children, for here, on lake and pond, they can sail their miniature boats; they have, too, their playground and the sand-pits where they can make believe they are on the seashore, and last, but not least, they have their own dear "Peter Pan," who, it is whispered, comes off his pedestal at night (when the children have left the gardens and no longer need him) to pipe for the fairies to dance.

On the western end of these lovely gardens stands Kensington Palace; this is specially interesting as being the birthplace of Queen Victoria and also of Princess Mary of Teck—our present Queen.

It was during the reign of William and Mary that Kensington Palace first became a Royal residence. It is difficult for Londoners to believe that Kensington in those days, and for fifty years later, was a quiet little village. This just suited William of Orange, who suffered from asthma and wanted to get a little way out of London, so he bought Nottingham House, as Kensington Palace was then called, after the Earl of that name, and made it his country mansion.

With the help of his queen, he altered and improved the palace, and the fine and lofty room known as the "King's Gallery" was designed for him by Sir Christopher Wren. Over the chimney-piece in this room is a curious-looking wind-dial, the hand of which was connected with a weather-vane outside, showing whether the wind was suitable or not for the asthmatic king to venture out of doors.

The gardens also came in for his attention, and, being devoted to Holland, his great idea was for this new home to be as much as possible like that of his native land, so among other things he had a Dutch garden laid out, this leading the way to the numerous beautiful ones since made.

William and Mary were but the first of many sovereigns who lived, and some of whom died, at this palace. They were followed by Queen Anne and her husband (Prince George of Denmark), as well as by George the Second, all of whom gave their names to various apartments, but the handsomest are those designed for William of Orange.

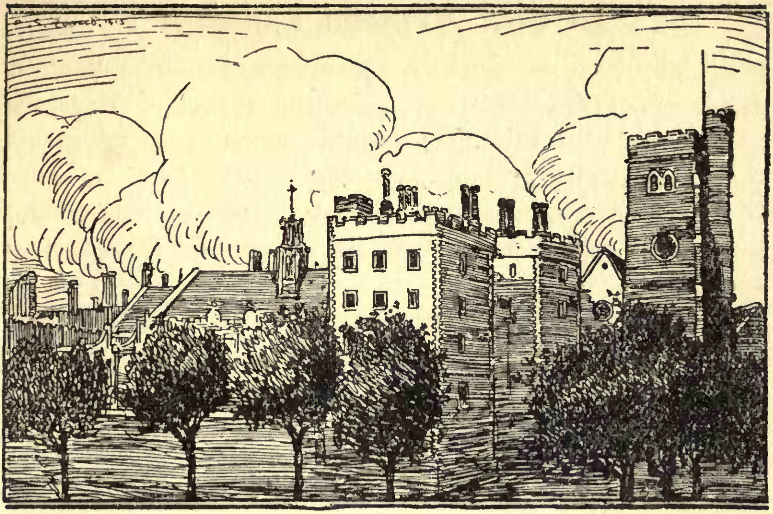
For a time the palace was unused and neglected, George the Third preferring his Kew residence. Then one of his sons, the Duke of Kent, came to live in it with his wife, and Kensington Palace became once more important, for here their little daughter, the future Queen of England, was born, and spent the earlier years of her life, being brought up with the greatest simplicity. Had you lived in those days you might have got a glimpse of her through the railings, either taking breakfast with her mother in the open air, or watering the plants of her own little garden with a miniature watering-pot.

It was by Queen Victoria's desire that her old home was in 1897 thrown open to the public in commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee. We can see for ourselves the room in which she slept when a girl and from which she was summoned early one morning in June to hear of her accession to the English throne. Round the room are cases containing her toys, and we are shown too, among other things, the robes of crimson and gold in which she was crowned.

Outside, there is a white marble statue of her as a young girl; this was designed by her own clever daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, who has rooms in the palace. It is interesting to look at this simple monument and then pass on to the grand one, all white and gold, opposite Buckingham Palace, which commemorates the long and wise reign of the queen who was given by her people the noble title of "Victoria the Good."

Kensington Palace and Gardens already formed a very important part of the Story of London, but this was added to when the London Museum was opened there in 1912, to commemorate the Coronation of King George the Fifth. Exhibits from earliest times down to the present day find a place in this wonderful museum—in fact, every object shown has been found in or been in some way connected with the history of London. But this was only its temporary home, for a generous and worthy citizen—Sir William Lever—presented Stafford House, St. James's Park, to the nation, and now this wonderful collection of beautiful and ancient things is housed in what is considered to be the finest private mansion in London. Nearly forty thousand exhibits were removed from Kensington Palace, and several thousands of new ones have been added to the collection. Instead of being set out in sections, the exhibits are arranged in dates, providing a progressive history of London from its earliest to its latest times.

With the approval of the King, the name of Stafford House has been changed to that of "Lancaster" House, in compliment, we are told, to the donor, who is a Lancashire man, and also because "Duke of Lancaster" is one of the Royal titles of the sovereigns of England.



LAMBETH PALACE.

CHAPTER XXIX

LAMBETH AND FULHAM PALACES

Lambeth Palace.

If you stand on Westminster Bridge and look up the river, you will see on the left bank a quaint old building, part of which is said to be the oldest dwelling-house in London. That building is Lambeth Palace. It has been an ecclesiastical palace for nine hundred years, and for more than half that time was the official residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. It is only called "palace" by courtesy, for it was originally the Manor House of Lambeth, and seems to have belonged to the sister of Edward the Confessor, who gave it to the Bishop of Rochester; but the Church had no settled possession of it until 1197, when Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave the Manor of Dartford in exchange for that of Lambeth, whereupon he pulled down the existing buildings and converted them into the ancient manor house which is now the palace, and has ever since been the home of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

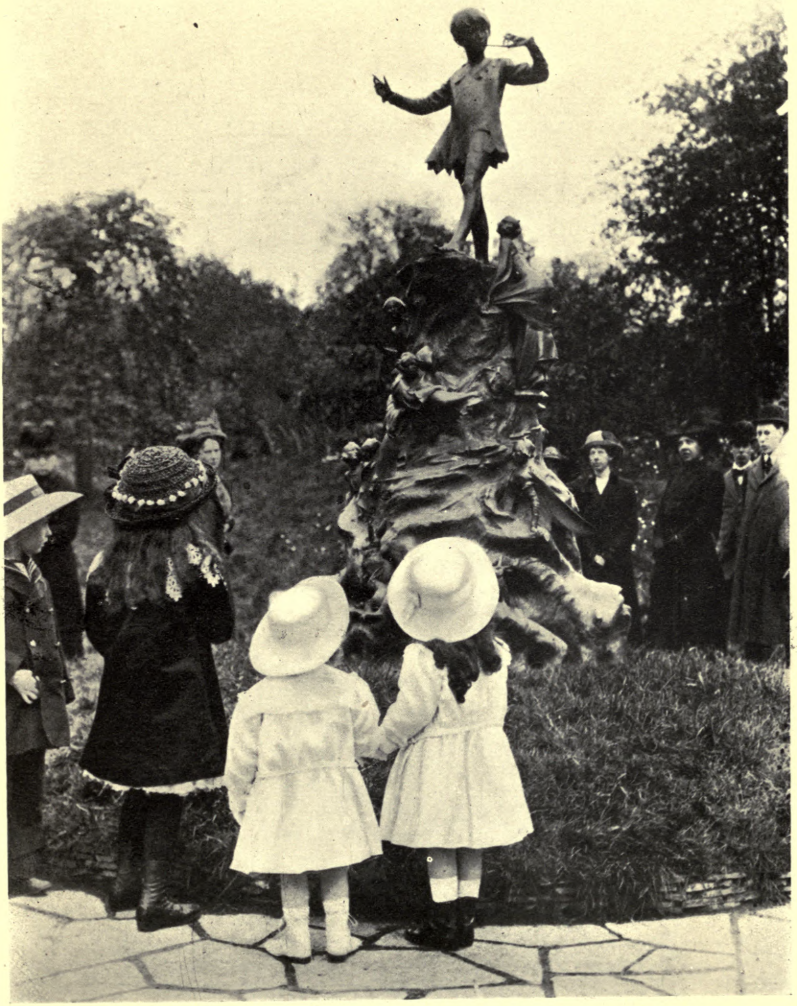
In those days the Thames was the chief highway, and the Archbishop had a stately barge moored outside up the creek, by which he could cross to Whitehall at any minute.

Of course a great many alterations have taken place since those days, and of the original building very little remains, some of the oldest part having been taken down over eighty years ago and a new portion built.

You must be sure to notice the arched gateway leading into the outer court, for it is not only very beautiful but it is over four hundred years old.

Passing through the gateway, we find ourselves in a courtyard with a beautifully kept lawn; on one side of this is a fine old ivy-covered wall dividing the palace domain from the Thames. An ancient archway leads into the quadrangle of the newer portion of the palace, which, as we have already said, was built about eighty years ago.

We have not space to make more than mention of some of the most important parts of the building, such as the Great Hall—built on the site of the former one—which has a very beautiful open roof, made of oak, something after the style of that at Westminster Hall. This hall is used for many important things, among them being the great gatherings attended by Protestant



THE STATUE OF PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON PALACE GARDENS.

Photo, Sport and General.

bishops from all parts of the world—"pan-Anglican Conferences," they are called. It now contains the library established by Archbishop Bancroft in 1610, and left by him to the Archbishops of Canterbury for ever. This is full of priceless treasures, not only books but exquisitely illuminated manuscripts, still quite perfect, though they were done hundreds of years ago. Upstairs is a long picture gallery with many old pictures and prints; out of it a door leads into the Post Room, so called from a large post or pillar in the centre, supporting the roof, to which heretics were said to have been tied when sentenced to be whipped.

On the left of the outer court is the Water Tower, often incorrectly called the "Lollards' Tower." There probably were followers of Wycliffe imprisoned here, but the real Lollards' Tower was the one at the south end of Old St. Paul's, used by the Bishop of London as a prison, and destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

Through the Post Room we come to the oldest part of the palace—the private chapel, which was built by Archbishop Boniface in 1245. A successor added the screen and windows. These were destroyed in the Civil Wars, but were reproduced by Archbishop Tait, aided by his family and friends. Beneath the chapel is a beautiful crypt; it was here that Anne Boleyn was brought from the Tower to hear her sentence pronounced.

Lambeth Palace has played a very important part in the history of England. Between the years 1232 and 1280, Parliaments as well as Councils were held here; kings and queens were entertained on many and various occasions; political prisoners were kept in honourable confinement—namely, given over to the Archbishop's safe keeping.

Queens of England have been a good deal associated at different times with Lambeth Palace, Queen Elizabeth perhaps being the most frequent visitor. Later, however, very little record is to be traced of Royal visits, so it was a great occasion when, on 23rd February 1914, King George and Queen Mary honoured the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Randall Davidson with their presence. It was believed to be the first time that a king and queen had been there together.

We must not leave Lambeth without speaking of its parish church, St. Mary's, which adjoins the palace, and dates from the fifteenth century. Of a still older one built in 1378 nothing remains except the tower, but this has witnessed some important scenes in England's history, for it looked down on Wat Tyler's men when they attacked the palace in 1381; it saw Archbishop Laud carried off to the Tower of London to be beheaded, and it watched the queen of James the Second seek shelter beneath its walls when fleeing from England. It saw some gay scenes too, such as the Royal state pageants which used to be held at Whitehall and Greenwich in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the fine water processions of the Lord Mayor to Westminster, so we must look at this old tower with respect.

We have no time to tell of all the distinguished people buried in the church, and outside in the churchyard, among whom are no fewer than six Archbishops of Canterbury; nor to do more than mention the curious font-grave, into which a person being baptized can be dipped bodily; or the stained-glass window representing a man with a staff and pack, called the "Pedlar's Window," and said to have been placed there as a memorial to a pedlar who, in the fifteenth century, left a piece of land, still known as "Pedlar's Acre," for Church purposes—these, and many other interesting things, we must leave, for we have yet to speak of that other episcopal residence,

FULHAM PALACE,

the home of the Bishop of London. This is very, very old, the Manor of Fulham having belonged to the See—as the particular part is called over which a bishop or archbishop has charge—for over a thousand years.

These episcopal residences, as we have said before, are called "palaces" by courtesy only; they are really manor houses to which, formerly, the prelates retired for quiet and rest. This was the case with Fulham; for eight hundred years at least it was only the summer residence of the Bishops of London, it being considered necessary for these dignitaries to have their country houses, just as the King had his river-side palaces at Hampton Court and Greenwich. Up to the middle of the sixteenth century they lived in great state in a mansion adjoining the north-west end of St. Paul's Cathedral; the present name of "London House Yard" probably marks the place where this stately dwelling stood. London House in Aldersgate was their next abode, continuing so until about 1770, when another London House was started in St. James's Square, which has continued ever since to be their town house.

After various changes, Fulham Manor House—one of the most ancient in England—became Fulham Palace and the official residence of the Bishops of London.

The principal entrance is by way of the "Bishop's Avenue," as it is called. This used to be a country lane, and was, until recently, closed with a pair of iron gates, only opened to admit the Bishop's carriage; these were removed after the Meadows were turned into a public park. Up this noble avenue of stately elms, which has descended from bishop to bishop, one may approach the palace. A moat surrounds the grounds, across which are two bridges, one being a drawbridge.

An arched gateway brings us to the palace itself, which consists of two courts, or quadrangles, one containing the newer buildings, used as a residence by the Bishop and his family, the other, known as the Bonner Quadrangle, comprising the older portions.

Immediately opposite the main entrance is the Great Hall. A description on a tablet above the fireplace tells us that it and the adjoining quadrangle were "erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry the Eighth on the site of the building of the old Palace as ancient as the Conquest." It goes on to tell of its various uses since then; of how in the reign of George the Fourth it became a chapel, being finally restored to its original purpose by Bishop Tait, who erected a new chapel.

On the oak panelling surrounding the hall is hung, amongst other portraits, one of Henry the Seventh. The windows are of stained glass, bearing the arms of many of the bishops.

Having examined the Great Hall, and perhaps paid a visit to the beautiful chapel given to the palace in 1867 by Bishop Tait, we make our way into the Little Hall, outside the door of which is a cork tree nearly four hundred years old. The Little Hall leads to the rooms occupied by the Bishop's chaplain and secretary, as well as to his lordship's private sitting-room and study. It is in these three rooms that all the business of the diocese is daily transacted, and if you were to peep into any one of them you would probably find the table piled high with correspondence, for these heads of the Church have, like their sovereign, a busy life.

Near here is the Porteous Library, which contains about six thousand volumes. It is so called from the bishop of that name who, though he was not the founder of the library, gave a great many books, and he it was who began the collection of the portraits of the Bishops of London, commencing from the time of the Reformation, which hang over the bookcases.

There are many more interesting things of which we could speak, such as the coal cellar, used as a prison in Reformation times; the kitchen and its beautiful roof, once the dining-room; the guard-room with its carved motto, "By watching and praying"; but to say anything about these would take a volume to itself, so we must pass on to the garden, for the people of London in olden days had beautiful gardens, and time has but made them more beautiful for us.

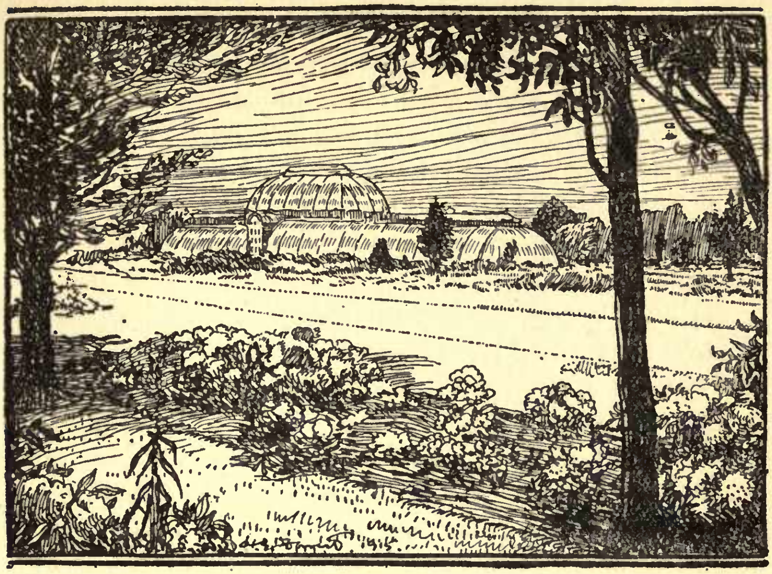
These famous gardens were begun by Bishop Grindall, and made more celebrated by Bishop Compton, the man who was Bishop of London during the thirty-five years of the building of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was he, too, who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange, and rode with drawn sword in front of the Princess Anne. He was banished to Fulham by James the Second, and stayed there for two years; being an enthusiastic gardener, he made many improvements. There are beautiful vineries (grapes from which were sent to Queen Elizabeth) as well as vegetable and flower gardens; indeed, it is hard to believe that Fulham Palace stands in the midst of a London suburb!

There is one thing, however, which was not there in bygone days, that is the Bishop's motor-car, for then, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, he had his own barge, in which he travelled up and down the river, landing at the Bishop's Steps when his day's work was over.

Adjoining the palace—we can see its stone tower from the Bishop's Walk—is the parish church of All Saints. The drawbridge, of which we have already spoken, separates the palace garden from the churchyard. It has a peal of ten bells; some of these have very quaint inscriptions. On the sixth is written:

> "I to the church the living call,
> And to the grave I summon all."

There are some fine monuments inside the church, but the churchyard is perhaps even more interesting, for here are to be found the tombs of many celebrated personages—preachers, scholars, poets, and distinguished citizens. Among these we notice the tomb of Bishop Compton, who set the fashion of being buried outside, for, said he, "the church is for the living, the churchyard for the dead."



KEW GARDENS.

CHAPTER XXX

THE STORY OF KEW PALACE AND ITS ROYAL GARDENS

Just as Windsor and Kensington are Royal boroughs, so Kew counts itself a Royal village, for it has been connected with the Royal Family of England ever since the reign of Henry the Eighth, when its name first occurs in a court roll of Richmond.

No great events of national importance have taken place at its palace; indeed, it did not become a Royal residence until a little over a hundred years ago.

It is about the middle of the seventeenth century that we find first mention of Kew House, the grounds of which afterwards formed the foundation of the famous gardens of that name; but more about this later. It is with the house we are now concerned, which then belonged to a rich merchant, Richard Bennett (the son of a Lord Mayor of London), from whom it descended to the Capel family, the members of which took a great interest in gardening.

About 1730, Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second and father of George the Third, leased it from the Capels, and set up a Court there as a rival to that of St. James's, for unhappily there were quarrels between the Prince and his Royal father, who often resided at Richmond Lodge, their domains being only separated by an old bridle-path called "Love Lane," a somewhat inappropriate title under the circumstances!

The house was greatly enlarged and re-decorated, and the grounds entirely re-arranged under the direction of the famous landscape gardener, Kent.

Whilst living here, the Prince had a favourite dog which had been presented to him by Pope the poet, who wrote the following lines, and had them inscribed on the dog's collar:

"I am His Highness' dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

Upon the death of the Prince in 1751 many more improvements were made by the Dowager Princess of Wales, and the honour of carrying on the work of establishing a botanical garden at Kew is undoubtedly due to this princess.

When she died, Kew House became the favourite residence of her son, George the Third, who devoted his leisure hours to its improvement.

Opposite the palace, as it had now come to be called, was a red-brick mansion; this the King purchased in 1781 as a nursery for the Royal children. It was called by various names, but is best known as the "Dutch House," from having been built in the reign of James the First by a Dutch merchant who had been knighted by Queen Elizabeth. It is this Dutch House which is now known as Kew Palace, being the only survivor of three buildings at Kew which were the dwelling-places of royalty.

The original old Kew House was pulled down in 1802, for George the Third had commenced building a grand new mansion, but his death prevented its completion.

It was while Kew House was being pulled down that the King and Queen took up their residence at the Dutch House, and it was here that Queen Charlotte died in 1818, the glory of the palace also vanishing with her death. Above the fireplace in her bedroom is a tablet to her memory, affixed there by her granddaughter, Queen Victoria, who, in commemoration of her own Diamond Jubilee, commanded that this old palace should be set in order and opened to the public. Though possessing none of the wonderful treasures we find at Hampton Court, it is very interesting to see the old rooms which were considered in those days comfortable enough even for a king.

So much for Kew Palace, but perhaps more interesting still to most of our readers are the gardens, for who has not heard of

THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, KEW?

They are known all over the world, and people come from all parts to study at its School of Botany.

We have seen how the commencement of these gardens came about; but Kew Gardens, as we see them to-day, consist not only of the grounds of old Kew House, but also of those of another Royal residence at Richmond, of which we shall speak presently.

It was not until early in the reign of Queen Victoria that these beautiful gardens were opened to the public.

The chief entrance is from Kew Green, by the handsome iron gates erected in 1846, a portion of the private grounds belonging to Queen Victoria having been given by Her Majesty in order that the new entrance might be made. In addition to this there is the Unicorn Gate, the Lion Gate (opposite which is the entrance to Bushey Park), Cumberland Gate, and two others known respectively as Brentford and Isleworth Gates.

There are three principal avenues; these serve not only as thoroughfares, but give us beautiful peeps of the distant view, making us realise the size and beauty of these lovely gardens. There are many other smaller avenues with fascinating names, which they get from the particular plants of which they are formed: for instance, there is the "Thorn Avenue," made, as its name tells us, of thorns; the "Holly Walk," containing the most perfect collection of hollies, and so on.

It would not be possible to name even half of the different gardens, far less their contents, but perhaps the most exquisite of all is the lovely rose garden. There are borders of roses at Kew, and what is more, these come from all parts of the globe. Beautiful too are the "wild gardens"—one just inside Cumberland Gate, and the other round the mound on which the flagstaff stands. These, in March, are golden with narcissi, still later on being carpeted with bluebells; even in December and January we find them beautiful still, with the pure white blossoms of the Christmas rose.

But we must tear ourselves away from these fascinating flowers and take a look at some of the buildings. You will want to know how we came by the lofty Chinese pagoda up to which the avenue of that name leads. This was designed in 1761 by Sir William Chambers for the Dowager Princess of Wales. It consists of ten storeys and is no less than 163 feet high, being in imitation of a Chinese "taa" or tower. The general public are not admitted, but should we happen to be favoured individuals and permitted to mount the winding staircase which leads to the top storey, we should obtain a lovely view of the surrounding country as well as of all the grounds. We should see, stretching beneath us, the avenues and gardens; the various temples; the three great sheets of ornamental water, on the largest of which float crimson, yellow, and white water-lilies, whilst on one of the two ponds are various choice plants which need to be kept warm, this being accomplished by means of condensed steam.

As we look around, numberless glass houses meet our eye; these are devoted to the cultivation and rearing of tropical plants, too delicate to live out of doors. The most magnificent of these glass structures is the palm house, said to be one of the finest in the world; it contains not only wonderful palms, but also banana trees and bamboos. There is the flagstaff too, 159 feet high: no ordinary pole this, for it is formed from the single trunk of a handsome pine. The orangery also attracts our attention; this is at present a museum of timbers, the orange trees having been removed to Kensington Palace when the gardens became public property.

But all this is Kew as a pleasure garden; it has another and still more important use, for Kew Gardens is the headquarters of Botany, not only of the British Empire but of the world! In what is called the "herbarium," near to the chief entrance, are specimens of every known plant, over 2,000,000 of them, all arranged in beautiful order. This is in constant use by students, as is also the library, which contains more than 23,000 volumes. Then there is the laboratory, built in 1876 and fitted out with every apparatus for research at the expense of the donor, Mr. T. J. Phillips.

Nor must we omit a visit to the wonderful gallery containing the work of Miss Marianne North, who not only devoted her talents to painting the flowers and plants of the different countries she visited, but presented her marvellous collection to the nation, together with the building in which they are displayed.

And the museums! There are three of them, and when you get into any of these you will not want to come out in a hurry, for here are shown the various uses of plants to mankind; we see the raw material supplied by the plant, and the different processes of manufacture through which it passes before becoming the complete product. There are also many other things we may learn, such as the use of the quinine and other plants for medicinal purposes; for articles in everyday life, like rubber, cotton, and tobacco. We find how we depend on the Willow family for our best cricket bats;

how soap and candles are made from coconut oil, and rope and matting from its husks.

These are but a very few of the interesting things we may see for ourselves in these museums. They are always busy at Kew too, either raising young plants native to this country and sending them off when ready to the British Colonies that they may grow up and spread there, or in introducing plants from other lands here.

So you see Kew Gardens is not by any means only a pleasure ground, but a national institution where a great work is going on, and which contains the treasures of the botanical world, beautiful things and curious ones alike. Not surprising is it, therefore, that when anything new in this direction is discovered, it is the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew which lays claim to the treasure. That its beauties and advantages are valued and appreciated is testified to by the fact that during 1913 no fewer than 3,792,581 visits were paid to it by members of the general public; this is exclusive of visits by special students and school parties.

As we have already said, these gardens consist of the combination of the grounds which belonged to Kew House and to those of a Royal residence at Richmond. These became united in 1802, but up to this time

Richmond Palace and Park

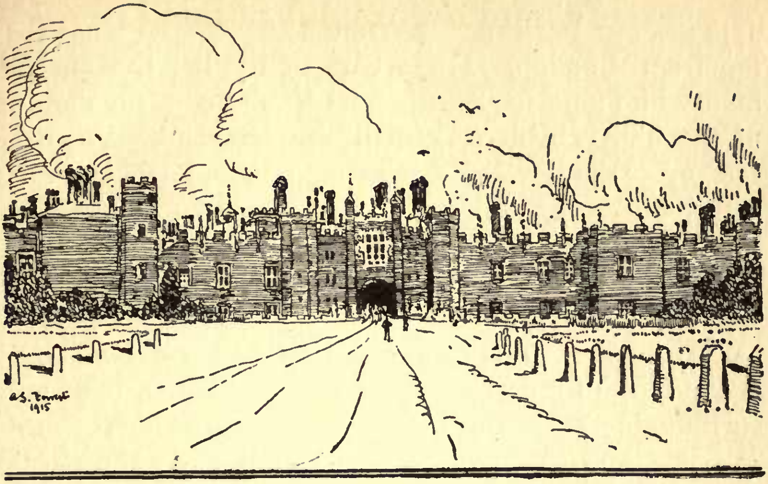
were quite separate, though it had been a place of Royal residence from the days of Edward the First, being known as "Sheen," a Saxon word signifying shining or beautiful. When Henry the Seventh built a new palace on the site of the old one, he changed the name to Richmond, his own title, you will remember, before the battle of Bosworth, and it was here that the principal festivities of his reign took place. Both Henry the Eighth and later on his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, held their courts in this palace, and the latter died here; it was, too, the home to which Cardinal Wolsey retired on his fall from power. Royalty continued to occasionally live in it until the reign of Charles the Second, after which time it gradually fell into ruin. Every vestige of the old palace has now disappeared, except the ancient gatehouse.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth there were two parks called the Great and Little Park, but it was Charles the First who laid out and enclosed the present one and stocked it with deer, for he was very fond of hunting. Before his accession it was only a wild common of waste land known as "Sheene Chase," rather different to the Richmond Park of to-day, which is eight miles in circumference and consists of over two thousand acres. Among its woodlands the wild deer roam at will, and under the shade of the fine old trees we are glad to rest awhile, particularly if we have climbed a hill.

Near the centre of the Park is

WHITE LODGE,

built by George the First, which has been the residence of various members of the Royal Family. Here it was that the present Prince of Wales was born, and it was the girlhood's home of his mother, Queen Mary, where she was best known as "our Princess May."



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE STORY OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE

THIS is another manor which, in its day, has been both a Royal and ecclesiastical residence. Of the many interesting places in and around London, none, except perhaps Windsor Castle, can vie with the magnificent and ancient palace of Hampton Court, the largest and finest of all the Royal palaces in England and containing about a thousand apartments.

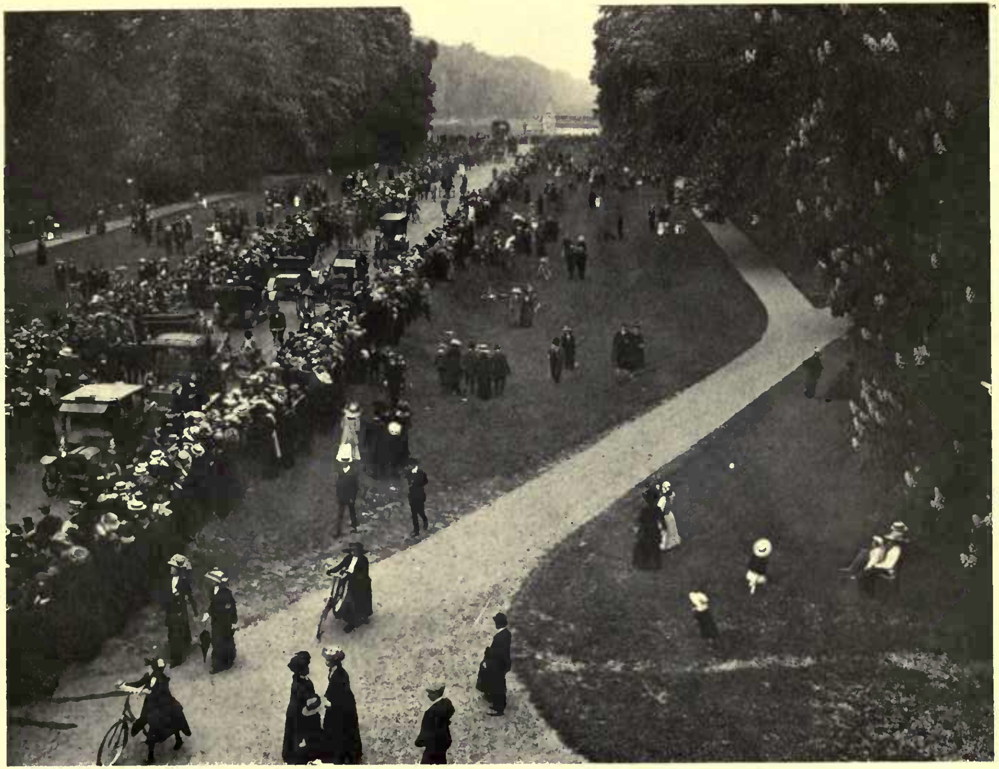
In the thirteenth century, as a manor house, it became the property of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, but its real history begins in 1514 when Thomas Wolsey, Archbishop of York, who was then at the height of his power and influence, leased it from the Knights Hospitallers. He already had two fine London residences, but he wanted a country house not far from London. He set about turning the ancient manor into a palace befitting, as he thought, the dignity of the high position he had now reached. You will remember that he was a man of humble birth, but very clever and very ambitious. He wanted to get to the top, and he succeeded, for the Pope made him a Cardinal, and his king, Henry the Eighth, made him the Vice-Chancellor of England.

He spared no expense, but had pasture lands converted into parks, and stately gardens laid out, surrounding these and the house by a great moat.

This, however, was nothing compared to the alterations and additions he made to the palace itself. When he leased it, it consisted of two courtyards, and the apartments were very meagrely furnished. The Cardinal soon changed all this, and, with the help of hundreds of workmen, the old manor house was converted into a palatial residence containing many beautiful and sumptuously furnished rooms; we see to-day the result of his work in the older parts of the building.

Within two years from the time it was begun, Wolsey was able to entertain the king and queen to dinner in his new palace. But the owner of this magnificent building was not allowed long to enjoy it, for its splendour aroused the jealousy of the king, who began to think that it outrivalled his own Royal residences. Being a clever man, Wolsey deemed it wiser to present the whole palace, as it stood, to His Majesty. Henry the Eighth seems to have had no scruples in accepting this regal gift, merely giving the poor Cardinal permission to use his (the king's) manor at Richmond instead.

Upon obtaining possession, the king made a great



CHESTNUT SUNDAY IN BUSHEY PARK.

Photo, Central News.

many improvements, and that there should be no question as to whose property it was, he had his emblems and badges placed on wall and pinnacle, put his seal on it, so to speak. It became one of his favourite residences, for here he had parks to hunt in; he could fish either in the Thames or in his own ponds; there was a tilt yard in which to hold jousts and tournaments, or, if he tired of these, there were bowling alleys and tennis courts. The old court in the Northern Gardens, or "Wilderness," as it is called, is the oldest in England, and has been the model of all other tennis courts in the kingdom. It is the actual one in which King Henry used to exercise himself with ball and racquet.

Its new owner pulled down the Banqueting Hall and built a still finer one. This is the only part of the old palace to which the public are admitted, and no one should miss it, for it is one of the most magnificent halls in England, with great oak beams supporting the gilded roof, and on the walls the very tapestries which were there in the time of bluff King Hal. Visitors come from all parts of the world to see these, so you must be sure to look well at them, and notice how the gold and silver threads, of which they are composed, glisten in the sunlight. It was here that the great State banquets were held, the minstrels, in their picturesque attire, occupying the gallery at one end.

Leading out of this Hall is another beautiful apartment, known as the "Watching Chamber"; here the king's guards used to assemble when he dined or was in his private apartments near by.

Of the two principal courts, the Base, or Outer, is larger than the "Clock Court." The latter takes its name from a curious clock which Henry the Eighth had put up over the gateway in 1540. It was reputed to be the most accurate timekeeper of its day in England. It has been repaired in later years and set going again. A frame of stone surrounds its face, and if you understand how to read the dial, this wonderful clock will tell you the hour, the month, and the day of the month. On the old Clock Tower are the arms of Cardinal Wolsey, with his motto in Latin, the translation of which is "God is my helper." Between the Base and Clock Courts is Queen Anne Boleyn's Gateway; her own badge, the falcon, is on it, entwined with A. & H. in a true lover's knot.

The entrance to the State apartments is through a painted hall and up the King's Grand Staircase. The names of the rooms are written above the doors of each, so that you can tell for yourself through which you are passing. It is impossible to mention all, for there are about thirty of them, but we must notice the Guard Room through which we pass to reach them. It is the room occupied by the soldiers whose duty it was to guard the king, and is appropriately decorated with old guns, bayonets, swords, and lances—over three thousand of them.

Beautiful pictures cover the walls and fine wood carvings are to be seen in the various State apartments. In the bedroom of King William the Third we find two more curious clocks; one tells the day of the month, and the other has a curious dial which revolves while the hands remain still. As we pass on, we come to drawing-rooms, audience chambers, and galleries, all of which contain many rare and beautiful works of art as well as some of the finest handiwork of the celebrated wood-carver, Grinling Gibbons.

Hampton Court was a favourite residence of English sovereigns for nearly three hundred years. During the reign of George the First, Shakespeare's play depicting the downfall of Wolsey was acted in the very palace the Cardinal had built. In this play Wolsey is made to say:

> "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

After the time of George the Second, Hampton Court was no longer used as a Royal residence, and in the following reign was divided up into various suites of apartments, which are occupied by privileged persons of position, who, though of high degree, are not rich, and also by the widows of officers who have died in the service of their country.

From the windows of the palace, as we pass from room to room, we catch glimpses of velvety lawns and the grassy slopes of two terraces, between which, shady avenues reach to the Thames, whilst, if it be summer-time, the flower-beds are ablaze with colour.

Making our way on to the terrace, or along one of the beautiful grass walks, we wander into some of the many gardens. It is in a corner of the old Pond garden, still much the same as when King Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn sauntered in it, that we find the great vine, planted in 1769 by the famous gardener, known as "Capability" Brown, which even now sends yearly to the Royal table over a thousand bunches of luscious black grapes. Its stem is nearly four feet round and its branches cover a space of over two thousand feet.

But what has been one of the most popular attractions to English boys and girls for over three hundred years is the Labyrinth, or Maze, laid out in the reign of William and Mary. It consists of zigzag paths, and the puzzle is to find your way in and out again; it is quite easy if you know the secret!

It was Queen Victoria who first granted free admission to all her subjects to view Hampton Court, the beautiful home of her ancestors. How much this gracious act has been appreciated is shown by the thousands of sightseers who visit it annually.

Near the Maze are the Lion Gates by which we leave Hampton Court. The piers with the carved stone lions were erected by Queen Anne. Immediately opposite these gates is the principal entrance to

Bushey Park,

also a Royal demesne, celebrated for its fine avenue of horse-chestnuts nearly sixty yards wide and over a mile in length. Thousands of visitors come from all parts on "Chestnut Sunday," as it is called, to see them in full bloom. These magnificent old trees were planted by William the Third, to whom we also owe the Dutch gardens both at Hampton Court and Kensington Palace.

We found London a Marsh;
we leave it
the Capital of the British Empire and
the Largest and Wealthiest City
in the World.

TIMES of ADMISSION to some PLACES of INTEREST mentioned in *In and Around London.*

NAME.	WHERE SITUATED.	RAILWAY STATION.	WHEN OPEN.	CHARGE.
BANK OF ENGLAND	Threadneedle Street	Bank (Central Tube)	9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Public allowed to pass into and through business rooms during office hours. Admission to special departments by order of a Director only.
BILLINGSGATE (London's Fish Market)	Lower Thames Street	Mark Lane (District)	Business starts at 5 a.m.	
BRITISH MUSEUM .	Great Russell Street	British Museum (Central London Tube)	10 a.m. to 4 or 6 p.m., according to season. Sundays, 2.30 p.m. to dusk	Free.
Reading-room .	,, ,,	,, ,,	9 a.m. to 7 p.m.	By ticket.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE	St. James's Park	Victoria Station	Not open to public	
Stables . .	,, ,,	,, ,,	... ...	Admission by an order from the Master of the Horse.
CHAPEL ROYAL .	St. James's Palace	St. James's Park (District)	Sunday services, 10 a.m., 12 noon, and 5.30 p.m.	Admission by ticket from Lord Chamberlain or Bishop of London.
COVENT GARDEN (London's Flower Market)	Off the Strand	Covent Garden (Piccadilly Tube)	Busiest time, 6 to 8 a.m.	

Times of Admission to Some Places of Interest

NAME.	WHERE SITUATED.	RAILWAY STATION.	WHEN OPEN.	CHARGE.
CUSTOM HOUSE .	Lower Thames Street	Mark Lane (District)	Open daily 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Visitors admitted to Long Room	Free.
DOCKS . . .	... ...	Accessible by tramway or railway	... ...	All free.
GUILDHALL . .	King Street, Cheapside	Bank (Central London Tube)	10 a.m. to 4 or 5 p.m., according to season	Free.
Library . .	,, ,,	,, ,,	10 a.m. to 6 or 8 p.m., according to season	Free.
Museum . .	,, ,,	,, ,,	10 a.m. to 4 or 5 p.m., according to season	Free.
HAMPTON COURT .	On Thames	Hampton Court Station (tramway or steamer)	Open daily (except Friday) 10 a.m. to 4 or 6 p.m., according to season. Sundays, certain hours	Free.
HAMPTON COURT PALACE	,,	,, ,,	10 a.m. to 4 or 6 p.m. (except Friday)	Free (except on Tuesdays, 1s.).
KENSINGTON PALACE	Kensington Gardens (west side)	High St. Kensington (District), Queen's Road (Central Tube)	10 a.m. to 4 or 6 p.m., according to season. Sundays, 2 to 4 p.m.	Free.
KEW GARDENS .	Kew	Kew Gardens, Kew Bridge, or tram from Shepherd's Bush	10 a.m. or 12 noon to dusk, according to season. Sundays, 1 p.m. to sunset	Free.
KEW PALACE .	,,	,, ,,	10 a.m. to 6 p.m. (except Friday)	Free.

In and Around London

Name.	Where Situated.	Railway Station.	When Open.	Charge.
Lambeth Palace .	Albert Embankment	Waterloo and Bakerloo Tube	By special permission only	
Library . .	,, ,,	,, ,,	10 a.m. to 4 or 5 p.m.	Free.
Law Courts (Royal Courts of Justice)	Strand	Strand (Piccadilly Tube), Temple (District)	Central Hall and Courts open during vacation	Free.
London Museum (Lancaster, late Stafford, House)	St. James's	St. James's Park (District)	10 a.m. to 4 or 6 p.m., according to season	Free (except on Tuesdays, 1s.). Fridays, closed.
Mansion House .	City	Mansion House Station (District)	By order only	
Marlborough House	... ...	... ...	Not open to public	
Mint . . .	Tower Hill	Mark Lane (District)	By order only from Master of Mint. Application must be made by letter stating number of party (which must not exceed six), date of visit, etc.	
Monument . .	Fish Street Hill	Monument (District)	9 a.m. to 4 or 6 p.m., according to season	3d. for each visitor.
Parliament, Houses of	Westminster	Westminster (District)	Saturday, 10 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., and Easter and Whit Mondays and Tuesdays	Tickets (free) at entrance, near Victoria Tower.
Royal Exchange .	Opposite Bank of England	Bank (Central Tube)	"Change," the busy time, 3 to 4 p.m.	Free.

imes of Admission to Some Places of Interest

Name.	Where Situated.	Railway Station.	When Open.	Charge.
oyal United Service Museum	Whitehall	Trafalgar Square (Tube), Westminster (District)	10 a.m. to 5 p.m.	6d.
. Bartholomew the Great	Smithfield	Farringdon St. (Metropolitan), Post Office (Central London Tube)	Daily 9.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Service at 4 p.m. (except Wednesdays). Sunday services	Free. Cloister, Crypt, etc., 6d.
. James's Palace	St. James's	St. James's Park (District)	Not open to public	
. Margaret's, Westminster	Adjoins Westminster Abbey	Westminster (District)	Daily 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. (except Saturday). Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.	Donation asked.
. Paul's Cathedral	Ludgate Hill	Post Office (Tube), Mansion House (District)	Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Choral services, 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.	Nave, Choir, and Transept free. To see all the rest, 3s., or can be seen singly at 1s. or 6d. each.
ithfield Market	Smithfield	Farringdon St. and Snow Hill	Friday the busiest day.	
merset House .	Strand	Strand (Piccadilly Tube), Temple (District)	Wills of Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, etc., can be seen	Small fee.
ock Exchange .	Capel Court, E.C.	Bank (Central Tube)	Strangers not admitted	
mple Church .	The Temple, Fleet Street	Temple (District)	10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Saturday excepted). Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.	Orders for 11 a.m. service by writing to Master of Temple.

In and Around London

NAME.	WHERE SITUATED.	RAILWAY STATION.	WHEN OPEN.	CHARGE.
TOWER OF LONDON	Half a mile east of London Bridge	Mark Lane (District), Fenchurch Street	Mondays and Saturdays Other days	All parts free. Charge for Armoury and Crown Jewels.
TOWER BRIDGE .	,, ,,	,, ,,		
WESTMINSTER ABBEY	Westminster	Westminster (District)	Daily 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 or 6 p.m., according to season. Services, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Sunday services at 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.	Nave, Aisle, and Transept free. Charge for rest. Monday and Tuesday whole is free.
WHITE LODGE .	Richmond Park	Tramway and omnibus or (in summer) by steamer	Not open to public	

INDEX

À Becket, Thomas, 31.
Admiralty, the, 205.
Admission to places of interest, 271.
Aldermen, 58.
Armoury in the Tower, 26.

Bank of England, the, 80.
Bartholomew's Hospital, 225.
Beauchamp Tower, the, 25.
Bedlam, 230.
Beefeaters, 22.
Bicycles, 108.
Billingsgate, 135.
Bluecoat School, 232.
Boleyn, Anne, 24, 198.
Bow Bells, 73.
Bridges, 28, 29.
British Museum, 158.
Buckingham Palace, 234.
Bushey Park, 268.

Cattle Market, 132.
Chapel Royal, the, 242.
Charing Cross, 14, 178.
Charles I., 198, 203, 204, 262.
Charles II., 242.
Cheapside, 72, 181.
Christ's Hospital, 232.
"City," the, 55.
Clarence House, 242.
Coaches, the old, 98.
Cock Tavern, 217.
Commons, House of, 199.
Conduit, the Great, 38.
Courts of Justice, 214.
Covent Garden, 133.
Custom House, 143.

Docks, 141.

East Cheap, 13, 183.
Edward I., 192.
Edward VII., 171, 198.
Edward the Confessor, 191.
Egyptian Hall, the, 56.
Electric lighting, 51.
Elizabeth, Queen, 24, 76, 171, 192, 203, 204.
Exchange, the Royal, 74.

Fire Brigade, 66, 148.
Fires, great, 33, 77, 131, 167, 169.
Fleet Prison, 223.
Fleet River, 37, 216.
Fleet Street, 216.
Fulham Palace, 251.

Gas-lighting, 49.
Gates in Roman London, 2, 178, 213.
General Post Office, 118.
George III., 256.
George V., 236, 250.
Gog and Magog, 70.
Grey, Lady Jane, 26.
Guildhall, 59, 67.

Hampton Court Palace, 263.
Henry III., 191.
Henry VII., 192.
Henry VIII., 192, 232.
Horse Guards, the, 206.
Hospitals, oldest, 131, 226.

Inns of Court, 223.

James I., 203.
Jerusalem Chamber, 197.

Kensington Palace and Gardens, 243.
Kew Palace and Gardens, 255.
Knights of the Temple, 219.

Lambeth Palace, 247.
Law Courts, 214.
Leadenhall Market, 137.
Lighting, 46.
Linkmen, 47.
London Bridge, 29.
London County Council, 62.
London, early history, 1; siege of, 4; site of, 6.
Lord Mayor's Show, 60.

Index

Mail coaches, 102, 120.
Mansion House, the, 56.
Markets, 129.
Marlborough House, 238.
Mayor, Lord, 55, 71.
Mint, the, 84.
Monks, 32, 219, 225, 231.
Monument, the, 35.
More, Sir Thomas, 24, 198.
Museum, British, 158.
Museum in Guildhall, 72.

New River, the, 42.
Nonsuch House, 31.

Omnibuses, 105.

Parliament, Houses of, 199.
Paternoster Row, 181.
Poets' Corner, 193.
Police, the, 89.
Port of London, 138.
Post Office, General, 118.

Railways, 104, 110.
Regalia in the Tower, 21, 26.
Richard II., 198.
Richmond Palace and Park, 261.
Rivers and streams, 37.
Roads and streets, 11.
Roman London, 2, 139.
Royal Exchange, 74.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 131, 226.
St. James's Palace, 240.
St. James's Park, 242.
St. Paul's Cathedral built, 3, 166.
St. Stephen's Chapel, 199.
St. Thomas's Hospital, 229.
Scotland Yard, 208.
Sedan-chair, the, 101.
Smithfield, 130.
Somerset House, 210.
Strand, the, 211.
Street cries, 177.
Street names, 177.
Streets in Roman London, 3, 11.

Telford, maker of roads, 16.
Temple, the, 216.
Temple Bar, 14, 212.
Temple Church, 222.
Thames, the, in early times, 1, 6, 34, 138.
Tower Bridge, the, 28.
Tower of London, the, 20.
Traitors' Gate, 24.
Treasury, the, 208.
Trinity House, 144.
"Trooping the Colour," 207.
Tube railways, 114.
Turnpikes, 14.

Underground railways, 110.

Victoria, Queen, 27, 33, 171, 242.

Wall, the Old, 3, 178.
War Office, the, 207.
Watchmen, 46, 90.
Water-carriers, 39.
Water-mill, 40.
Water supply, 36.
Watling Street, 13.
Wells and streams of Old London, 37.
West India Docks, 142.
Westminster Abbey, built, 5, 190.
Westminster Hall, 189, 197.
Westminster Palace, 5, 197.
Westminster School, 196.
Whispering Gallery, the, 172.
Whitehall, old Palace of, 202.
White Tower, the, 22.
Whittington, Dick, 61, 71, 73.
William the Conqueror, 5, 191.
William III., 243.
Wolsey, Cardinal, 263.

"Zoo" in the Tower, 21.

Printed in Great Britain by Morrison & Gibb Limited, *Edinburgh*
5/15 2

21. 6.64

DA Foot, Constance M
684 In and around London
F6

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY